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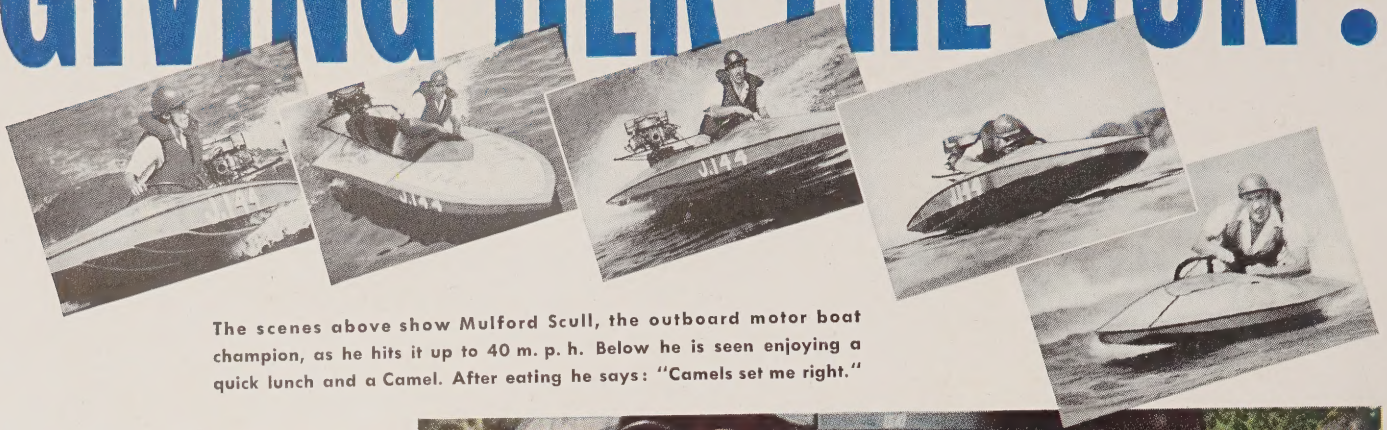
# THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER



OCTOBER, 1937 - PRICE 15¢

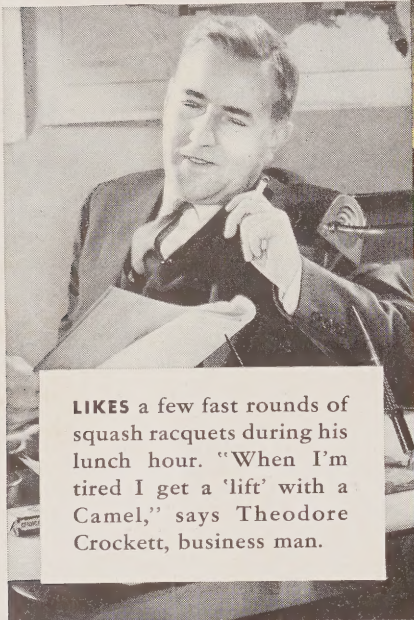


# GIVING HER THE GUN!



The scenes above show Mulford Scull, the outboard motor boat champion, as he hits it up to 40 m. p. h. Below he is seen enjoying a quick lunch and a Camel. After eating he says: "Camels set me right."

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



**LIKES** a few fast rounds of squash racquets during his lunch hour. "When I'm tired I get a 'lift' with a Camel," says Theodore Crockett, business man.



"**A SALESGIRL** can't afford jangled nerves," says Maxine Hollen. "I've chosen Camels—once and for all. Camels don't upset my nerves or irritate my throat."



**I**N 1929, Mulford Scull became National Amateur Champion. This year he made a clean sweep of the Class "A" Outboard events at the Miami Regatta. The trophies he's won in his years of racing fill a room.

Jolts, vibration, nervous tension—are all part of what an outboard driver undergoes. In Mulford Scull's own words:

"The way these outboards bounce knocks the daylight out of digestion. Yet when chow comes around, I'm right there—all set with Camels. They help keep my digestion on an even keel. And they never jangle my nerves."

## JACK OAKIE IS BACK ON THE AIR!

Tune in on the fun-making President of Oakie College and his college variety show, including *Benny Goodman's Swing Band*, this Tuesday night at 9:30 p.m. E.S.T., 8:30 p.m. C.S.T., 7:30 p.m. M.S.T., 6:30 p.m. P.S.T.—WABC-CBS.

## Costlier Tobaccos are Naturally Mild!

Camels are made from finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS**... Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand.



# FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE — SMOKE CAMELS!

ALLAN BROWN



# THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER

THE OFFICIAL HUMOR MAGAZINE OF THE CAROLINA PUBLICATIONS UNION  
OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME XIV

OCTOBER, 1937

NUMBER 1

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## Time to Kill? Then Read This

Contrary to all expectations, Freshman, we're not going to dedicate this, our first issue, to you, although we are aware that, in all probability, you will be the only one to read it. As a matter of fact, we're not even going to welcome you, but will leave that to Boss Hill, the Y. W. C. A., and the Administration. (We've got other ways to bore you.)

Neither will we add insult to injury and dedicate it to the fraternities. By those instruments of self-degradation we know you have been sweet-lipped, red-appled, and subjected to all other artful subterfuges they have for getting the where-withal out of your pocket and into theirs, almost

ever since your tar heels mired up in Chapel Hill mud.

Instead, we are going to dedicate it to the Buc staff—selfishly, of course—as a shining monument of having failed to amuse even ourselves. All we ask of you is to give us a chance to warm up and put some ideas, which we think you will enjoy, into application later. As the new members become better acquainted with what we both want, then will we welcome all slams and criticism. Until then, please bear with

Your obedient servant,

THE STAFF.





*"Why, Reverend, aren't you going to say your prayers?"*



# The Carolina Buccaneer

University of North Carolina

VOLUME XIV

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NUMBER 1

## While Walking The Plank

### Ain't Cha?

She was the perfect answer to nobody's dream. Near six feet up and fourteen inches around, in a bathing suit she looked as if she would have fallen out of the ocean if it hadn't been for the water. I tried to dodge her, but she sidled up, laid a hand on my shoulder, and spoke in a man to man fashion. "... I'm sorry, but I have a date the night you were planning to ask me for one. But, I don't have one tonight, or tomorrow night—or the next, or the next." (Defiantly) "Guess you think I ain't having a good time (a pause and sigh) well, I *ain't!*"

### Correspondence

Not so long ago a sophomore sent a postcard to Vassar addressed to what he thought was the most beautiful queen he had ever seen in his life. On the back of the card he put the following words, leaving it completely unsigned:

"You slay me!"

He waited for about two weeks and nothing happened, so he went up to the Western Union office and sent a ten-word telegram saying:

"Why don't you tell me what I do to you?"

Two days later he received a postcard in the mail, stamped from Poughkeepsie. On the back of it there was nothing—absolutely nothing.

### Louder and Funnier

Débutantes are with us again, if we are to believe the slightly

off-color stories we have been hearing lately. Our favorite item (and the most respectable one brought to our notice) hails from society's smart sheet, the New York Daily Mirror. It is a shy little speech, piped in disarming treble by a Southampton débutante caught off-guard:

"I've been through the ropes and it's taught me just one thing. The society racket is a waste of time. I'd rather be a failure as an actress than a success at doing nothing charmingly. I'll make Hollywood or bust trying."

### Who and Why?

Then there is the story of the gentleman visiting in Chapel Hill, but who wanted to 'phone someone at Duke. It proved annoying when the operator said, "Deposit twenty cents, please."

"What!" he cried, twenty cents to call Duke? Why at home we can 'phone to hell and back for a nickel."

"Oh, yes," she replied, "but that's a local call."

### Sound Effects

A two-year-old in a sunsuit came to where we were lying in the sand and said "Whooooooo" in our ear. "What?" we said, slowly and irritably waking up.

"Whooooooo," he repeated.

"What's that noise?"

"Well," we said, sitting up.

"What is it?"

"That's a choochoo."

"Uhuh," we said, thinking the conversation at an end. But he said "Whooooooo" again, so we repeated, "What's that?" and he said "Choochoo."

This continued for about ten alternate "Whoooo's" and "choochoo's." We thought we knew our lines pretty well by that time, and when he said "What's that noise?" we answered "Choochoo" like an old trooper. But suddenly he said, "No."

We guessed, rather half-heartedly, for a while and finally said, "Well, what *was* that noise?"

"Oh," the infant said solemnly, "that was me."

### Quickie

Alexander Woolcott, who does not usually go to banquets, attended one recently where he was immediately seized upon by one of those ambitious young things eager to become known as scions of social ethics. He had long ceased listening to her when he suddenly realized that she was attacking him with a direct question, "After all," she was saying, "breeding isn't everything, is it?" "Well," he replied, a bit puzzled, "I don't know that I'd put it quite that way, but of course, it's lots of fun."

### They Better Be Big

One of those Helen Hokinson club ladies was walking down Fifth Avenue recently with a miniscule Pekinese on a leash. A huge van was pulled up to the curb and a pair of hulking mechanics were banging away at the engine, trying to get the contraption started. When the lady and the tiny dog came alongside, one of the moving men advanced toward them politely, lifting his hat.



"Lady, could we borrow your dog for a minute?"

The lady was startled, "Why, what are you going to do with the dog."

"Hitch 'im up to the truck ta get it started," said the mechanic.

The lady lost her breath. "How idiotic! A little dog like that couldn't pull that big truck."

"Oh, that's all right lady," said the driver with complete assurance, "we got whips!"

## Page Arthur Murray

Somebody passing the office the other day dropped this bit of a story in on our somewhat crestfallen and disdainful heads. It seemed Bob du Four was down at the library the other night, perched with his tome across the table from Perdita (Short-stuff) Arnett and Lil (Diamond) Hughes. Filling each other with much trivia were Diamond Lil and Short-stuff, as for example it seemed one of the girls had washed her hair and said that she couldn't do a thing with it. Such chiby-wiby filled Playmaker Bob's head for interminable hours—at least so it

seemed to "Your Bob"—until he felt he could weather it no more. As he got up to leave, he purposely tripped across Lil's legs and muttered, "I washed my feet today, but can't seem to do a thing with them either."

## Suggestion Insidious

Each year Dr. Harland introduces his students of Archaeology 93 to Greek sculpture by slinging this bit of poesy into the minds of the class for them to chaw on while watching the movies:

There was a sculptor named Phidias

Whose work no one thought hideous

But he did Aphrodite

Without her nighty

Which shocked the over fastidious.

## Monkey Glands

It happened in a little town in the northern part of the state. The defendant was accused of the crime of rape.

The attorney for the defense had based his contention on the fact that defendant was an old man—not very strong. Doctors

had been called, and they all testified that the defendant was old and infirm. The defendant's wife testified that he was old and infirm. Everybody in town testified that he was old and infirm.

After a fiery cross-examination of the prosecutrix, the defense attorney rested. The case was won—the jury was, clearly, sure that the defendant *was* old and infirm. The lawyer leaned back in his chair. He smiled at the judge and the judge smiled at him. Balmy breezes blew in the open window. Several doves cooed softly. All was quiet and calm. And then . . .

The defendant slowly rose from his chair. His face was red, and his eyes sparkled.

"Your honor," he said wrathfully, "I believe that the law allows everybody the right to speak in his own defense?"

The judge, startled, nodded:

"I wish to testify again!"

The judge was at a loss—the defendant had the right—but—after the case was won—. He looked at the attorney. The attorney shrugged, and the defendant mounted to the witness box.

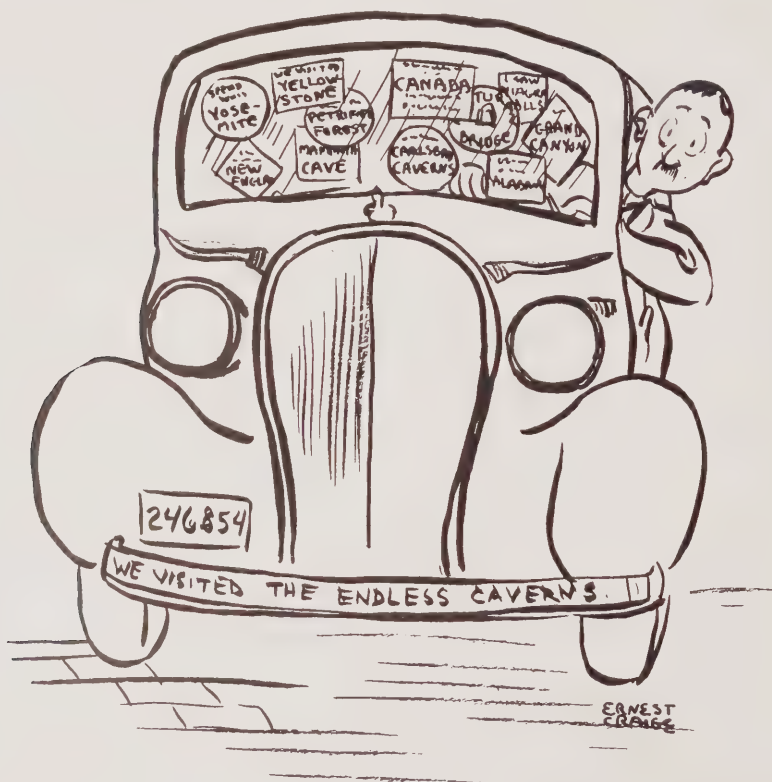
"Gentlemen," he said, "I am an old man. During this trial I have listened to doctors, and my wife testify to that effect. I just want to say that I have worked all my life. It is true that I am old. But I wish to say that I can lift one hundred and fifty pounds with either hand, and I'm just as strong sexually."

The doves still coo softly outside the windows of the courthouse. The balmy breezes blow in the spring. And a young-old man still mutters fiercely to himself as he thinks of his attorney and swings his hammer more viciously as he mutters—"Old man!"

Well, he showed them!

## Fie, Fie!

Manager Tim McCoy of Manly dormitory was confronted by a group of freshmen in a state of



fear bordering on hysteria. The frightened youths made rather incoherent complaints to the effect that there was a madman loose on the fourth floor. They babbled something about bones and skulls, nightly knife fights, and narrow escapes from sudden death. One tall and quaking first year man had sent home for his father's pistol; several more threatened to move immediately. A thorough investigation by Manager McCoy forced out the joke: the upperclassmen on the fourth floor had staged several fake knife fights. The impressionable rookies had been further paralyzed by one Hobbs, a pre-med student with a deadpan and a queer cackling laugh, who strode up and down the hall with a human femur for a club, demanding a fight with all comers. Only a complete explanation by Hobbs served to quiet the unstrung group. They now affirm they knew it was a joke all the time, but the freshmen appear a bit sheepish still.

### C'mon Joan!

"JOAN CRAWFORD," according to a Hollywood makeup artist, "has made the greatest strides in beauty through the use of makeup in the last ten years." Well, she may get there yet.

### And What, Mr. Coates?

Albert Coates, one of the would be barrister profs, was lecturing to his fledgelings the other day when the question of contract came up. George Steele, Di man, believed that a man should not be held responsible to a woman if he had promised to marry her and found that previous promiscuity had been hers. Mr. Coates said, "Let's bring the matter closer home, Mr. Steele. Suppose you were engaged to a young lady and discovered that she had gone astray in her youth, AND—."



*"Pete, meet Mr. Schultz, an old customer of mine."*

There was a pause before Mr. Steele said, "Let's take it away from home."

### Poor Fuehrer

HITLER sure takes a beating in the United States. He's been insulted by the mayor of New York, affronted by a Chicago cardinal, and praised by the president of the W. C. T. U.

### Shake Podner!

The old adage "misery likes company," or something of the sort, has taken on a new aspect for your editor. He was beginning to feel like a sheep with a

black stripe down his back, and having a hard time holding his nose up when he stumbled across the following joke (?) in the Alabama *Rammer-Jammer*:

"So you are working your way through school. How do you do it?"

"Please don't tell my mother. She thinks I'm peddling liquor, but I'm really editing the humor magazine."

### No, Please

A sophisticated girl is one who knows how to refuse a kiss without being deprived of it.







# Scene in Print

Judge Hewitt Hears  
Argument in Union Suit  
—Portland Oregonian.  
Immoral, eh Mrs. Lawson?



U. W. Anatomist Writes  
Best Seller on Lungs  
—State Journal.  
What, no paper?



Found in Bus With Throat Cut  
—N. Y. Herald Tribune.  
Cut from fender to fender?



Boy, 6, Denies He's Dead  
—N. Y. Herald Tribune.  
Maybe so, but some kids are  
terrific liars at that age.



1800 at Bundle Party  
—New York Times.  
Bedder and Bedder.



Mr. Mendonca suffered cuts on  
the fact and body. —S. F. News  
On the what?



When I insult a man, I do not  
do it covertly, I do not strike be-  
low the belt or in the back, but  
at his face. I do not insult men  
by inference, insinuation, innu-  
endo, suggestion, circumlocution,  
or periphrasis. —Sen. Ashurst:  
The Congressional Record.

What about a swift kick in the  
rump, Senator?



News item: "San Diego, May  
18 (U.P.) —The 'American co-  
educational disease' known to

science as Vincent's disease—is  
growing to alarming proportions  
because of the prevalence of  
kissing among high school and  
junior college students."

Can't think of anything to say  
on that except that senior col-  
lege students must resort to a  
spoon of sodium perborate in  
lukewarm water gargled two to  
three times a day.



"... he simply writes of Rus-  
sia as filled with human beings  
in a changing world. As aren't  
we all."—Charley Rosenthal, in  
the Berkeley Record.



Boy Swallows Thirty Cents  
Coughs Up Dime  
—Headline.

That's better than some of the  
banks did.



Capt. John Smith  
In Vassar Stacks  
—N. Y. Times.

Pocahontas ought to be about  
a Senior by this time.



A press dispatch informs us  
that a French industrial adviser  
—Emile Rumpp—recently visit-  
ed the U. S. Monsieur Rumpp is  
no doubt in at the bottom of the  
European situation, and can back  
up all his assertions. Although a  
little behind on their war debt  
payments, France will not be in  
arrears for long, for Rumpp be-  
lieves the seat of the trouble is  
being uncovered.



The two boats were heeled  
away over, their lee rails awash  
and the men of their crews lying  
on the windward rails, their  
bronze bottoms shining in the  
sun. —Yachting Magazine.

Ted Vollmer, Cal frosh two-  
miler . . . ran his first competi-  
tives 100 meters in 33 minutes  
44 seconds. —Daily Cal.  
Through sticky tar?



Found in the classified section:  
"Will gentleman who picked  
up fallen woman on Main Street  
near Fifth on last Monday please  
call 5692-R."

"Now what would you do?"



An English cub reporter, fre-  
quently reprimanded for relating  
too many details and warned to  
be brief, turned in the following:

"A shooting affair occurred  
last night. Sir Dwight Hopeless,  
a guest at Lady Panmore's ball,  
complained of feeling ill, took a  
highball, his hat, his coat, his  
departure, no notice of friends,  
a taxi, a pistol from his pocket  
and finally his life. Nice chap.  
Regrets and all that sort of  
thing."



All found on one page in the  
*Jack-o'-Lantern*:

Does Your Mattress Fit—  
That Tired Spot?

—Billboard

Come, come, let's be specific.

—Red Cat

Another complaint was made by Jean Figure  
of Intervale Street, who said the peeper wore  
glasses. According to Josephine Ahearn of  
Evergreen Street, Roxbury, a peeper who an-  
noyed her had a large nose and wore a white  
coat. Mary Malchanoff of Leyland Street,  
Roxbury, just reported a peeper with no de-  
scription.

Oh, come come, Mary!

—Lampoon

For information of Bedros Klujian or  
Nushan Bogigian. Estate matter. Ohanas Ka-  
work Solakian or John West. P. O. Box 33,  
Madison Square Station, New York, or F 52  
Times.

—Public Notice, New York Times  
Come, come, Mr. West, how did you get in  
this?

—Purple Cow

Mr. Gielgud  
Isn't Coming

—News

Why, the louse!  
Don't you mean "Come, come,  
Mr. Gielgud"?



## Simplified Greek for Frosh

*Alpha*—loaf's better than none.  
*Beta*—to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.  
*Gamma*—around some other day.  
*Delta*—on the darkness. (Man bites dog.)  
*Epsilon*—time between drinks.  
*Zeta*—boy or girl.  
*Eta*—clock and all's well.  
*Theta*—'tain't so.  
*Iota*—study my math.  
*Kappa*—hat, just sumpin' to cover my head.  
*Lambda*—my life ah loves you.  
*Mu*—cow, mu.  
*Nu*—gals for old.  
*Xi*—better be goin' now.  
*Omicron*—Gallia est divisa in tres pastis.  
*Pi*—3.14159.  
*Rho*—meo and Juliette.  
*Sigma*—a song of six pence.  
*Tau*—be or not to be.  
*Upsilon*—downsilon, life's like that.  
*Phi*—can't this night go on forever?  
*Chi*—you big baby!  
*Psi*—for the day is coming.  
*Omega*—allowance.

## Liberte, Egalite, Sororite —or Love Conquers All

He was a poverty-stricken plugger from Peoria. She was a hot-house high-hatter from Hialeah. He was a house-boy at the Alfalfa Alpha Sorority house. She was the sorority president. It was love at first sight, but they realized, they did, that they were not for each other.

Many were the dresses she ruined with salt tears which she could not halt, when a trembling hand would place a bowl of alphabet soup before her with "I love you" spelled out on the brim, or a pink hand (pink from unaccustomed dish-washing) would set before her a bowl of celery with the leaves trimmed to resembled hearts.

He slept in the cellar while she reclined in downy comfort in her gabled, second-floor room. She was Cleopatra; he was a galley-slave. She was Marie Antoinette; he was a lackey. She was Barbara Hutton; he was a Bronx bootblack. She was the Normandie; he was a garbage barge. She was Guinevere; he

was a scullery knave. She was Garbo; he was a prop boy.

"I can't stand it any longer," he told her one day as he chucked away the last dish.

"Why?" she asked. "Is it because . . . because . . . you love me?"

"Yes. But we can never have each other. It is best. I love you, but I must, and can, make the sacrifice."

"But I love you, too, Eustace, and will marry you, in spite of hell and a malicious system of class distinction that has survived the middle ages and has continued even unto our own day and country, fettering the world with its shackles of prejudice, destroying love, promulgating hate. This is a free country. This is a new day. This is a democracy. This is America!"



## The Game He Saw

He heard the bands playing.  
 He heard a college yell.  
 He saw the dashing players.  
 He felt that all was well.

He saw the kickoff.  
 He saw a pretty lass.  
 He saw the flying pigskin.  
 He saw a gaining pass.

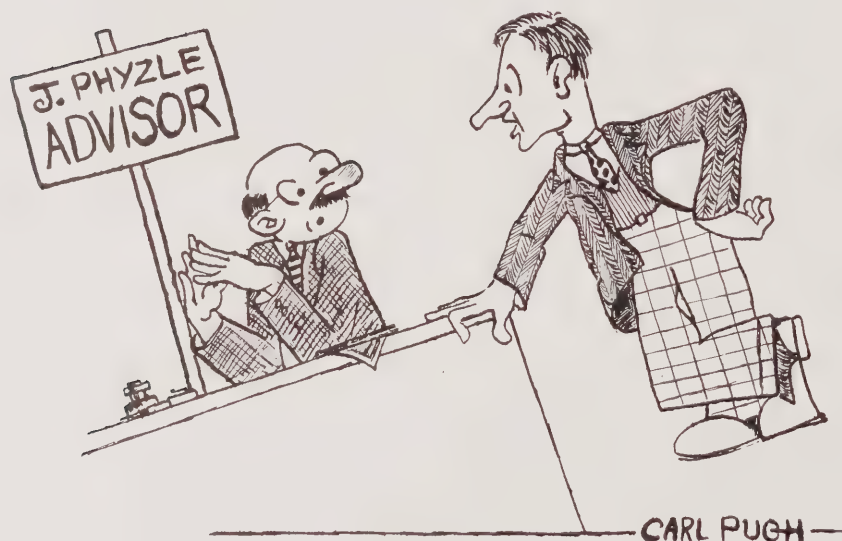
He filled a turkish pipe.  
 He threw away the tin.  
 He bought a coca-cola.  
 He opened up his gin.

He felt his blood boiling.  
 He had a terrible thirst.  
 He had the football spirit.  
 He went from bad to worse.

He urged his team to victory.  
 He closed one eye to blink.  
 He saw his team in trouble.  
 He took another drink.

He knew the game was over.  
 He knew that it was fun.  
 But what he didn't know was  
 Who the hell had won.

—Illman.



"What have you got easy in Ec, 21?"



## The Show Must Go On

The great Philharmonic was opening its season in a burst of splendor. Two hours before the curtain the vast hall was jammed. For the incomparable Maestro had returned from a European tour to fashion with his baton a thing of matchless beauty.

In the players' dressing room all was gaiety and anticipation. Musicians hurried here and there, adjusting each other's ties and snapping anxiously at violin strings. But in a corner, away from the scene of confusion and scurry, sat the wispy, dejected figure of Victor the triangle player. He had been so happy that afternoon, looking forward to the evening's triumph, waiting impatiently for the moment when he would get his cue from the bassdrum and put in his tiny silver 'ping!' with an *elan* and flourish that would give the audience a sensation it would never forget.

But as he was molding his white tie that evening in the dressing room a telegram was delivered to Victor. Ah, that a fragment of yellow paper should have the power to change the entire current of a man's destiny! With dull, unseeing eyes, Victor read that his infant son had died, that his dear Francesca had committed suicide, that he had lost his last cent in Cities Service, that his chauffeur had run away with another man's wife. It was the end.

Arturo, the flute player, lay a gentle hand on his shoulder. "Cheer up, old man. The show must go on."

True. The show must go on. Victor dragged himself to his feet and joined the stream of gleaming white and faultless black.

The Maestro raised his baton. The musicians tensed as for a spring. Suddenly wave upon wave of ecstatic Beethoven swelled forth, shaped by the



"\$30 a week? No, thank you. Er - - we're looking for something REAL nice."

magic of the Maestro's wand, whirling Victor upward and outward, till it seemed to him that he had lost his identity in the pulsing sound and had no soul but music. He was filled with a sudden, fierce resolve. He would give that night the greatest performance of his career. His tiny silver 'ping!' would bring the crowd to its feet with a gasp. And how few would realize that behind that tiny 'ping!' there lay a broken heart!

Suddenly he became conscious of a drum beat re-echoing in his ears, followed closely by a fragile murmuring among the violins. Victor's rapture and resolve collapsed like a pricked balloon. He had missed his cue.

## Scotch

A clergyman and a Scotchman were watching a baseball game together. The Scotchman continually kept taking nips from a bottle, and the clergyman, no longer able to restrain himself, at last cried out, "Sir, I'm sixty-nine years old, and never in my life have I touched alcohol."

"Well, dinnae worry yourself tae much," replied the Scotchman with a pronounced burr. "You're nae ginna start noo."



## Heh! Heh!

"You've got a hearth of stone," he said as he looked at her fireplace. —Punch Bowl



TROTMAN



*"Hold the phone a second. Someone's at the door who wants something."*



# Solomon's Sundry Sallies

*By Carl Pugh*

And it came to pass that on Saturday, young Solomon after anointing himself with oils and things and stuffs crept out of the house of his father, even as a snake in the grass crept he out of his father's house that he might arouse no suspicion therein.

For young Solomon had chanced upon an Hittite maiden upon that day and had seen of her that she was passing fair. And she had turned away his heart after her and go in unto her he saw he must. And he had said to her concerning this thing, saying, "Howbeit a date to-night, Hittite maiden?," and she had lowered her eyes and answered, "Yea, even yea a thousand times yea." For Solomon was a man of great power.

And upon that day young Solomon chanced upon a daughter of the Ammonites and saw that she was passing fair and likewise had he said to her. And likewise an Edomitite. And a Moabite. And a Zidonian was likewise passing fair. For Solomon loved many strange women together with his wife, the daughter of Pharaoh, women of many lands and states. For Solomon was a man of great power. There was not the like made in any kingdom.

And it came to pass that Solomon upon this Saturday should go to the Hittite woman for he would be with her. And likewise the Ammonite, the Edomitite, and the Moabite and others to whom he had spoken concerning this thing. For the day had been long and he had chanced upon many strange women, yea even three score ten and it were well that the night be likewise long notwithstanding that Solomon was a powerful man. For Solomon had a date, and a late date, even yea

a late, late date. And others.

And through the dark night he kept his covenants and with the grey morning he bethought himself of his home and of his father's wrath and then went he there.

But near the city's wall he chanced upon an Hebron maiden and his heart was turned away. And he said to her concerning this thing, saying, "Happy are I that I hast found you here," for Solomon was not as yet well versed in tongue and wisdom. And concerning this thing she replied saying, "Yea, but I must stay and mind the kids." And Solomon asked her as to the whereabouts of her husband and she replied that she was not taken in marriage. And the face of Solomon became red, even as the climbing sun, and he questioned her concerning her kids. And she led him to the fold and showed him her goats and Solomon took his leave, yea even redder than the climbing sun.

And he entered into his father's house even as he had crept out.

And many days passed and many nights and it came to pass that Solomon was king. And the power that was Solomon's lingered with him and he caused a great feast to be prepared that he might display the splendor of his kingdom and the good fortune that had been bestowed upon him. And many strange women were in attendance, and passing fair, and many he chanced to meet and his heart was turned aside and that which had been bestowed upon him he shared with women of great abundance. And of these he took six hundred ninety-nine into his own house and he caused another house to be built alongside his own and therein put he

three hundred more and in all there were one thousand—seven hundred wives and three hundred ladies-in-waiting (literally). For Solomon was a man of great power.

And when the Queen of Sheba heard of the fame of Solomon she came to prove him with many hard questions. And she bear with her many gifts and many talents and spices. Neither was there any such spice as the Queen of Sheba gave King Solomon. And Solomon told all her questions. And when the Queen of Sheba had seen all Solomon's wisdom she said to the king, saying, "It was a true report I heard of thy acts and of thy wisdom and behold, the half of it was not told me."

And Solomon told her concerning this thing, saying, "The half of it has not been shown you." And he bestowed upon her other gifts and other talents, and he gave unto the Queen of Sheba all her desire. And soon she turned and went to her own country, she and her servants. And King Solomon was sore vexed that she gave him the heir. (The reader must bear in mind that this is after all a humorous article. Occasional puns are unfortunate but unavoidable.)

So it came to pass that to the daughter of Pharaoh it was reported concerning this thing and her wrath was great and she descended upon Solomon and smote him upon the head, saying, "'Tis no false rumor that mine ears have heard and it is not that mine eyes deceive me," and it was in her heart to smite him even again upon the head and she did, saying, "Betwix these great abundance of strange women that you have caused to invade even mine own

*(Continued on page 26)*





*"No, thank you. I seem to have lost my appetite."*



## Cynic's Definitions

Honesty: Fear of being caught.

Good Sport: One who will always let you have your own way.

Moron: One who is content with a serene mind.

Pessimist: One who sees things as they are.

Coach: Fellow who will gladly lay down your life for the school.

Conscience: The voice that tells you not to do something after you have done it.

Bad Girl: One who carries love to its logical conclusion.

—Voodoo.

## Wise Maxims of Confusion

*By Robertson and Riddle*

The pages of sin are best.  
He who laughs last, laughs best.

A friend in need wants to borrow.

A stitch in time saves embarrassment.

Every dog has his tree.

Least said, soonest ended.

Variety is the spice of vice.

A cheese is no stronger than its weakest stink.

No nudes is good nudes.

A roving Catholic gathers no mass.

## Add Definitions:

Idiot: One who thinks that astronomy is a romance language.

Eye: An open and closed affair.

Sadist: Boy who calls when girl is out and refuses to leave message.

Consideration: That which people have when they whistle nearing the arboretum (at night).

Friend: A yes-man.

Pretty: Successful application of cosmetics.

Perfume: Stimulant for true confession.

Life: Here today gone tomorrow.







## *In the Lead—*

*Even in the line at Swain Hall at lunch time, North Carolina is way out in front. Note student to right of bench hurrying to squeeze in.*



## *Ear-Singer and Consort—*

*In chilly autumn days such as these it takes a man of steel to sit in front of Steele in his shirt sleeves. Such a man is George Steele, noted poli, talking with Mary Lillian Speck, in the middle, and George Ritchie Wall, also on the wall.*



## *Posin' by Tommy Dorsey—*

*No one had struck up the band, and the shot WAS candid as Bill Sumner, of the Chiphis, fell in the way of the camera's wandering gaze.*



## *"Our Bob"—*

*Trying to prepare an ear of corn for denudation is Bob Magill, the most important man on the campus. But to us, Freshman, he's still one of the boys.*

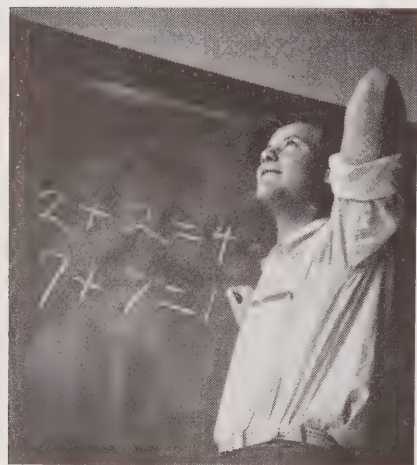


## *Swing It—*

*Bill Walker, one of the country's best drum majors, who learned the art by swinging a broomstick while on duty at a swimming pool, is here practising up on how to dazzle the eyes of the old grads on Homecoming Day. Incidentally, Bill is one of the few in the nation who uses two batons at the same time.*

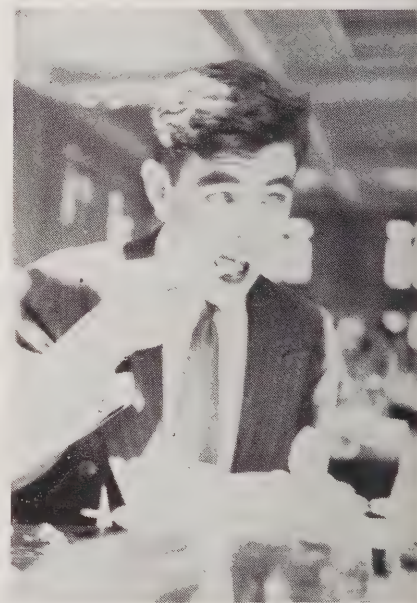
## *Caught—*

*In the act is John Bowles by Toni Warren (on the facing page) as he tries to cram a little too much in his mouth so that he won't have to stand in line down at E. Carrington's.*



## *Fourteen, Dan—*

*When confronted with the problem in black and white we imagine that Dan Desich, who hails from Ohio and snags errant backfield men, is not the only one who would have to pause a second.*





# A D E

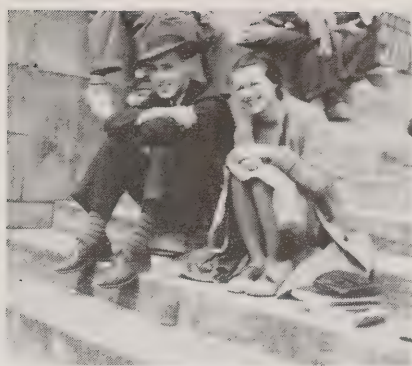


*tough, ain't it?—*

But Elmer Wrenn, tackle on the U.N.C. eleven, didn't seem to mind digging ditches this summer in the U. S. Marine Corps, for he was getting in shape for the coming gridiron season. Elmer was one of the two boys from Carolina to get his commission this summer.

*Twenty-six cents, please—*

Toni Warren, cashier up at Spain Hall, is here ringing up another sale and frowning at John Bowles (facing), but you could see her do the Bolero.



*Pleased—*

Are Dinny Puckette, president of the Chi Omegas, and Ray Howe, sports writer for the local rag—with the world and the company.



*Love Nest—*

We believe is the name of the candy Nancy (Nannie-Marie) Smith is eating, but you can take it for its worth. Nannie-Marie, you know, folks, is the girl who originated the idea of a Chapel Hill radio station?



*Yes, Yes, Professor—*

Dr. Andy Bershak (y'all know Andy) is here explaining the situation to one of the Roods (we don't know which) and to a yet unidentified listener. If the latter will drop by the office some time in the next few days, he will be given credit in the next issue.



*Shout 'em, Aunt Tillie—*

is what cock-of-the-wall Glenn Davis is imploring you, and your Uncle Zeke to do, so that we can push across that touch-down.

*How You Like Us?—*

Carl Pugh, (page 11) is here giving us the glad-eye, or at least, the once-over. But, try as we can, we can't seem to catch Virginia Lee's attention. Maybe that's the reason for Carl's expression.





# Coming Football Rivalries

**October 23**—Tulane at Chapel Hill.

Coach Dawson of Tulane, speaking over the radio late last month, didn't mention the Carolina contest as one of his tough ones. The Green Wave must be surf-boarded to make Homecoming Day a memorable one for some 20,000 fans in Kenan Stadium. A win would be nice to get, but it'll be hard.

**October 30**—Fordham at Chapel Hill.

Another encounter that will bring the fans from near

and far. A thriving appetizer for those who haven't had much Yankee football on their grid menu. Jim Crowley puts out good teams annually so caution is the word where wagers are concerned.

**November 6**—Davidson at Davidson.

It's Homecoming Day again for the Wildcats of near-Charlotte. Not quite up to the par of the past two seasons, Davidson with Teeney Lafferty at the helm will nevertheless provide an in-

teresting afternoon for the Tar Heels.

**November 13**—Duke at Durham.

Always the classic of classics as far as the modern generation of Carolina grid fans go. The Blue Devils have inflicted some mean pronging into our good records of the past two seasons and it's about time our Ram did some ramming. Another record crowd is predicted, but we won't attempt to prognosticate on the score.

*(Continued on page 28)*







# OL' JUDGE

# ROBBINS

## AT PIKE'S PEAK

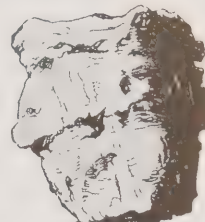


THE GARDEN OF THE GODS! WHY, DADDY, IT'S AS PRETTY AS-AS A PICTURE POSTCARD

IT'S JUST ONE OF THE MANY GRAND THINGS TO BE SEEN IN THIS PIKE'S PEAK REGION, CHUBBINS

O-O-OH- THIS **BALANCED ROCK** GIVES ME A SCARY FEELING

WELL, IT'S BEEN STANDING HERE A LONG TIME - I DON'T THINK IT WILL FALL TODAY



WHOEVER LIVED IN THOSE QUEER CLIFF HOUSES?

A STRANGE LOST RACE KNOWN AS THE 'LITTLE PEOPLE'. WE DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY CAME FROM OR WHERE THEY WENT. AND JUST THINK, THESE DWELLINGS WERE ACTUALLY MOVED HERE INTACT FROM THEIR ANCIENT SITE

OH, DADDY, THERE'S THE FAMOUS COG-RAILWAY CAR. I WISH WE HAD COME UP ON IT. YOU MUST BE TIRED FROM THAT DRIVE

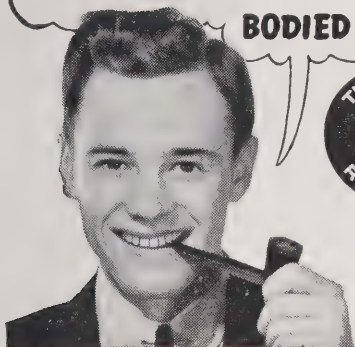
NOT AT ALL. I JUST KEPT THINKING HOW GOOD THIS PIPEFUL OF PRINCE ALBERT WOULD TASTE WHEN WE GOT UP HERE



NOW FOR A MILD, MELLOW SMOKE. YOU KNOW, CHUBBINS, THE LONGER A MAN GOES WITHOUT **PRINCE ALBERT**, THE MORE HE APPRECIATES HOW GOOD IT IS. IT ALWAYS SMOKES SO COOL, WITHOUT A BIT OF TONGUE-BITE!

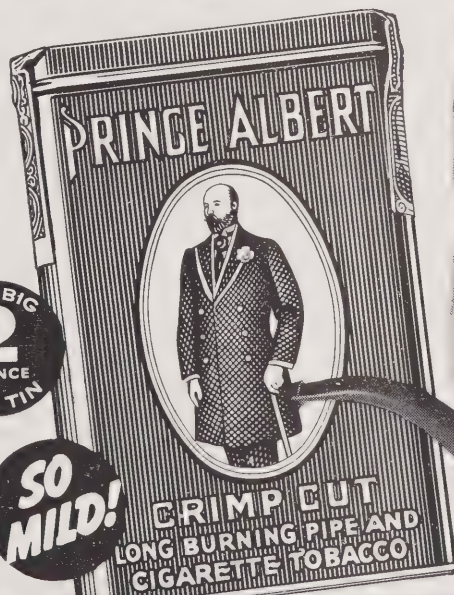
Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

THE GREAT THING ABOUT PRINCE ALBERT IS THAT SUCH A **MILD** TOBACCO CAN BE SO **RICH** AND **FULL-BODIED!**



THE BIG **2** OUNCE RED TIN

SO **MILD!**



**CRIMP CUT**  
LONG BURNING PIPE AND  
CIGARETTE TOBACCO

**TRY P.A. ON THIS  
MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!**

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage.  
(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

**ALSO  
TRY ROLLING  
YOUR OWN  
WITH P. A.**

# 50

pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

# PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL  
JOY SMOKE



# Married Love

## Or That's What You Think

By Mack Hobson

*The Characters:* He and She.  
*The Place:* A stage, of course.  
*Time:* To quit reading.

### SCENE I

(*Scene.* It is a typical, modern living room, with tables, chairs, a radio, etc. They are sitting in front of the fire. He is reading a copy of *Paris Nights*, and she is sewing. Every few seconds she cranes her neck and gets a load of the literature.)

HE: Say, why don't you look what you're doing? You're sewing my arm to that pair of pants.

SHE: Oh, why so I am! I

was wondering why that patch didn't match. (*Irritably.*) Now I'll have to do it all over again.

HE: Well, don't. I'd sort of like to keep my other arm. I might need it sometime, you know.

SHE: (*Hurriedly.*) Oh, you can have it back when I get through with it—I mean . . . oh, what am I talking about? You've got me all befuddled.

HE: *I've* got you befuddled? That's a laugh. You were befuddled when you married me.

SHE: Yes, I realize that now. Why, oh why—(*She jumps abruptly to her feet,—and such*

*feet!—bursting into tears.*) I'm through! My mind is made up. I'm going home to Mama.

HE: (*Absently.*) Poor Mama.

SHE: (*Explosively.*) What's that? Why you—! (*She throws the radio at him. Charlie McCarthy yells "Look out!" and he ducks.*) I've never been so insulted before in all my life. You've broken my heart. (*She throws a vase at him.*)

HE: (*Wiping glass from his face.*) And you've broken my jaw. Remind me to see the doctor tomorrow, sweetheart. (*He looks at her in adoration.*) Gosh, how I love you. I take back what I said. (*He knocks her down and kicks her in the face.*) But don't get me mad, or I'm liable to forget I'm a gentleman and strike you.

(*She draws a machine gun from her bosom—I knew she had something there!—and shoots him in the stomach nine times. He spits out the bullets.*)

HE: Now, darn it, you broke out one of my new teeth. Give me that gun!

SHE: Be careful. You're getting blood all over the rug.

HE: Well, I bought it, didn't I?

SHE: No, you didn't. It's not been paid for.

HE: Oh, that is right—I'd almost forgotten about it. (*He picks her up and throws her down the stairs. There is an explosion off-stage.*) That was her head. It was filled with a vacuum, like an electric light bulb . . . (*Sadly.*) Well, she's dead now. There's nothing else for me to live for. I think I'll commit suicide. (*He picks up one of his wife's biscuits from the table and eats it. He has great difficulty chewing it. There is a loud plunk as he swallows.*)

(*Continued on page 28*)





## Stinkhead Georgie

STINKHEAD Georgie was not scared, but it sure made him nervous as hell to have that priest mumbling along beside him.

He'd seen guys die, so he knew it didn't last very long. He watched the back of the warden's neck, moving along in front of him. The warden needs a haircut, thought Stinkhead. Damn that priest. Why wouldn't he quit mumbling. If he had something to say, why couldn't he speak up so a man could hear him.

He thought about Rosie and Black Louie. He'd been doing a lot of that lately. Well, it was his own fault for chopping that guy. If he hadn't been so nervous everything would be jake now. Still, the damn guy didn't have to shout, did he?

Damn that priest anyway. Why wouldn't he speak up or shut up? Mumble, mumble, mumble. They went through a little door at the end of the corridor. Well, there she was, rope and everything. God, he was afraid to die. "Father," he said. "Father, speak louder. I can't hear you."

The priest moved closer, his voice rising to a triumphal chant. "I hope you choke, Stinkhead," he intoned. "I hope you choke."

—Roger Provost



Sing a song of A. B. C.'s

The profs are in a pet;  
They tried to keep our college dry,  
But Durham voted wet.

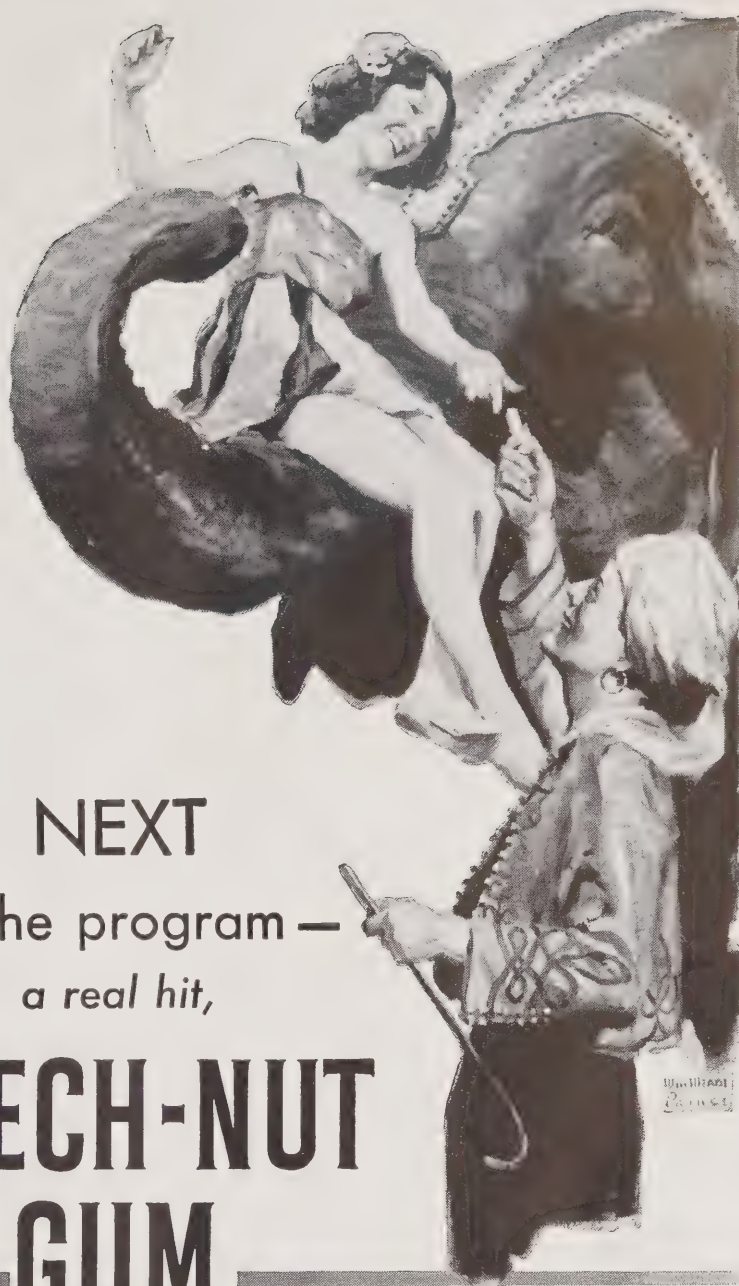
The faculty chortles: "Our village is dry!"

The students don't let it deter 'em—

The buses are full; the students are too,

'Cause there's plenty of liquor in Durham.

—Riddle



## NEXT on the program — a real hit, BEECH-NUT GUM

Most popular flavor of gum in America is Beech-Nut Peppermint. Try our Spearmint, too, if you enjoy a distinctive flavor.



"Always Worth Stopping for"

BEECHIES  
Gum in a crisp, candy coating  
...doubly delightful that way!  
Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin!

ORALGENE  
The new firmer texture gum that gives your mouth needed exercise. "Chew with a purpose!"



## SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS Biggest Little Show on Earth!

A mechanical marvel, three rings of performers, clowns, animals, music 'n' everything! Now touring the country. Don't miss it.



## Popular Young Couple Married This Week

ED. NOTE: *Maybe you have seen this one before, for Alexander Woollcott took it right to his heart when he lit on it in the "Fountain Inn Tribune" of South Carolina, and it has been reprinted several times elsewhere. But we pass it along to you, just the same with our apologies and thanks to Woollcott.*

The groom is a popular young bum who hasn't done a lick of work since he got shipped in the middle of his junior year at college. He manages to dress well and keep a supply of spending money because his dad is a soft-hearted old fool who takes up his bad checks instead of letting him go to jail where he belongs.

The bride is a skinny, fast little idiot who has been kissed and handled by every boy in town since she was 12 years old. She paints like a Sioux Indian, sucks cigarettes in secret, and drinks mean corn-liquor when she is out joy-riding in her dad's car at night. She doesn't know how to cook, sew, or keep house.

The groom wore a rented dinner suit over athletic underwear of imitation silk. His pants were held up by pale green suspenders. His number eight patent-leather shoes matched his state in tightness and harmonized nicely with the axle-grease polish of his hair. In addition to his jag he carried a pocket-knife, a bunch of keys, a dun for the ring and his usual look of imbecility.

The bride wore some kind of white thing that left most of her legs sticking out at the end and her bony upper end sticking out at the other. The young people will make their home with the bride's parents, which means they will sponge on the old man until he dies and then she will take in washing. The happy couple anticipates a great event in about five months.

Postscript—This may be the last issue of *The Tribune*, but my life ambition has been to write up one wedding, and tell the unvarnished truth. Now that it is done, death can have no sting.

### EPITAPH

Here lies Annabel  
Whose greatest sin  
Was loving the wrong men,  
The first was untrue  
The second she scarcely knew,  
Five years for an interne she  
did pine  
While weeping crocodile brine,  
She finally died of streptocarcass  
throat  
Contracted while sowing her  
wild oat,  
She necked an Irishman  
On the steps of the Bell Tower  
One night in November

And that was the end of her,  
So ends the career of Annabel,  
The poor fool went to hell.

—*Mariamne.*



### THE CYNIC'S LOVE SONG

Break my heart?  
Oh, no,  
My heart broke  
Long ago.  
Hurt my pride?  
Perhaps you may  
—For a day.

—*Mariamne.*

### This Is My Line

Bread lines, clothes-lines, fish-  
lines too;  
Wild lions, tame lions, in the  
zoo—  
God bless these lines that fill our  
nation;  
But damn the ones at registra-  
tion.

Here's the Carolina Man's  
answer . . .

FOR A GOOD HAIRCUT—

### Graham Memorial Barber Shop

"Catering to Students and  
Faculty"





"The customer is always right! . . . sometimes." — Dr. Taylor; Economics 124.



If every boy in the United States could read every girl's mind, the gasoline consumption would drop off fifty per cent.



#### Interdenominational

"Oy, I am dying—send for a priest queek."

"Vat, Abie, you don't vant a rabbi?"

"I should gif heem small pox? Call a priest!"



#### Didn't He Get Any Change?

The mother of a Kentucky mountaineer family was packing her scant belongings in preparation to leaving the old homestead. A son lumbered into the room.

"Where ya goin', maw?" he asked.

"Your paw traded me to our neighbor for a horse."

"Wal, I allus said paw was a good business man."



#### Was She Red

A hot-spell story that we liked is about the girl who went in swimming in the raw in a secluded mill pond. Along came a little boy who started to tie knots in her clothes. She floundered around, found an old washtub, held it up in front of herself and marched toward the little boy saying: "You little brat, do you know what I'm thinking?"

"Sure," said the little brat, "you think that tub has a bottom in it."



#### How About Wm. Powell?

"Mother," said little Jane, "Can I go out and play?"

"You may play with little girls, but not the boys, they're too rough."

"But mother, if I can find a nice, smooth little boy, can I play with him?"

# Pipe Smokers, please accept this generous free offer



**We'll gladly send you at our expense, a full day's supply of this tobacco, which most men claim to be the finest blend they've ever tried**

Dear Sir:

Probably, like most pipe smokers, you are constantly on the lookout for a finer tobacco than any you have ever smoked.

We believe we have achieved such a winning blend in Briggs Pipe Mixture and most of those who try it agree with us.

But we don't ask you to accept their verdict. We don't ask you to spend a cent. Instead, we offer you free a full day's supply of this unique tobacco and ask of you only the simple favor of trying it at our expense.

We believe in the short space of 1 smoking day you will become a Briggs fan. We believe you will readily see that Briggs surpasses other pipe-tobaccos in these 4 ways.

#### In 4 Ways Superior

There is nothing unusual about these 4 claims we make for Briggs. The difference is, smokers tell us, they are true. Most men who try Briggs find in it these 4 advantages:

1. More delightful in flavor. 2. Cooler burn-

ing (mellowed 4 full years). 3. Utterly biteless to tongue and throat. 4. Keeps pipe cleaner and sweeter.

#### Now Mail the Coupon

Won't you give us a fair chance to prove our case for Briggs? Remember it is at our expense, it costs you nothing. And this free full day test of Briggs may easily introduce you to the pipe tobacco you have always sought. The coupon is for your convenience. Won't you fill it in now, please, before you forget?

Copr., 1937, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

**1 full day's smoking FREE**

Mail to BRIGGS, 119 W. 40th Street, New York City, for a generous supply of Briggs Pipe Mixture.

(Offer good in United States only.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

(This offer expires Dec. 15, 1937) 58A



## Lines on a Tar Heel or Look Homeward, Elmer

By Bill Stauber

The story begins when Elmer  
Was a Freshman at Caroline.  
His second task was to register,  
But his first to stand in line.

Then came his examination  
Around at the Doctor's shrine,  
And posing in his birthday suit  
Caught cold from standing in line.

At the point of utter exhaustion  
He went to Swain to dine,  
But he fainted in the scramble  
To obtain a place in line.

Next morning at ten-thirty  
"A dope at the Y." That's fine.  
But at eleven he still waited,  
Still waited there in line.

This was too much for Elmer.  
He shouted, "I'm losing my  
mind."

But a nearby student told him  
To join the Buccaneer. (I  
fooled you.)

One night he slipped off quietly  
To attend Smith's midnight  
class

In attempting to get a ticket  
Poor Elmer in the line was  
last.

He tried to forget his troubles.  
To his fate he became re-  
signed,  
And everywhere a line would  
form,  
Behind stood Elmer in line.

And so the years passed quickly.  
"I'm a Senior," he shouted  
with glee.

At commencement, however,  
they told him,  
"Get in line if you want a de-  
gree."

Thus Elmer finished college,  
And to you may seem a joke.  
He fell in love with a coed,  
And to her this line he spoke.

"I love you, I adore you,  
Will you, O darling, be mine."  
But she hesitantly answered,  
"I think you're shooting a  
line."

She, nevertheless, consented.  
The wedding day was set.  
For the first time since a Fresh-  
man  
No line at the church he met.

Again, the years passed quickly,  
His children numbered nine.  
He sent them off to college,  
And there they waited in line.

His children cost him plenty.  
They gave poor Elmer "the  
works,"  
And now at the age of fifty.  
In the breadline poor Elmer  
lurks.

Poor Elmer died soon after.  
People asked, "Did he do any  
wrong?"  
They say he went to Heaven  
'Cause the line in Hell's too  
long.

### Epitaph

He was a well liked fellow,  
His name was Elmer Chase.  
You could tell he was a Tar Heel  
By the lines upon his face.



First Drunk: What did you  
shay when you lost at shtrip po-  
ker?

Second ditto: I shed plenty.

—Log

## "DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR, GENTLEMEN?"



...then he switched  
to the brand of  
grand aroma



THE glassy-eyed students can't listen to *reasoning* until their prof will listen to reason about his *pipe*! In plain English, professor—it smells bad! Why not give your briar a good cleaning? Then switch to a milder, more fragrant tobacco. Try Sir Walter Raleigh. It's blended of mellow, slow-burning burleys grown in the famous Blue Grass country. Fifteen cents buys *two full ounces*... and a hearty vote of approval from pipe-wise students. Try a tin and see.



**PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN.** In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureaus of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos at a majority of these colleges.

**TUNE IN** Tommy Dorsey and his Famous Orchestra  
NBC Blue Network, every Friday 10.00 P. M., E. S. T.

DR. J. P. JONES  
Dentist

Telephone 5761

Upstairs next to Post Office



## Down With Love

As a thought for Sabbath day  
Wistful preachers often say,  
"If we loved each other more  
There'd be little threat of war."  
But love can't pacify the states—  
Because it overpopulates.  
It's been encouraged by decree  
And governmental subsidy:

Hitler blesses every tot  
Though its folks be wed or  
not;  
Mussolini gives a prize  
For every brood that's over-  
size;  
A Russian with a small men-  
age  
Gets accused of sabotage;  
The highest paid of British  
stunts  
Is having five or six at once.  
With surplus kids, each nation  
frets  
For room to put its bassinets—  
So down with Love, the greatest  
curse  
Of This Expanding Universe.

—B. W.



"Mr. Swain, I think there's a worm in my peas."

Morning

Noon

Night

You Enjoy Every Meal

at

The University Dining  
Hall Cafeteria

RAWTHER BREATH-TAKING, EH, WOT?

WANT SOMETHING REALLY BREATH-TAKING? WRAP YOUR LIPS AROUND ONE OF THESE SWELL PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS!

**MORAL**  
Everybody's breath  
offends sometimes...let  
PEP-O-MINT save yours after  
eating, smoking and drinking



# SHROUDING THAT BODY DOWN

Though the dress of Joe Penner no longer typifies college styles they are still as colorful, but a bit more tasteful than when Joe went to town in "College Holiday."

Styles in college footwear this fall favor brown with emphasis on the heavier type of shoe. Crepe soles in varying degrees of thickness are numerous on the campus and red gum soles are also being used. Plain toes are predominant though the square Tyrolean toe is good. A carryover from last year, the plain toed white calfskin model with red gum soles and brown saddle is still popular.

The trend of last season when brown shoes were introduced to gray suits continues and brown

and gray mixtures are even better this fall. For sport wear, brown coats and gray slacks are very good.

Suits this year are more conservative than they have been for several seasons. Coats with plain back and one center vent are increasingly popular and the single breasted coat with either two or three buttons is the thing for sports wear. Most of the sport coats feature patch pockets.

In trousers, pleats are still predominant. Sport trousers with a fairly wide knee and a narrow bottom are finding favor on the campus. For both pants and coats Harris tweeds are tops, with cheviots a runner-up. Herringbone twist is in the running also.

Colors in suiting run toward the bright side though by no means to the loud checks which used to keep us awake nights. In compensation for the color in pants and coats, shirts tend toward unobtrusive solid colors and conservative stripes.

Tab collars are popular though the detachable white collar is the best for town wear. Among white collars the Kenton gets the call for both the swankiest air and the most popularity.

The choice in the tie and sock question goes to bright colors for campus wear. While conservative socks are, of course, good for wear in town the heavier woollen and part wool socks in variegated stripes are both

*Watching his step is Paul Wolfe, who is wearing a double-breasted brown suit of the newest diagonal weave. This season sees the first appearance of this suit.*

practical and popular for college use. Ties in bright diagonal stripes are best and some plaids remain among the Scotch.

Ever a practical item in a collegian's wardrobe the sweater retains its prestige. Many of the late models are variations of the coat sweater and have a belted back and sleeves which are a different color from the body. The pullover model with the crew neck is also a favorite, especially the maroon shade. In all models maroon and brown are the popular colors.

In topcoats the season's favorite is the single breasted, loose fitting coat with raglan sleeves and no belt. This coat in the knee-length variety is good but the below knee model is most popular. —N. E. King.



## Just Escaped

"Pull over to the curb, buddy!"

"What's wrong, officer?"

"You just went through a red light. Whatsa matter? Are you blind?"

"Yes officer; color blind."

"Not only that, but you were doing fifty."

"I was not. My speedometer registered sixty."

"Let me see your license!"

"Impossible! I don't own one."

"Well, let me see your owner's certificate!"

"I'm afraid I can't show you that, either. You see, I just stole this car."

"Stole this car! What's your name, buddy?"

"Napoleon."

—Punch Bowl.



It has been said that Eve suspected Adam of infidelity, and every night she used to count his ribs to see if he was true to her.

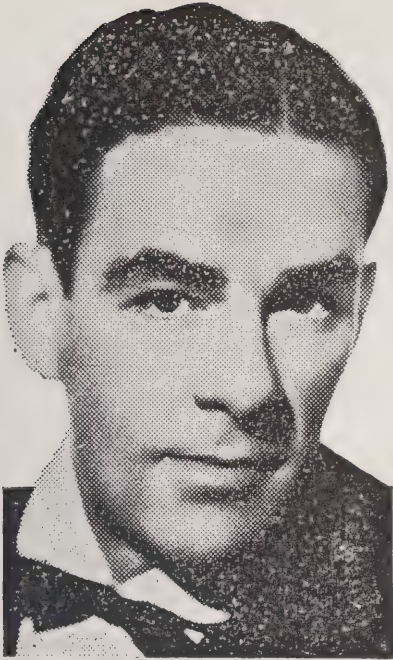


PRITCHARD-BRIGHT & CO.



# S-L-I-D-E

with WILL OSBORNE



Reversing the famous words of the renowned journalist, Horace Greeley, who advised young men to head for the great open spaces of the west in order to achieve success in their chosen fields, Will Osborne hied himself eastward instead, and proved the fallaciousness in the mouthings of the esteemed sage. At least the words were fallacious as far as Will was concerned.

Will Osborne was born and reared in Toronto, Canada, and, definitely deciding upon a musical career for himself, went to New York to start his climb to the top as an orchestra leader. The son of a banker, who devoted his spare time to handling the duties of chiormaster and organist in the family church, Will was supposed to have studied medicine according to the dictates of his father. But the youth rebelled. He played the drums in his school band and wanted to continue with popular music. The parents relented when they realized the lad's happiness was at stake, and offered their heartest en-

couragement when the path he had chosen seemed very grim and foreboding.

Osborne knew exactly what he wanted, and proceeded to obtain it as soon as he arrived in New York. He wanted his own orchestra but needed a little more experience first so he played in other orchestras for a while. He studied dancers' reaction to all types of music and when radio became a strong medium for offering music to the public he studied radio engineering in his spare time to ascertain the best means of presenting music that would incur immediate favor.

Soon he was ready to step out as a leader of his own unit and made his baton waving debut at the old Club Kentucky in New York City. His radio debut followed shortly afterward, and Osborne was soon on his way to fulfilling his childhood ambitions and at the same time proving that it wasn't necessary to follow Greeley's advice to win fame and fortune in this world of ours.

## MEANING OF SLIDE

To the average American youth the word means just one thing. He will have to 'hit the dirt' if he intends to get to the next base safely.

What it means to the youths of other countries is a problem of conjecture, but at sometime in the adolescent period of at least one Canadian youth, slide held a meaning all its own.

The youth, now in the personage of Will Osborne, must have been doing some very concerted day-dreaming as he heard the word and associated it with something entirely foreign from baseball. For after all, the word slide, as mentioned

(Continued on page 28)

## THE MONTH'S RECORDS

(Selected for this issue by Maestro Jimmy Fuller)

"I CAN'T GET STARTED" and "PRISONER'S SONG"—(Victor 36208) — Recorded by Bunny Berigan and his orchestra — One of the most highly inspired artist of our time turns in a fine individual performance on this disc.

"SLEEPY TIME DOWN SOUTH" and "CHANGES"—(Victor 25634) — Benny Goodman and his orchestra —with this recording Benny again lets the boys know who is king. He swings plenty but unless I miss my guess, the honors go to Fletcher Henderson.

"COMMUNITY SWING" and "SLEEPY TIME GAL"—(Brunswick 7923)—Glenn Miller and his orchestra—A newcomer with a fine band playing his own masterful arrangements. The first tune is one of Miller's own.

"FOR YOU" and "CASA LOMA STOMP"—(Decca 1412) — Recorded by Glen Gray and his Casa Loma Orchestra—Decca cuts the same old tune in the same old way and Kenny Sargent thrills the boys and girls. Pat Davis blows the whistle and the Casa Loma Express rolls again.

"LAMPLIGHT" and "GOT A DATE"—(Victor 25651) —Hal Kemp and his Orchestra—Kemp returns to his old form and releases one of his best. Skinny Ennis is right at home on this waxing and really steps out.

Jernigan



## SOLOMON'S SUNDRY SALLIES

(Continued from page 11)

house and this black wench from Sheba, my anger and shame is likened unto nothing and it be best that ere the new day's sun is set thou hast ceased this cavorting and hast rid this land of nine hundred and four score ten and nine of these women which are as an evil in my sight and as flies in mine soup." (We hesitate to correct Mr. Pugh here but we hazzard the conjecture that "ointment" is more suitable).

And King Solomon was wracked with grief and be-thought himself to seek sack-cloth and ashes but the night was swift fleeting and the morrow was nigh with its setting sun. So he went unto his wives amidst their chambers and chanced to meet an Hittite who was passing fair and whom he remembered was his wife and he fell upon her neck and his tears were even as a summer rain and his lamentations were great and he chanced to meet an Ammonite and a Moabite and to each in turn he made a fond farewell.

And with the rising of the dawn he betook himself to the other house which he had caused to be built and he was weak and wracked with sorrow and his pace was slow, even as a snail with paralysis did he plod his way. And he entered into this other house he had caused to be built beside his own and bade farewell likewise to each separately so that none might say that Solomon neglected any.

And when the sun had set upon that day the daughter of Pharaoh caused a search to be made of the land and none of those strange women remained and she was appeased and it was in her heart to cease her anger with Solomon but she found that he was sick, even to the death, and she was wrought that she had caused so great a grief to sicken him.

And they carried the King upon a litter to his chambers, even literally they carried him, and placed him upon his bed and he was sore stricken. And they covered him with clothes but he gat no heat and his face was pale, even as the midnight winter moon. Wherefore his

servants said of him, saying. "Let there be sought for My Lord the King a young maiden who is passing fair and let her stand before the King and cherish him so that My Lord the King gat heat."

So they sought a fair maiden and found an Hebron lass and she was passing fair and they bade her go unto the King and cherish him. But she soon returned and they questioned her concerning this thing and she replied, saying, that she had administered unto him but that he gat no heat and had said, "Ah one thousand!," and then was still. And they rushed into his chambers and found that it was so.

And Solomon slept with his fathers and was buried within the city walls. And his people made much of grief for he was a man of great power. And they knew that this was so.



### Re-worked

"Who was that lady I saw you with last night?"

"That was no lady. It was my brother; he just walks that way."

### FURNITURE FOR YOUR ROOM

#### E. A. Brown Furniture Co.

Beds—Chairs—Chests of Drawers—Tables—Dressers—Desks

106 West Rosemary St.

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Everything for the Amateur

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Do not wait in line—

EAT AT

### The Buccaneer Club

Located on the campus  
behind Hill Hall of  
Music

Three meals \$22.50  
per month

"Quality food at a  
saving"



### On Your Departure for Parts Known

Why should I grieve or make a  
fuss?

Man is by nature polygamous.  
—Deppe.



### Thoughts While in an Art Gallery

No leafy vale, in real life, is ut-  
terly serene,

For annoying insectae are al-  
ways on the scene;

In any leafy rendez-vous they  
play a major part.

Nature, like monogamy, is best  
displayed in Art.

—Deppe.

### Roll Call

"Robinson?"

"Here."

"Rosenthal?"

"Present."

"Mary Smith?"

"Here, sir."

"Wanamaker?"

"Hell, yes!"



"Mama, is there a Santa  
Claus?"

"No, dear; it's really your  
father."

"Mama, is there a stork?"

### Material Prices Are Going Up

—but—

We are still doing highest  
quality work for the same  
low price

### University Shoe Shop

Second from Post Office

### Quick Thinking

"I want to come in" roared  
Schmidt as he pounded on the  
door of the hotel room he  
thought occupied by his wife.

"Well, you can't," replied the  
flapper who opened the door,  
"unless there's someone you  
wanta see in here."

Schmidt was slightly taken  
aback but quickly recovered,  
"Vell," he grinned, "I'd like to  
see Schmidt in dere!"

You will find the

### Current Broadway Plays

among our wide variety  
of books which you may

### BUY OR RENT

at

### The Bull's Head Book Shop

### Scarface George

"Big boy, ah wonders was  
George Washington as honest  
as de people says dat he was?"

"Ah tell you, black boy, he  
was the honestes' man in the  
world."

"Den how come dey close all  
de banks on his buffday?"



"Lady, if you will give us a  
nickel my little brother'll imi-  
tate a hen."

"What will he do?" asked the  
lady, "cackle like a hen?"

"Naw," replied the boy in  
disgust. "He wouldn't do a  
cheap imitation like that; he'll  
eat a woinm."

at Ledbetter-Pickard Stationery

### Willingham Radio Service

If so let us give it  
a free check over.

### Does Your Radio Sound Topsy- Turvy?

For Complete Valet Service  
CHAPEL HILL'S LEADING CLEANERS

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151 East Franklin St.—Phone 7011

Leading with Quality  
Cleaning and Happy,  
Snappy Service

Request Dorm Mgr.  
to Send Cleaning to  
Johnson-Crew



## MARRIED LOVE

(Continued from page 18)

Such agony! But it will soon be over, thank goodness. (He assumes a tragic pose.) Good-bye, cruel world! Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow . . . But alas! there will be no tomorrow for me. Farewell! (His face turns either red, white, and blue, or red and black,—the producer can take his choice—and he topples down the stairs.)

CURTAINS.

## SCENE II

(The curtain rises slowly on a tragic scene. He is lying on his head at the bottom of the stairs, with his feet wrapped around his neck. She is twisted around the stair-post, and her left leg is sticking out of her pocket. On the wall above their heads is a framed legend which reads:

GOD BLESS OUR HOME

(The curtain then mercifully hides them from view, as the audience sobs.)



Aw, Gee

Warden: What's he done now?

Convict: Tore da leaf off a calendar and it was my toin.

—Pointer

## Come On Up to Lynch with the Boys

"Where yo' goin', niggah?"

"Ah's bein' rushed by Tri Kap-pa."

"What yo' all mean, Tri Kap-pa?"

"K. K. K., niggah!"

—Exchange

## CAROLINA HEADQUARTERS



THE New  
CAMELO HAT  
\$5

in the new fall shades

- Green
- Olive
- Nubian
- Dragon

Miller-Bishop Co.

108 Corcoran St. : Durham, N. C.

## FOOTBALL RIVALRIES

(Continued from page 16)

November 25—Virginia at Chapel Hill.

The Thanksgiving Day dinner wouldn't seem right if not followed by this traditional grid rivalry. The Cavaliers are under new coaching, with new spirit added, but it's too early in the regime to expect a victory over Bershak, Little & Company.

—Fletcher W. Ferguson.



S-L-I-D-E

(Continued from page 25)

above, cannot be associated with anything other than baseball to the American youth.

As a result of those day-dream, young Osborne, upon reaching manhood and acquiring the leadership of his own orchestra, found a place for using the 'slide' to advantage.

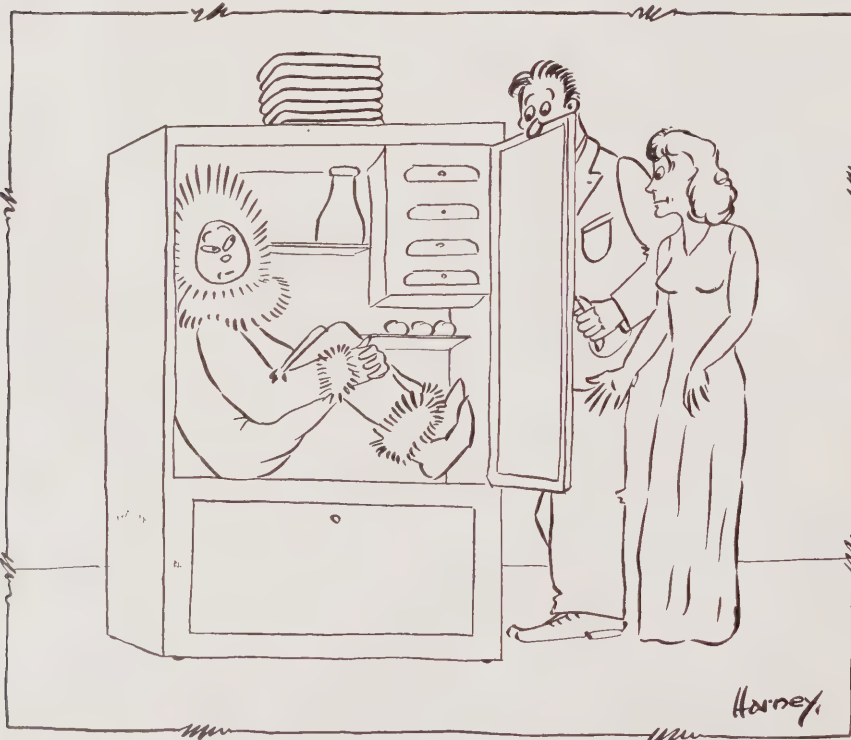
Carefully studying the effects of the slide trombone, Osborne noticed that by using the slide in a certain manner he produced a glissando effect which made all his music unusually distinctive yet at the same time retaining all its danceable qualities. He spent considerable time experimenting with the effects produced by the glissando until now his is the only orchestra extant which uses the glissando in practically all of its arrangements. This style of music has merited praise from its listeners as can be ascertained by Osborne's record of lengthy engagements at many of the nation's leading hotels, clubs and theatres, as well as on many commercially sponsored radio programs.

Roberts Jernigan, Jr.



A girl may wear a golf outfit and never play golf, a bathing suit and never swim; but when she wears a wedding gown you know she is taking up the sport seriously.

—Drexer





Senator Buck A. Neer Presents His —

# Share the Fun Bill

Send the **Buccaneer**  
For a Buck a Year

to your girl

to your friends

## The Carolina Buccaneer

One year (eight issues) : : : : one dollar

### **FREE! A Box of Life Savers for the Best Wisecrack!**

What is the best joke that you heard  
on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may  
wisecrack yourself into a free prize box  
of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each  
month by one of the students, there will  
be a free award of an attractive cello-  
phane-wrapped assortment of all the  
Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of  
this publication. The right to publish  
any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions  
of the editors will be final. The win-  
ning wisecrack will be published the  
following month along with the lucky  
winner's name.

*It Costs Little More to  
Enjoy the Best*

—◆—  
**Main Dining Room  
The Carolina Inn**

—◆—  
**Luncheon from 50c  
Dinner from \$1.00**



*The Three Musketeers  
of Smoking Pleasure*

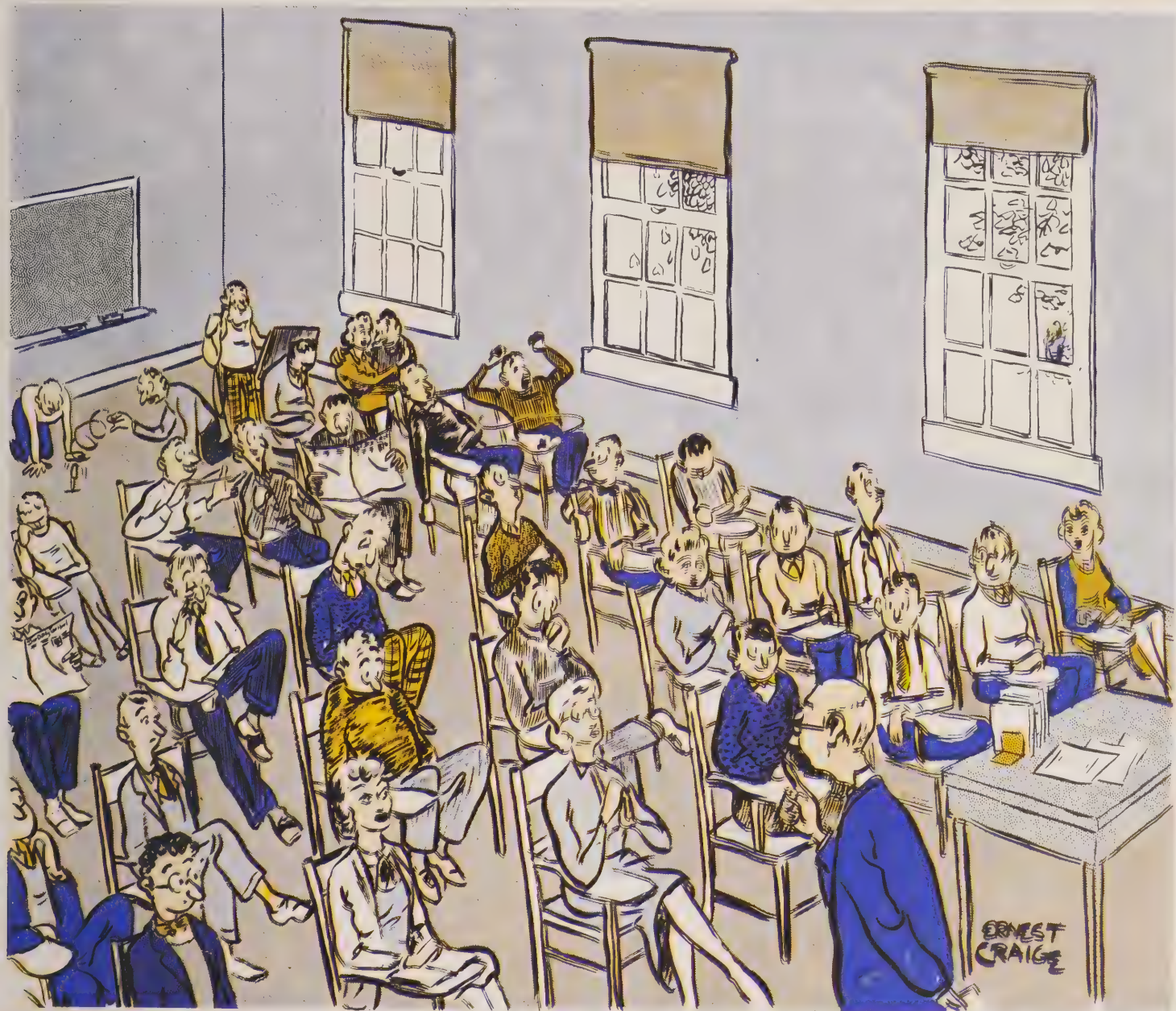
... refreshing MILDNESS  
TASTE that smokers like  
Chesterfields SATISFY



# Chesterfield



# THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER



NOVEMBER, 1937

PRICE, 15¢



Can people really  
appreciate the  
Costlier Tobaccos  
in Camels?



ANSWER:

Camels are  
the Largest-Selling  
Cigarette in America

Camel pays millions more for finer tobaccos—so smokers may enjoy them with increasing pleasure

CAMELS bring a new thrill to smoking. If you are not a Camel smoker, why not try the cigarette which has brought more pleasure to more people than any other? Turn to Camels. Put them to the *severest* test—smoke them *steadily*. For then the true nature of a cigarette is revealed. Find out for yourself how true it is that there's no substitute for *costlier tobaccos*.



**COL. ROSCOE TURNER** (above): "I smoke Camels all I want. What I especially like about Camels is this: After a tiring flight, I smoke a Camel. It sure tastes good! And I get a quick, pleasant 'lift.'"



**RALPH GULDAHL**, (above) Golf Champion: "Camels are different from other cigarettes. Playing against a star field, my nerves run the gauntlet. That's one reason I prefer Camels. They don't frazzle my nerves."



**TEXAS RANCHER** (above), Fred McDaniel, says: "I never saw the beat of Camels for genuine tastiness. Me and Camels have been getting along fine for 15 years."

**PRIVATE SECRETARY**, Rosamond Morse (right): "Camels make even a hurry-up lunch seem pleasant. They help my digestion run more smoothly."



**SOCIETY AVIATRIX**, Mrs. J. W. Rockefeller, Jr. (left): "I prefer Camels for steady smoking. I smoke as many as I please—they never get on my nerves. Camels are so mild—so gentle to my throat."



**THE CAMEL CARAVAN** now on the air with a full-hour show!

"Jack Oakie College" and Benny Goodman's "Swing School"! Sixty fast minutes of fun! Every Tuesday night at 9:30 pm E.S.T., 8:30 pm C.S.T., 7:30 pm M.S.T., 6:30 pm P.S.T., WABC-CBS.



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Expensive Tobaccos, Turkish and Domestic

ALLAN BROWN



## Music With Sway—Played Carolina's Way



JIMMY FULLER

During the first year of the "Great War" there was born in the city of Columbia, Ga., a boy christened James Fuller. At the age of seven James, known now as Jimmy, became quite interested in the piano and violin, and continued studying both through high school with the violin dominating. From there he went to the Conservatory of Music in Columbia and graduated with honors at the age of sixteen.

A few months later Jimmy greeted the University of North Carolina, and being interested in orchestra work began playing bass in Jack Wardlaw's orchestra. He continued with Wardlaw until his junior year when he decided to master the sax, and organize his own orchestra, which he did. Jimmy at the present time plays tenor sax, directs, and does most of the arranging for his musical group.

During the current summer Jimmy Fuller and his Orchestra filled engagements at the Tantilla Gaarden, Richmond, Va.; Pleasure Beach, Bridgeport, Conn.; Totem Pole Ballroom, Boston, Mass.; Club Edge-

By ROBERTS JERNIGAN, JR.

### Remember

*(Selected for this issue by  
Carolina's Maestro Jerre  
King)*

*The following are a group  
of recordings that will always  
be remembered and associat-  
ed with Kay Kyser and Hal  
Kemp, two of our better  
known alumni.*

*Kay Kyser and his Orches-  
tra's recordings—*

*"HARK THE SOUND OF  
TAR HEEL VOICES" and  
"COLLEGIATE FANNIE"—  
(Bluebird 5951).*

*"HE'S A DEVIL IN HIS  
OWN HOME TOWN" and  
"DON'T BRING LULU"—  
(Brunswick 7551).*

*"I'M HATIN' THIS WAIT-  
IN' AROUND" and "SPRING  
CLEANING" — (Brunswick  
7881).*

*Hal Kemp and his Orches-  
tra's recordings—*

*"GOT A DATE WITH AN  
ANGEL" and "LAMP-  
LIGHT" — (Victor 25651).*

*"REMEMBER ME" and  
"AM I IN LOVE" — (Victor  
25633).*

*"I STILL LOVE TO KISS  
YOU GOODNIGHT" and "I'D  
LIKE TO SEE SAMOA OF  
SAMOA" — (Victor 25665).  
—Jernigan.*

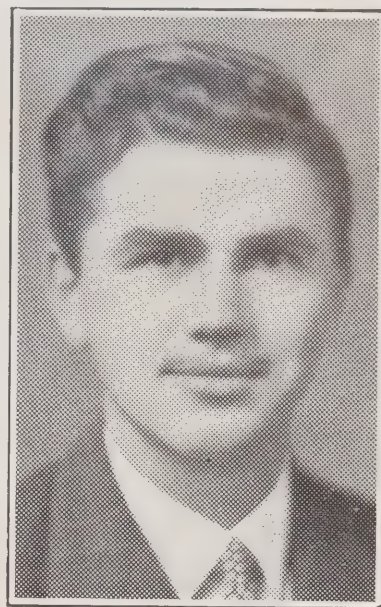
wood, Albany, N. Y.; and Ber-  
trand Island Park, Lake Hopat-  
cong, N. J.



### Sure

College: You say you are go-  
ing to marry a woman with a  
\$10,000-a-year income and you  
try to convince me that it's a love  
match.

Wharton: It is. I love money.  
—Punch Bowl.



FREDDY JOHNSON

This young and talented  
maestro was born on the 13th  
of January, 1914. At the early  
age of ten he began his musical  
training by studying the trump-  
et, and two years later entered  
the Winston-Salem High School  
band. While in the band Freddy  
was not satisfied playing the  
trumpet only, but mastered sev-  
eral other instruments including  
the clarinet, bassoon, bass and  
PERSONALITY PLUS.

In the fall of 1933 Freddy en-  
tered U. N. C. with one big idea,  
to organize an orchestra with an  
original style. Being only a  
freshman he knew few boys and  
therefore started his musical  
ambition at the University by  
playing with Bow Bowman, a  
collegiate headliner at that time.  
The following year Freddy or-  
ganized his own band, and since  
has been in constant demand by  
the dancing public.

Myrtle Beach, S. C., was  
Freddy Johnson and his Orches-  
tra's first stop last summer.  
There the group spent three very  
successful weeks. Leaving the  
Palmetto State the boys jour-  
neyed north and spent the re-  
mainder of the summer at Casino  
Del Reho, Rehoboth, Delaware.



# THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER

THE OFFICIAL HUMOR MAGAZINE OF THE CAROLINA PUBLICATIONS UNION  
OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

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VOLUME XIV

NOVEMBER, 1937

NUMBER 2

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## Time to Kill? Then Read This

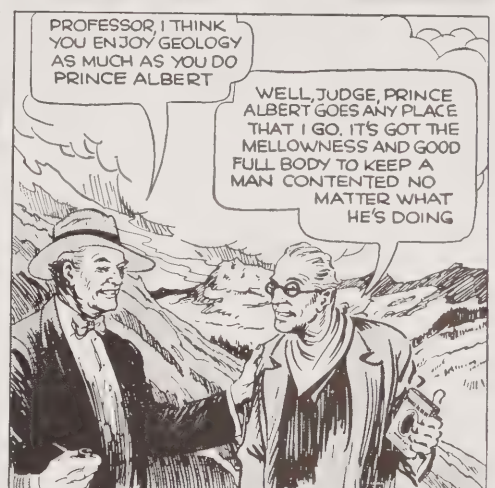
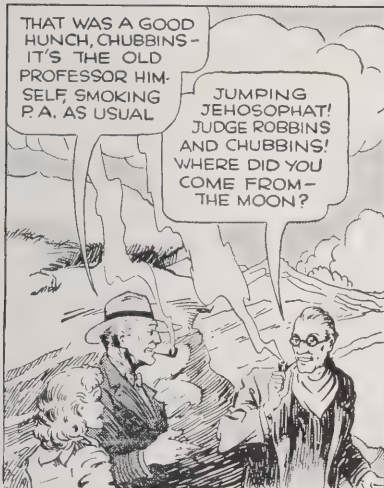
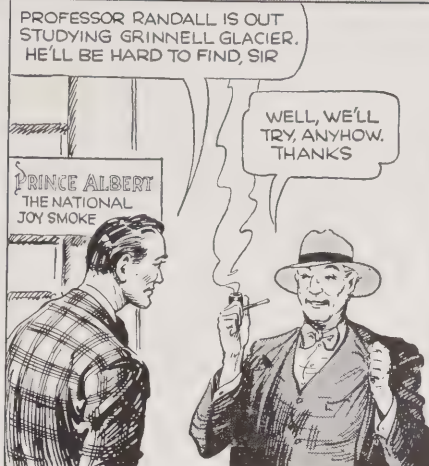
ED. NOTE: *The other day I was stopped on the campus by a Dodo bird who told me he read THE BUCCANEER and had a complaint to make. It seems he felt that there were not enough jokes in the last issue, and he and the rest of the campus wanted more. Besides wanting more jokes, he wanted new ones. Well, Dodo, make no mistake about it, we have read exchange after exchange and have tried to collect some of the better ones for you, but they are old. All jokes are old. The latest original joke was written by some fellow*

*named Silenus back in the fifth century B.C., and he was accused of cribbing. Since then everything has been simple rewording or puns—even the fact that you read the BUC.*

*By giving you these jokes, which for the most part were clipped from other humor magazines, we have left ourselves open to the biting pen of Smith and Hudson, Critics, Ltd., and have practically worn out a pair of scissors. But, here they are. Now, laugh, damn you, laugh!*



# OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



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**PRINCE ALBERT**

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE





*"His joke wasn't printed in the Buccaneer and he's so mad  
he's beside himself."*



# The Carolina Buccaneer

University of North Carolina

VOLUME XIV

NOVEMBER, 1937

NUMBER 2

## F U N I N A R M O R

*and all that sort of thing*

All the knights were seated about the Round Table playing twenty-one when suddenly Sir Peters said:

"Let's hold a party."

"No," shouted everyone, as the last tourney had been a flop and even Sir Gawain had been thrown off his horse in the fly-weight division.

"I don't mean a tournament," said Sir Peters testily, "I mean a cocktail party. We can mix something up with Excalibur and invite all the girls over from Astolot. Then when everything gets merry Gondol the minstrel can play dances. No one will know the difference by that time."

(Note: Excalibur was what the boys at Camelot called the local wine, which came from the cherries. If you drank too much you were apt to see swords coming out of the lake.)

Sir Peters had been to London and knew all the latest fashions. The other knights all leaned forward to hear the details, a committee was formed and Merlin was given the hat-check concession.

So, at the waxing of the moon, all the blades rode to Astolot to get the girls, which wasn't too easy as the headmistress was awfully strict, and Sir Lancelot had a bad reputation. When they got back to Camelot things were somewhat better. A stag line was formed right away, because Sir Stephen mixed the cocktails

too strong and half the damsels swooned at the first taste of Excalibur. Gondol the minstrel played, and everybody did the Big Apple, that is, everyone but Sir Lancelot and his girl, who were out on the porch.

But none of the boys had figured on King Arthur's being back. The King had gone duck hunting up north, and had come back with nothing except a baby dragon and was plenty peeved. So when he saw all the boys out cold, he called Sir Kay the seneschal, and said.

"Take all the girls back to Astolot. And watch out for that Green Knight on your way back. Gawain tells me his wife is pretty speedy."

So Sir Kay took them all in a barge up to Astolot, where they don't do anything now except make tapestries.

### Whataman!

We always thought that the jokes girls tell were a little slow. But on making the rounds now at a certain women's college gives us food for thought.

It seems that one night the girls were having a regular old-fashioned bull session. In the course of the evening the gals began talking about their favorite boy friends.

"My boy friend," said a tall blonde, "is a Princeton fellow. When it comes to spending money and visiting ritzy joints, he can't be beat."

"Huh!" exclaimed a beautiful Westerner. "My honey's the neckiest cowboy on the range! In his two years at Texas, he's cracked the ribs of three girls—he hugs so tight. But I love it."

A little New York brunette giggled. "My man plays football for Penn," she said. "When he plants one of his lingering kisses on my lips, the crush of his embrace becomes a pleasure."

The talk continued. Then suddenly one of the girls noticed a young Frosh over in one corner of the room, crying as if her little heart would break.

"What's the matter?" the tall blonde asked. "Why are you crying?"

The sobbing girl looked at her questioner through tear-dimmed eyes. "I feel bad," she said, "'cause I ain't got no boy friends like yo' gals has. Mah boy friend back in Kaintucky ain't got no money and don't go to college. An' he only hugged me once and kissed me once in mah life." She stopped speaking and cried again.

"And now," she wailed, "ah'm going to have a baby!"

### Bashfulness

I really don't think that you'd call me a blushingly modest person, nor do I suffer from a superiority complex. But I can't understand what it is that makes me act the way I do in certain circumstances. One, for instance, is riding in an elevator.

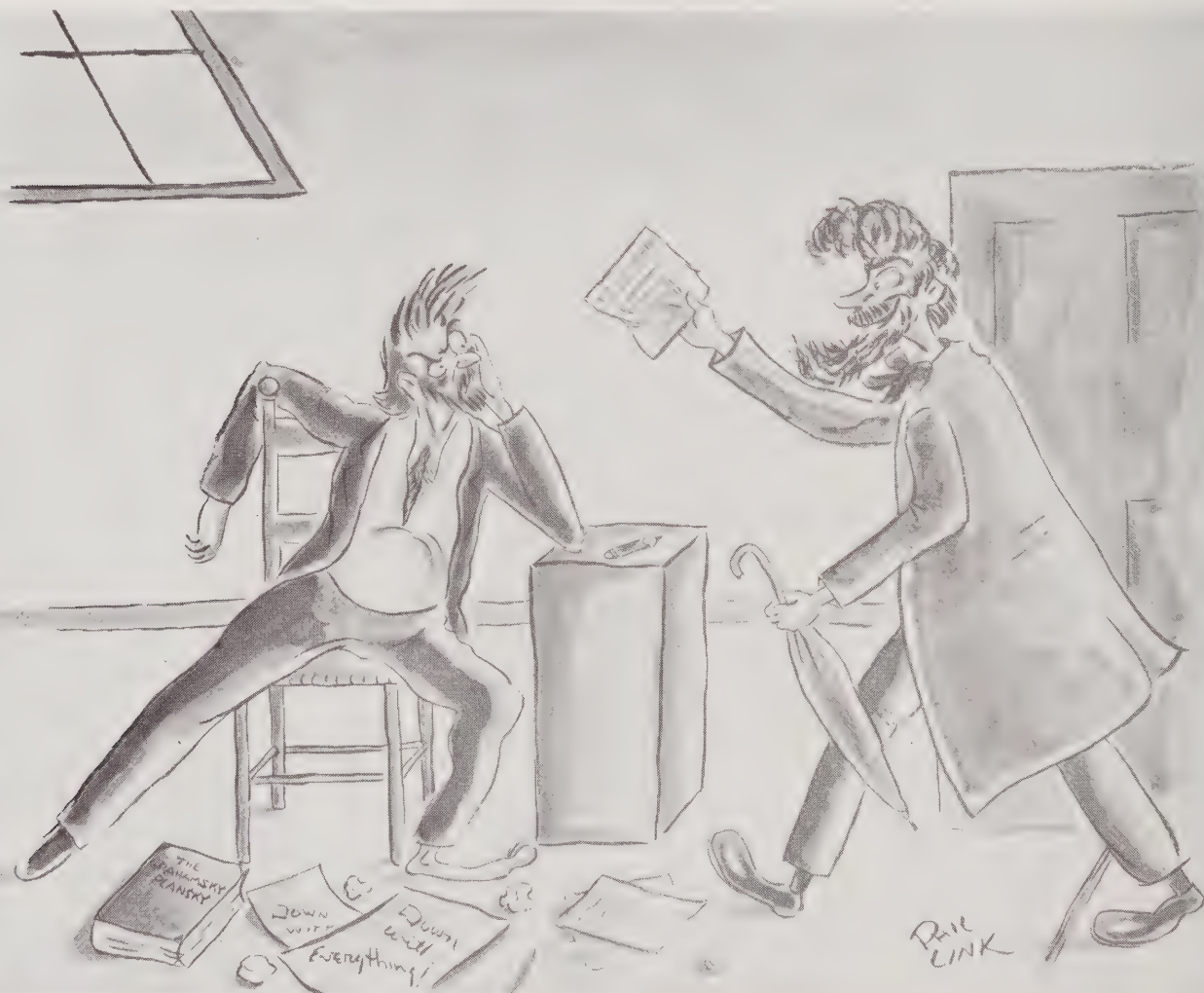


I'm miserable every inch of the way. I get in and fade into a back corner, clutch my hat close to my chest, and meekly hang my head. When the elevator boy asks for "Floors, please," I am always the last to answer. I wait for the lady ahead of me or the big man in the front who refuses to take off his hat. I have a savage desire to take off his hat for him in a superior manner and calmly reproach him with "*Gentlemen* always take off their hats in elevators." (I can just picture him turning crimson—or can I?). I think I secretly hope that one of the passengers in the elevator will say my floor and I won't even have to open my mouth. Now I can't figure out why I should act this way. Frankly it makes me a little ashamed of myself. I have a good, strong, healthy voice. I have no funny accent, and I'm

sure I could pronounce "Fifteenth floor, please" (or even "Fifteen," if I felt weak) so that it would cause no undue excitement. I just dread the thought of having to speak in front of all those people (as many as *ten* on a busy day) and especially telling them such a personal fact as what floor I want to go to. Sometimes in my more imaginative moments I have dark forebodings that the suspicious man standing next to me and eyeing me peculiarly is just waiting till I say my floor number so that he can follow suit and beat me into innocent unconsciousness when we get off the elevator. But I think the real reason I don't speak unless I absolutely have to is because I'm scared to death. I feel awkward. It's something like when the doctor asks me to say "Ah." What I finally stammer out never

sounds like the resounding "AH" I am capable of when, for example, I step into a warm shower.

There are other occasions, too, when I feel this sudden modesty and abashedness. I can well remember the last time I was paged in a big hotel (all right, then, smarty, the *only* time I was ever paged). The boy went through the lounge and the foyer and the dining room shouting out my name in Herculean tones: "Call for Mr. So-and-So." Over and over he shrieked my name. Finally he came to the dining room, where I was enjoying my dinner. I had always visualized myself rising up majestically and with a haughty "Yes, boy, lead on," tramping out to the telephone, the object of awe and attention from the people in the room. I pictured them whispering to one another: "That must



"Hail, comrade! That last bombing job did the trick; here's an invitation from the C. P. U.!"



be that important banker we heard about, George," or "Say, Myrtle, isn't that Clark Gable?" (The last inquiry, I'm sorry to confess, was made by a drunk at the next table.) But when the page boy actually neared me, my courage deserted me. I puffed nervously on my cigarette and tried to act unconcerned. When he had passed by I nonchalantly got up, knocking over the water glass in the process, and started to stroll at a mild canter towards the door before my call was canceled.

I wish I could look myself straight in the eye (and I *will*, too, when I get that mirror cleaned) and ask myself: Are you afraid of yourself? I can't understand what complex I have or what has gotten into me. It has just occurred to me that this might explain why I was such a taciturn little lad in grammar school. I hardly ever raised my hand to volunteer an answer to the teacher's question. But of course there is another factor—I never knew the answer.



### Sillyism

A cute figure is a nice number. A nice number is fifty thousand dollars. Fifty thousand dollars is a helluva lot of money. But some girls think that a cute figure is worth it.



### Etiquette

We were sitting in the lobby of the Inn one evening not long ago and were watching and listening with rapt interest to a certain little boy who had lovely manners and talked like Freddy Bartholomew. As a matter of fact we were beginning to wish that we ourselves might have the charm and poise which he possessed. It was then that the lad's father came in and asked him what he'd had for dinner.



*"Sorry, Jack, I'm studying for a make-up test."*

The little fellow assumed a dignified and thoughtful air and then announced regally that he couldn't remember, but if Daddy would wait a moment he would belch and find out. We were flabbergasted.



### Hotel Man's Summer

This summer I worked in a small hotel nestled in the foothills of the Poconos. It was called the Pocahontas Inn because so many John Smiths registered there. All in all it was quite a unique establishment. It used to be literally lousy with bugs due to a lack of chambermaids and

inclination to cleanliness on the part of the proprietor.

I was desk clerk one bright morning when a guest came down fuming with rage. It seems that his room was infested with cockroaches and he hadn't been able to sleep at all. Of course, I apologized profusely and offered to give him another room. He opened the guest book in order to register again when a lone cockroach sped across the page. That was the last straw.

"Hell's bells," he bellowed. "I don't mind spending one night with the damn things but when they send a scout down to find out my new room number that's going too far."







# The Legend of Sir Ramsay and the Dragon

By CARL PUGH

His goodly steed had traveled long.  
Full weary grown had he.  
And the noise woke Sir Ramsay up  
When he bumped into a tree.

The knight awoke no end alarmed  
And with his trusty brand  
Made skillful thrust and parry  
At whatever was at hand.

But as no dragon, beast, or knight  
Could he at all espy,  
He sheathed his sword and a silly look  
It seemed was in his eye.

Our lord, Sir Ramsay, was abroad,  
Or so it is related,  
To seek out evil in the world  
And succor all ill-fated.

A glorious deed was he out seeking  
And when he left his court  
He swore he'd fight for something  
If so need be, *ad mort*.

Far and wide he'd gi'en pursuit  
And evil did abound  
But people really didn't mind,  
Or so it seemed, he found.

And the noble knight was wrought with woe  
For everywhere he'd been  
He hadn't found a single soul  
Who cared *what* he thought of sin.

With pious thoughts he rode along  
And futile had he begun  
To think his quest after all when  
An Inn he chanced upon.

A spot of rest, thought he, would be  
Here quite the thing to take  
And in front of the Inn to his steed did he  
Suddenly apply the brake.

A gentle man was Sir Ramsay, our lord,  
And full of dignity  
So ignoring the jolt of the sudden stop  
From the dust of the road rose he.

He brushed off his galvanized overcoat  
And his pants ycladd with mail,  
And within he saw the innkeeper,  
His foot upon the rail.

He hailed the man and found a bench  
Inside within a booth  
And bade him bear refreshment.  
His thirst was great, for sooth.

The keeper hovered near a keg  
And finally brought him 'round  
A foaming mug of beverage which  
In a single draught went down.

Sir Ramsay's weary brain perused  
Iniquitous mankind  
And the amount of beverage which he quaffed  
Was never brought to mind.

He sat and thought of this evil world—  
A noble man was he—  
'Till the refreshment eventually became  
Quite a quantity.

And still he sat and raised the mug  
And reckoned not the number  
And slowly the worry vanish'd away  
That did his mind encumber.

Thought he, it should quite easy be  
To find someone distressed.  
As he quaffed the brew the futility too  
Gradually digressed.

"What ho, Innkeeper," Sir Ramsay said.  
With his fist he struck a blow  
That rocked the booth; o'turned the mug;  
Sent the beer trickling to and fro.

The keeper he came scurrying  
To see what caused the fuss  
And the once weary man now appeared to be  
A knight right valorous.

Sir Ramsay asked, "Is there anyone near  
Sore stricken with desperate plight?  
For I would succor all comers—  
Why you really should see me fight."

"You should really have seen me in my youth—  
Rheumatism is a bother of late—  
I used to fight any damn man in the land  
Within twenty pounds of my weight."

But come now, praythee, tell me, knave,"  
Said he with a hiccupy tint,  
"Show me someone to rescue." His fist  
Gave the table another dint.



"For courage and me are synonymously  
Just like two peas in a pod.  
Bring 'em on and I'll fight 'em whoever they be  
For it's my night to howl, by God."

And the keeper politely wrinkled his brow  
Almost as if he were thinking  
And gave him explicit direction to go  
Whil'st to himself he was winking.

"—and there is a maiden, a dragon, a castle  
With moats and walls around.  
By stealth, perhaps the gate-guard can be  
Caught with his bridges down."

The lord settled the bill and took his leave.  
To horse, to horse, thought he.  
And he soared into the saddle. "Giddup."  
And rode off gleefully.

He followed the keeper's explicit direction  
And rode for an hour or so.  
Over the hill and down the dale  
As fast as his steed could go.

There's nothing like a quest, thought he,  
And a maid in durance vile.  
No home should be without one.  
It's been my contention the while.

Then the forest abruptly came to an end  
And a castle came into view.  
A lofty place of moats and stuff.  
"What the keeper said was true."

But a silence covered the grounds like mist;  
The dusk had not a sound.  
Sir Ramsay tied his horse to a tree.  
And crawled along the ground.

A puppy-dog was at play in the wood,  
A wolf impersonating.  
He'd sneak up on imagined foe  
And practice annihilating.

The little dog bethought himself  
Full seemingly illustrious brave.  
Then he saw something crawling through the wood  
And immediate pursuit he gave.

*(Continued on page 18)*



*"This, I suppose, was their post office."*



# The Stuart Rabbid Plan

## For the Reorganization of Athletics

By FLETCHER W. FERGUSON

No doubt everything is faulty. There is no justification for anything. With such limited space we can only touch upon the most needed of all remedies for the University of North Carolina. The one we shall now present is the "Rabbid Plan for the Reorganization of Athletics."

First of all there would be no regular football or any other athletic teams. Schedules for the various sports would be drawn up with only absolutely simon pure opponents — each schedule culminating with the big game with Chapel Hill or some other unsubsidized high school foe. For each week or contest a different team would represent the University.

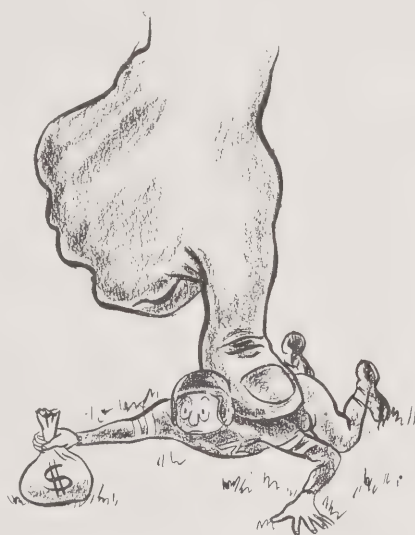
The method of selection would be to place the names of all dormitory and fraternity intramural teams in a hat. Then a number of teams, equal to the number of games on the schedule, would be drawn from the hat by an unsubsidized youth, four years of age or under. No team would be allowed to participate more than once a season for that would be over-emphasis.

Neither would there be a paid coaching staff. The method of choosing coaches would be akin to the selection of teams. The names of all faculty members, including the School of Library Science, would be placed in a hat and sets of three selected as coaches for the various teams. Each coaching staff would be for one week's duration only.

All games, including the Playmaker experimentals, would be held in Kenan Stadium along with graduate women's teas. They would be played under a most puritanical environment.

Instead of stern looking ushers and ticket-takers, house mothers and nurses would be assigned. The only tint of favoritism is that a section would be reserved for the particular dormitory or fraternity whose team was representing the University for that game.

Needless to say all players' records would have to be im-



maculate of the taint of subsidization. They would have to present an affidavit, signed by 19 members of the State Legislature and three circuit judges, attesting to the fact that they received no aid from persons other than those upon whom they were "primarily dependent." However, this would not be the only requisite.

The role of their mama and papa would be most important. The parents would have to be examined upon all pros and cons, and should they be tax-evaders or have geneologies not carrying directly back to the Mayflower, their descendants and heirs would be ineligible for all athletics and the Playmakers.

Now to get to the administrative side of the plan. The Athletic Association would be headed by the President of the Freshman Class. He would be free from upper class influences and probably wouldn't have had time to get into the graft. He would take office immediately after his election so outside persons would have no time to "get to him." The Treasurer would alternate according to the various sports schedules. If a dormitory team was playing, that week's treasurer would be the treasurer of the Interfraternity Council and vice versa. All activities would be audited by President Rabb or the Publications Union Board.

Suitable clauses would be contained in the plan to punish naughty alumni. Were any alumni found attempting to subsidize the athletes, their names would immediately be stricken from the alumni or graduate lists and never again permitted to set foot upon Chapel Hill territory. This would bring endless disgrace to the doors of their households and be an appropriate punishment. Of course their names would be reported to the Chambers of Commerce in the particular towns they resided.

Punishment for a student attempting to evade the simon pure spirit would be more severe. He would be subjected to a branding—a big "B" would be made on his forehead that would last for life, indicating that he had been an awful bad boy. People would scorn him; little children would point their fingers at him as he strolled along the street; and he would be an outcast from honorable society forever.





*"Let's Go, Ca-ro-LI-na!"—*

*"Tarzan," Lathe Morris, who pinch-hits for Glenn at ALL the games, takes time out to watch a play.*



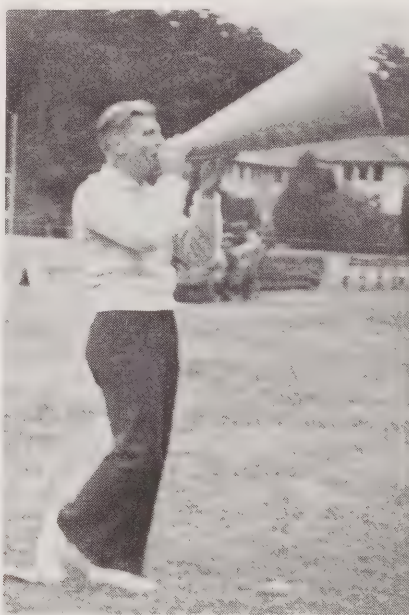
*"Sand-lapper"—*

*Which means that she hails from South Carolina—Spartanburg, to be exact. A Pi Phi, Nan Tinsley obviously has our photographer looking up to her.*



*After the Game—*

*Frances Roughton, the girl in the green hat, crosses the field with Bill Brogden. Judging from their expressions, it was the Fordham game.*



*Pinch-Hitting—*

*For Glenn, Pete Callahan, formerly of Duke, leads a cheer at the Tulane Game. Last year, head cheer-leader at our rival institution; this year, he saw the light, mended his ways and transferred to Carolina.*

*Camera Conscious—*

*And mildly disapproving, "Miss Sally" Ray, Dean Hobbs' publicity-shy secretary, heads for the Book-Ex with guard of honor.*

# P A R



*Straight Shooter—*

*Evelyn Barker, president of the Women's Athletic Association, and, sometimes, checker-outer at the Shack. A swell gal.*



*"Double Trouble"—*

*Awaits him who dates one of the Bush Twins. They not only look alike but wear identical clothes. From left to right, Jean and June—or maybe it's June and Jean. What's the difference, we like both of 'em.*



# MADE



*Coy—*

Nancy Maupin, of Raleigh, sucks her thumb, as camera-shy Sarah Ruark, also of Raleigh, turns away. Background consists of Derrick Giles and the Sigma Nu house.



*Smoothie—*

Billy Hines, Beta short boy, who has graduated to long pants, long line and longer car since this picture was taken. Nice kid.



*Huddle—*

That Duke couldn't hurdle. Eight of the reasons for that fourteen to six score. Around the circle: Maronic, Wrenn, Avery, Ditt, Bartos, Little, Watson and Bershak.



*Monogram Man—*

Andy Jones, captain of the cross-country team, in full stride at Fetzer Field.



*Tuxedos and Talk—*

Characterize the Fall Germans. Allene Cudd, gorgeously gowned, finds the conversation of Tom Myers, Co-handsomest Boy, much more diverting than dancing.



*Contrast—*

Dog, Chapel Hill commonplace, and Scholar, Chapel Hill rarity. Student, name unknown, prepares for class, while Dog, having neither name, pedigree nor class, watches the world go by.





# LUNK'S FOR SCHOOL

By MORTON FELDMAN

Joe Lunk came to college to avoid an education.

As soon as he entered the campus grounds he found himself the twelfth man in a football huddle. He stood in line hours to register for his courses. When he finished he thought he had signed for left end. The guy behind him tried to figure out how many classes he would cut in order to see the N. Y. U. game in New York. The fellow in front of him couldn't speak English and wore football pants. A saxophonist in uniform was already practising "Let's Split it for the Team." The professor with whom he registered was

professor deny the students the prerogative of holding that collegiate executive session known as the huddle?

Joe Lunk answered the question. The answer was that a man could not be penalized for using his hands on the defense. The professor didn't expect any other answer. He chalked up a point for Joe. Ten more points, and Joe will have earned his letter.

Lunk went to his English class. They were discussing the part Shakespeare played in the Notre Dame-Ohio State game. The Byronic mood was penetrated when Kelley ran around left end and tackled an auditor.

Even the girls, in their own

quaint way, were carrying the football around. Joe Lunk noticed one soft bundle of Southern madness trying to steal the signals out of a professor's pocket.

Thus the spirit of education is perpetuated. Joe Lunk learned more about football in the college classroom than he'd learn elsewhere. Too, competition is encouraged. All one had to do was to kick a field goal to gain a 'B.' A touchdown warranted an 'A.'

Knowledge used to be the goal. That was outlawed at a meeting of the football coaches. The forward pass is a more potent weapon. And it brings in a better grade. Catch a pass and run

(Continued on page 19)

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flip-flop. How else was he to hold the attention of the class? From his desk he drew a megaphone. There was only one way in which to converse with a student. That was it.

The professor asked a question of Joe Lunk. Immediately ten Monogram Club members huddled about Lunk. They would answer for him. Can the



"Sure, I can see the first line. He plays end for Fordham."



*A pack o'  
pleasure*



Chesterfield



LIGGETT & MYERS







### BETWEEN HALVES; GAME

Just a few random shots taken round 'n' about . . . the center of attraction in the first is Ed Jeffries, while part of his spell-bound audience seems to be Grady Pritchard, captain of the '22 team, and Jimmy Keel, the guy who wants to know why that check was no good. . . . Never could find out who the two Persian Lambs in the foreground were, but would we like to know! . . . Next is a snap of a wistful chap selling Smith Barrier's book, while a coca-cola and sandwich try to horn in. . . . Down below are some pix of between-the-halves on class-days—that swellacious chapel period. . . . All shots taken the same day, but it makes no difference, the same folks are always there every day. . . . The fellow holding his head is either Lawrence Hinkle, Phi Beta Prez, studying, or somebody feeling awful bad. . . . Maybe

it's Hinkle, feeling bad. . . . On the steps, we can kinda pick out Cornelia Gray, "Bee" Boyd, Perdita Arnette, "Bee" Dalton, Margaret Evans—five "honeys," two "bees." . . . The boy with the milk is, we suspect, Ritchie Wall. . . . The next group contains Burr Leach, Mary Glover and a couple of other people. . . . Couldn't figure out whether Burr is coming or going on that bike, but we don't think Mary is in favor of the picture. . . . Next door are just gobs of people. . . . There's Ed Jeffries, 'way out on the edge. . . . And he's got somebody listening again. . . . Leighton Dudley, in the jacket, seems to be having a good time. . . . But Jim Joyner, sitting all bent over, seems to be meditating on the horror of it all. . . . Louise Walker, down front, seems to like having her picture made. . . . Or maybe it's the photographer she likes. . . . We wouldn't know. . . .



## Pardon Me, But---

Here and there: Who goes hand in Glover? And that's not a lot of Hoey . . . With whose car did Lil Hughes play "lose-me" for three weeks after borrowing it to go down town to get some cigarettes? . . . It seems Marvin Allen has been Albritton by the love bug . . . Junie (Al Lass) Hutton would gladly accept the editorship of the Buc or Tar Heel in return for one of the intimate pictures he took of a brother Theta Chi . . . What Chi Phi is still blowing honey with sweet gal Bee Dalton? . . . Howe you doin', Dinny? . . . It looks like Ralph Miller won't be carrying Ruthie across the threshold of a little cottage in Raleigh next June . . . but we've got our doubts about Carl and Virginia . . . Watts Hospital supplies what fraternity with dates? . . .

The BUCCANEER announces the organization of the Suicide Club. This club is made up of the campus' leading "crumbuns," that is, those who work out crossword puzzles in the library on Saturday nights. The charter members are: SAE's Sud Brown; Chi Psi's Voit Gilmore (by necessity being that the Tar Heel doesn't carry crossword puzzles); Beta's Jeffries' boys; AEPI's Cy Alcabes; Deke's Jules Warren; Phi Delt's Chris Blackwell; Sigma Nu's John Ramsay; Zeta Psi's Johnson King; ATO's Herman Biggs; Kappa Alpha's second floor; campus-at-large's Scott Hunter.

Lost: A blanket, in Kenan Stadium, Wednesday night. Please return to Chris Siewers. —Notice on "Y" bulletin board. *Tsk, tsk, tsk—these precocious freshmen.*

MRS. STACY APPROVES FRATS.—TAR HEEL headline. *And what do the frats think of Mrs. Stacy?*

There's a big swing to —



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Most popular flavor of gum in America is Beech-Nut Peppermint. Try our Spearmint, too, if you enjoy a distinctive flavor.

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ALWAYS REFRESHING

BEECHIES  
Gum in a crisp, candy coating  
...doubly delightful that way!  
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BEECHIES  
CANDY COATED GUM

BEECHIES  
CANDY COATED GUM

BEECHIES  
CANDY COATED GUM

BEECH-NUT SPEARMINT GUM

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ORALGENE  
Chewing Gum  
FOR THE TEETH

ORALGENE  
The new firmer texture gum that gives your mouth needed exercise. "Chew with a purpose!"

"Always Worth Stopping for"



### SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS

#### Biggest Little Show on Earth!

A mechanical marvel, three rings of performers, clowns, animals, music 'n' everything! Now touring the country. Don't miss it.



## THE LEGEND OF SIR RAMSAY AND THE DRAGON

(Continued from page 10)

He made no sound 'till when quite close  
He growled and attacked from the rear.  
Sir Ramsay whirled and in his heart  
Was something more than fear.

Sir Ramsay's nature was not consort  
With thoughts of small proportion  
Once in his mind, an idea grew  
And suffered no abortion.

The man has said a dragon was  
Kept upon the premises  
But, if 'twas so, it, without a fight,  
Should never be his Nemesis.

Sir Ramsay drew his trusty blade  
And, though with slightest veer,  
He made a mighty lethal swath,  
His strength enhanced by beer.

The puppy leaped aside with spright  
And barked his vicious best.  
Rather small for a dragon, thought Sir R.  
But ferocious none the less.

Sir Ramsay advanced to meet the foe;  
The dragon circled about,  
Seeking an opening where he could attack  
And tear his insides out.

The dragon made most awful sounds.  
Horrible; a deadly beast.  
And the sword-work of Sir Ramsay  
Was wondrous to say the least.

He slashed and sliced and *en garde'd*.  
And parried and thrust and smote  
And his attacks were so fast and furious  
That he almost fell in the moat.

But suddenly he tripped on a root with such force  
That his sword it flew from his hand  
And fell near the dragon and frightened him so  
That away he fled from the land.

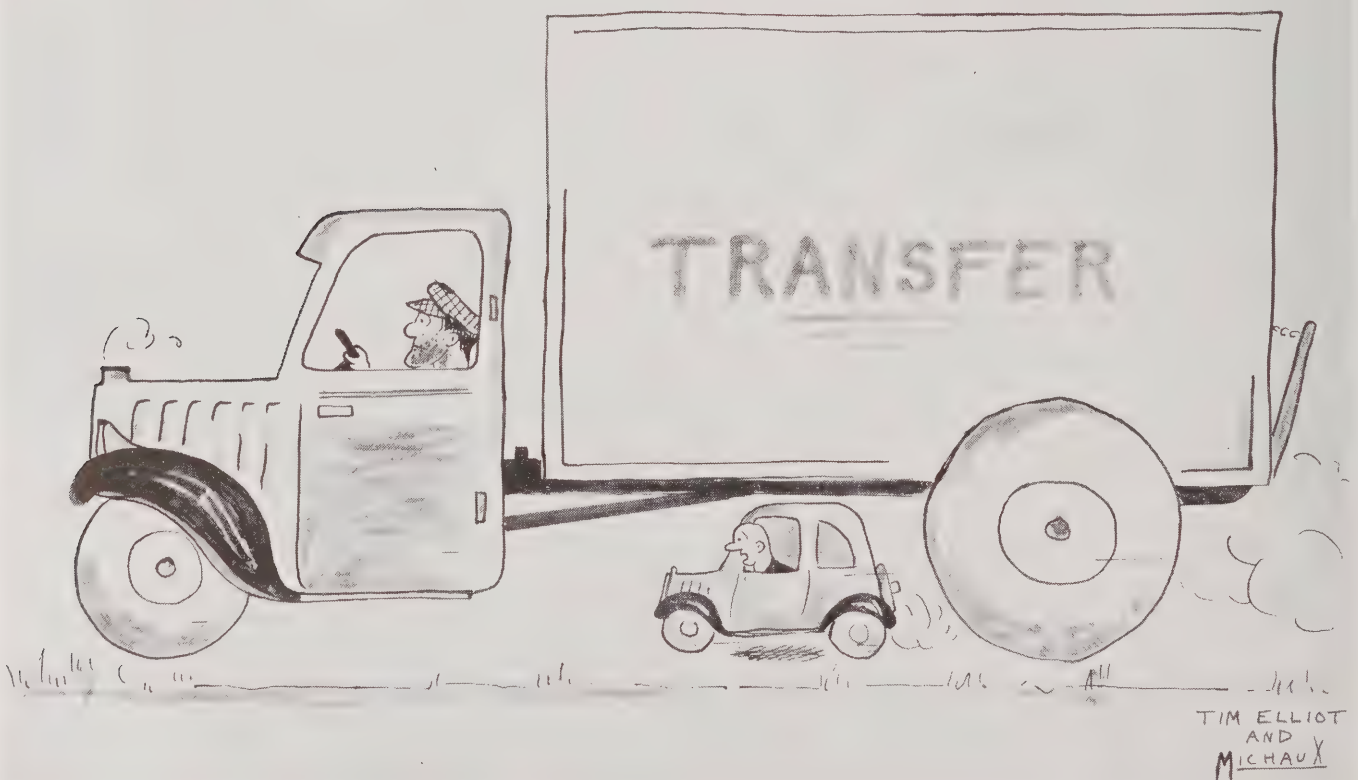
And although Sir Ramsay quite quickly sprang up  
He was slow compared to the flight  
Of the puppy which took off into the woods  
Which immediately lost him to sight.

The knight had resigned to death as he fell  
And the turn of events unexpected  
But he recked, as the custom was in those times,  
That to him divine aid was directed.

He supposed that the dragon had sensed his defeat  
And with powers oddly gi'en to his kind  
Had hauled off and vanished in a manner most  
neat.

And Sir Ramsay really didn't mind.

(Continued on page 21)



"My Gawd! How long IS this covered bridge?"



## Faculty Glossary

*Instructor:*

Bewildered young college graduate unable to succeed in the business world. Usually young enough to know several good jokes. Marks severely as he is only one chapter ahead of his students. Lowest in scale of student enemies.

*Assistant Professor:*

A promoted instructor. Promotion contingent on his lectures. When they become musty, he becomes an assistant professor. Will start to write a text book and get married. Encourage him to talk about his wife and baby.

*Associate Professor:*

The most dignified member of the faculty. Originator of the working-my-way-through school racket; sells his own books instead of magazines. Receives promotion for the same reason as a bus driver—number of years in service. Receives title, however, instead of a gold stripe on his arm.

*Professor:*

A ripe, disillusioned old man with over-ripe lectures.



## LUNK'S FOR SCHOOL

(Continued from page 14)  
for a touchdown and you'll be graduated *cum laude*.

At a meeting of the board of trustees a new method was evolved. The scholar shall be judged by a 26 to 1 ratio. The brilliant student will get his diploma if he knows the alphabet.



A sorority is a group of girls, living in one house, with a single purpose—to get more girls, to live in one house, with a single purpose.



## THE

Sex is the thing that puts writing on a paying basis and makes psychology professors respectable.

# Sleeps 4 Years... Wakes Up Rich!



*Drowsing 4 winters and  
summers in oaken casks,  
BRIGGS waxes wealthy  
in mellow pipe charm*

A FOUR-YEAR NAP, with a wealth at the end! That would be news, if it happened to a man. It's twice the news, when it happens to a tobacco!

That's just what *does* happen to Briggs. For 4 long years it rests in oaken casks, accumulating a fortune for your pipe. Growing rich from a longer siesta of seasoning than is given to many blends selling at \$5 to \$10 a pound.

But, then, Briggs is fortunate to start with. Blended from only



Copyright, 1937, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

the choicest pipe tobaccos that Nature grows. And of those tobaccos, only the mildest and most flavorful leaves.

At 15¢ the tin, richly aged Briggs costs a few cents more than ordinary tobaccos. But those extra pennies are *miracle* pennies . . . in the extra quality and enjoyment they put in your pipe!

# BRIGGS

## THE BITELESS BLEND

*When a feller needs a friend  
. . . page Briggs*

BRIGGS . . . CASK-MELLOWED 4 FULL YEARS



**Boor!**

Sam'l: Where are you going, Zeke?

Zeke: Town.

Sam'l: What's the matter with that wheelbarrow?

Zeke: Broke.

Sam'l: Who broke it?

Zeke: Hired man.

Sam'l: Same hired man who got your daughter in trouble last year?

Zeke: Yup. Clumsy, ain't he?

—Puppet.

One of the Freshmen was bearing up rather nobly under a particularly weary R. O. T. C. drill when he very inadvertently passed by the captain without saluting.

"Say, buddy," said the captain, with characteristic sweetness, "do you see the uniform I'm wearing?"

"Yeh," said the rookie, looking enviously at the captain's almost immaculate uniform, "look at the damn thing they gave me."

—Bean Pot.

**YOUTH**

him and her in a field of grain  
with robins and clouds  
and beating hearts

she gives him the wink  
and on he comes  
no time to think  
as the universe drums

hot diggety sex!

—Octopus.



"Do you know what good clean fun is?"

"No, what good is it?"



### Thames Clothing Shop

Arrow Shirts • Manhattan Shirts • Arrow Ties  
Hickok Braces, Belts • Berg Hats • Style Park Hats  
Rugby Sweaters • Holeproof, Monito Socks

Individually tailored suits from \$25

### Service for Your Car

Texaco Products, Firestone Tires  
Willard and Exide Batteries  
Accessories

### University Service Station

H. S. Pendergraft, Prop.



## THE LEGEND OF SIR RAMSAY AND THE DRAGON

*(Continued from page 18)*

He picked up his sword and with it in his teeth  
He plunged in the moat and swam  
To a window which he crashed. For obstacles  
Sir Ramsay gave not a damn.

With appearance resembling the proverbial  
drowned rat;

Chattering his teeth on the blade;  
He burst into the room. A woman in bed  
An awful shrieking made.

"Be calm, my lady," Sir Ramsay said,  
"Everything is now o. k."

But a man who called her "daughter" came in  
And he didn't know just what to say.

"Er, ah—," said Sir Ramsay eventually  
When the clamor had quieted down,  
"It happened this way. The dragon was there  
And—." He was only met with a frown.

The father frowned and raised his sword  
But the daughter stayed his hand,  
"Let the gentleman say what he has to say  
If explain he thinks he can."

Sir R. hadn't eyed the woman very well  
And when he did so now  
He saw she wasn't quite the "succor" type;  
Quite the reverse, he'd vow.

She seemed to go in where she should have gone  
out

And her mouth was full of molars  
And judging from her obvious avoirdupois  
She must need be moved on rollers.

But a noble knight was Sir Ramsay, our lord,  
And "with a heart for any fate"  
He parried with this new found foe  
To try to clean his slate.

And when he'd told his story through  
And when they'd smelled his breath  
The smiles that soon replaced the frowns  
Were worse than the dragon death.

They laughed and roared and giggled and grinned  
And rolled upon the floor  
And when they finally restrained themselves  
Sir Ramsay was at the door.

The lady saw him standing there  
And something in her eye  
Bade Sir Ramsay quicken pace  
And down the hall did he fly.

And out the portals of the gate  
And across the moat and the grounds  
To the place where his goodly steed was tied  
By astonishing leaps and bounds.

*(Continued on page 22)*

*It Costs Little More to  
Enjoy the Best*

Main Dining Room  
The Carolina Inn

Luncheon from 50c  
Dinner from \$1.00

ALL RIGHT, MAYBE HE IS  
SHORT AND SCRAWNY,  
BUT HE SURE TAKES  
MY BREATH AWAY!

YOU MIGHT HAVE  
BETTER LUCK IF YOU'D  
TRY THESE **LIFE  
SAVERS**. THEY'D  
REALLY TAKE YOUR  
BREATH AWAY!

**MORAL:**  
Everybody's breath  
offends sometimes...let  
**PEP-O-MINT** save yours after  
eating, smoking and drinking

**PEP-O-MINT  
LIFE SAVERS**



## THE LEGEND OF SIR RAMSAY AND THE DRAGON

(Continued from page 21)

And thus, my children, Sir Ramsay left,  
Or so the story goes,  
The land and all pursuit of right.  
A tale full silly, God knows.



### CHASE

The members of an exclusive hunt club decided to hold a fox hunt, and instructed the members to bring only male dogs. However, one influential member owned only a female, and she was allowed to run with the pack.

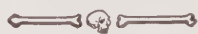
The morning of the hunt they followed the dogs for an hour and then lost them completely. One of the hunters saw a farmer working in a field and questioned him.

"Have you seen anything of a pack of dogs and a fox?"

"Sure. Just a minute ago. They were going that way."

"What were they doing?"

"Wal," said the farmer, "the last I saw of them the fox was running fifth." —Red Cat.



### AND THAT RUN IN YOUR STOCKING

Kitty: Gracious! It's been five years since I've seen you. You look lots older.

Kat: Really? And I doubt I would have recognized you but for your coat. —Old Maid.



### BLOOD LINES

Jake the Rat was the biggest bootlegger in New York during prohibition. He collected a big wad, and when repeal came through got out of the racket and decided to devote himself toward advancing himself in social circles.

First, he bought a mansion out in Westchester, outfitted it with a retinue of butlers and chauffeurs, joined a country club, and things looked cozy. Then he decided to send his daughter Gertie away to school. Pulling a few strings here and there he managed to get her entered in one of the swankier colleges here in the East.

Things went along all right until the end of the first term. Then he received a telegram:

"Dear Pop:

"I ain't a virgin no more."

On the return came a rather scathing reply:

"Dear Gertie:

"I'm ashamed of you! Six months in college and you still say ain't." —Pup.

## Visit Taylor's Today

*The Show Place of the Carolinas*

RALEIGH

## Dress for the Occasion



### Night Life

For after-six play hours . . . when life is at its gayest . . . isn't that the time of all times for clothes to match one's mood? We think so.

Tuxedo \$30  
"Tails" \$35

**Pritchard-Bright & Co.**  
Durham

Paul Wolfe

Representative





"Hell, I cut Sunday School again!"

### But I Haven't Got a Lamb

Two men and a woman were marooned on a desert isle.

The first man said: "My name is John, but I am not a Baptist."

The second man said: "My name is Peter, but I am not a saint."

The woman said: "My name is Mary."  
—*Exchange.*



### In So Many Words

The University president was delivering his baccalaureate speech. In the audience were an elderly man and woman, obviously foreigners, who were having heavy going as they listened to the president address the class, of which their son was a member.

"What he say?" finally demanded the mother, her brow knitted.

"Who?" asked the father sleepily.

"The beega falla in black robes. What he say?"

"He say school is out."

—*Punch Bowl.*

The golfer had lost his ball and, not unnaturally, was inclined to be annoyed with his caddy.

"Why the deuce didn't you watch where it went?" he asked angrily.

"Well, sir," said the boy, "it don't usually go anywhere, and so it took me unprepared-like."

## When in Raleigh

Come to

**Boylan-Pearce**  
Incorporated

"Raleigh's Shopping  
Center"

### Very Good, Sir

"Hello! Is this the Smith apartment? . . . Well, I'm Mc-Tavish, in the apartment beneath you. . . . Listen, it's three in the morning now, and your party has kept me awake all night. . . . I don't mind the shrieking and pounding and music and stamping and singing and banging that's been going on over my head, but for gawd's sake put some more sugar in that Tom Collins that's dripping through the ceiling!"

—*Punch Bowl.*

## Remember Your Friends Christmas

There is an advantage  
in shopping early

This year we have a larger  
and more complete assort-  
ment of GIFTS than ever.

Individual  
and  
Distinctive

Start buying your CHRIST-  
MAS CARDS now. Early  
shoppers will find our new  
stock ready for showing.

FOUNTAIN PENS  
COLLEGE JEWELRY

**Ledbetter-**  
**Pickard**



# SHROUDING THAT BODY DOWN

Seriously, collegiate clothes don't go here. On this campus when we stopped passing rat caps to freshmen, corduroy pants, variegated sweat-shirts, moccasins, etcetera, died a natural death. Shaving, bathing, and changing clothes are more or less regular occurrences, even in the dormitories.

We don't believe in regimentation, or that every student should have a wardrobe like that of every other student. Neither do we believe that in any one wardrobe all clothes should be the same type. However, here are some types which are finding favor on this campus.

Bush jackets are coming out in gabardine, corduroy, airplane cloth, and leather. Colors are assorted but the smoothest models are those in tan airplane cloth and tan gabardine. Features are that the jackets are rainproof, light, comfortable, and may be worn over other clothes. The

garment presents a neat appearance.

In topcoats the campus is dominated by the reversible. Making a slight comeback this year are gabardines. Another coat that is becoming more popular this fall is the Season Skipper, a patented affair, which is either a topcoat or an overcoat with the removal or addition of the detachable lining.

Suedes are losing popularity among campus footwear. The crepe sole which seems to be here to stay is running to regular smooth calf. This shoe is more sensible and carries a more definite air of style than the shapeless hulk of suede. Bluchers are more popular in the wingtip and straight cap models than ever before.

On the campus fewer loud plaids than last year (or are we getting accustomed to them?) are in evidence. Tweeds and herringbones are in the van of

the new styles. One of the neatest sport jackets we've seen in years is a three button herringbone with raglan shoulders. It had a belted back, a center vent, and well padded shoulders. Coats like these are mighty comfortable on class and on or off they don't sacrifice any co-ed appeal.

Introduced this season: a new tie holder which resembles the old fashioned stickpin is the latest addition to undergraduate jewelry. The device works like this: the usual clip attaches to the shirt and the pin section is stuck through the tie. The shank of the pin section fits into a socket on the clip and holds the tie in place. The advantage lies in the fact that all of the gadget is hidden behind the tie except the head, which may be had in various designs. The shank is very small and the hole which it makes is too small to injure the tie.

—Jack Long, Ernest King.

## THESE LADIES

*with apologies to Kipling*

"I've taken my fun where I've found it;  
I've rogued and I've ranged in my time;  
I've 'ad my pickin' o' sweet-hearts,  
An' four o' the lot was prime."  
One was a St. Mary's cherub  
With a sirrupy southern slur  
But I turned my back and she knifed me.  
—"An' I learned about women from 'er."  
Another, a Duke girl from Jersey  
Had plenty of satin an' fur  
So I courted her wealth but she left me.  
"An' I learned about women from 'er."  
The third was a Meredith lady  
Who set my emotions astir;

But she married a boy from State College.

"An' I learned about women from 'er."

The fourth was a U.N.C. co-ed  
As sweet an' as pure as could be;  
But she hadn't much experience  
So she learned about women from me.

—Sally.



## Low Resistance

"Marie Simpson has whooping cough, also several small children about town."

—Medinah (N.Y.) Journal.

You're entirely too susceptible to germs, Marie.

—Owl.



Girl: What are your views on sex?

Boy: From here, they're swell!!

—Record.

Then there was the fraternity man who philosophized that his first desire for higher education was aroused when sitting on his grammar school teacher's knee.



Politician (reciting his life story): "There were times when starvation was staring me in the face."

Voice (from crowd): "It must not have been pleasant for either of you."

—Medley.



## Careful

"Good morning," said a stranger to a woman who had answered the door bell. "Would you like to buy some insect powder?"

"No," she snapped. "I have no use for that stuff."

"Good," replied the stranger. "I will take that room you are advertising."

—Love Apple.



## Style Trends on the Campus

The nonchalance of being perfectly groomed in the correct campus manner is excellently portrayed in this "candid" camera shot of Delta Psi's suave Ed Seaber. His jacket is brown, tan and blue Harris tweed of the unusual diagonal weave closely following the Brooks model of a few years ago. However, the collar roll is a little deeper with the buttons spaced a little closer creating the effect of a looser, longer coat. The three button full back coat is the present epitome of correct styling. The ensemble is correctly carried out with a white tribenized collar shirt, black knit tie, dark gray pleated trousers, and brown brogue shoes.

In contrast with the ensemble attire and closely following the acceptable English lines, there has been introduced one of the most unusual topcoat designs which embodies all the correct features in one garment. It is made of a lightweight English whipcord, cravenetted for weather purposes, and is to be worn with the slightly formal, dark fabric, double-breasted suits. The shoulders are raglan stitched, but, differing however from this model, it carries a narrow and very small shoulder line which is accentuated by the fullness of the drape. The collar roll is exceptionally high with a fly front and the final debonair touch is added by the typical English change pocket.



### Carolina Co-operative Store

"Styles of Today with a Touch of Tomorrow"

#### Incipient

Oh, take to your heels and  
hide your heart,  
For the bold Don Juan's  
a cinch  
To become a white-mustached  
old man  
With a tendency to pinch.



#### A Very Young Maiden's Prayer

Now I lay me down  
to sleep  
Today Love brought  
me sorrow,  
I pray the Lord that  
He will keep  
An eye on me tomorrow.



#### Co-ed's Prayer

Junior or Senior, Freshman or  
Soph,  
Young instructor, or wrinkled  
prof:  
God send *something* wearing  
pants  
To take me to the next Grail  
dance.



An American went into a London restaurant and sat down at a table.

He: What's good today?

Waitress: Rhubarb, rutabagas, ravioli, rice, and roast.

He: My! You certainly roll your r's.

Waitress: Maybe it's these high heels I'm wearing.

—Exchange.

"I shall have to put you fellows in the same room for tonight," said the host.

"That's all right," replied the guests.

"Well, I think you'll have a comfortable night," said the host. "It's a feather bed."

At two o'clock in the morning one of the guests awoke his companion.

"Change places with me," he groaned. "It's my turn to sleep on the feather." —Pup.



#### Hey, Lady!

"You look as though you were poured into your dress."

"Oh, thanks!"

"But you shouldn't have run over." —Punch Bowl.



She: Do you know the things they've been saying about me?

He: That's why I'm here.

—Log.





"Auntie, I know all about people. Tell me about the birds and bees."

### Disappointed

Your eyes encouraged, I took heart,

And asked you for a date;  
We've found a nice secluded spot,—

Come on, come on, cooperate!

Prof: Give me an example of Greek tragedy.

Stooge: A closed hot-dog stand.

### Duck Soup

S. A. E.: Do you like to kiss?

Chi O.: Does a duck like to swim?

S. A. E.: You got the wrong idea.  
—Kitty-Kat.

Latest definition for a baby carriage: Blunderbus.

It seems the gate broke down between heaven and hell. Saint Peter appeared at the broken part of the gate and called out to the devil, "Hey, Satan, it's your turn to fix it this time."

"Sorry," replied the boss of the land beyond the Styx. "My men are too busy to worry about fixing a mere gate."

"Well, then," growled Saint Peter, "I'll have to sue you for breaking our agreement."

"Oh, yeah!" said the devil. "Where are you going to get a lawyer?"  
—Con-Mirth.

DR. J. P. JONES  
Dentist

Telephone 5761

Upstairs next to Post Office

### Carolina Students

We invite you to come in and inspect our new FALL line of men's furnishings.

### Fall Hats

\$3.50 up

MARKHAM  
CLOTHING CO., Inc.  
103 E. Main St., Durham, N. C.

When in Raleigh be sure to visit Jeans for your needs in

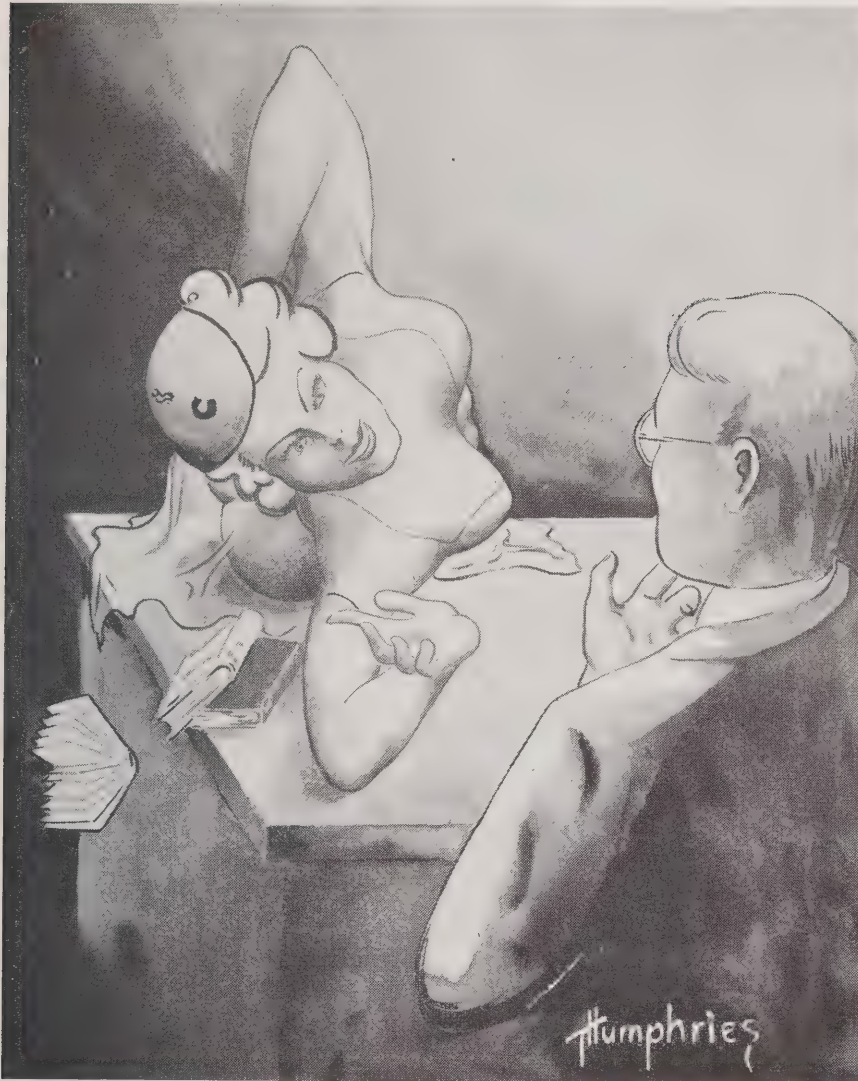
Furs  
Coats  
Suits

Dresses for Sport, Street, Afternoon and Evening

Always First in Fashions

JEANS





"I hope you feel the same way about my A as you did at our last conference, Dr. Snodgrass."

#### Pun

"Then you're not angry because I'm sharing my love with your beautiful roommate?"

"Not at all. It's been fun halving you."  
—Red Cat.



This may be the machine age but love is still being made by hand.  
—Brigadier.



Realtor: Now here's a beautiful home overlooking the lake.

Buyer: Where's the lake?

Realtor: That's what we're overlooking.  
—Exchange.



"What are you writing?"

"A joke."

"Well, give her my regards."

—Exchange.

There was a young lady from Rye

Whom a Pontiac struck in the thigh.

The judge in the case  
Looked the scar in the face  
And the damages came rather high.  
—Jester.



Females can be classified, when young, as "good" girls or "bad" girls. Good girls are called Mrs. or spinsters when older. Bad girls aren't.



To the old fashioned girl: Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever.

To modern co-ed: Be good, sweet maid, and let who will. Be clever.  
—Showme.

Follow Your  
Ancestors

to the

**Carolina Barber  
Shop**

*Established in 1903*

**Leading Styles**

for

**Campus Leaders**

at

**MARTINS**

In Raleigh

See our Haberdashery for  
the College Man

**A Complete  
Department Store**

Apparel Needs  
for College Men  
and Women

**Efird's**  
DEPARTMENT STORE

Durham, N. C.



Mary had a little lamb  
 Its fleece was white as snow;  
 And everywhere that Mary went  
 The lamb was sure to go—  
 A sociology class, one day en  
 masse  
 Studied the case angles various;  
 And decided at last, after much  
 time had passed  
 That the lamb was, by nature,  
 gregarious.

—Sally.



Mary, Mary, quite contrary,  
 How does your garden grow?  
 With silver bells, and conkle  
 shells  
 And pretty maids all in a row.  
 A campus gab in geology lab  
 Asked a question that caused an  
 explosion:  
 "Did the maids in a row  
 Just suddenly grow?—  
 Or are they results of erosion?"

—Sally.



The theatre was crowded and  
 a devoted couple had been forced  
 to accept single seats. The  
 young lady didn't care at all for  
 the arrangement and tried to  
 remedy matters. It had occurred  
 to her that their neighbor might  
 be willing to exchange seats with  
 her fiancé.

Accordingly, she leaned over  
 and whispered: "Pardon me.  
 Are you alone?"

The meek little man gave no  
 sign of having heard, so she re-  
 peated her question a little loud-  
 er. Still no answer, and she tried  
 again.

At that, the little man turned  
 slightly toward her, keeping his  
 eyes upon the stage.

"Cut it out," he whispered  
 savagely. "My whole damn fam-  
 ily's here."

—Growler.



#### Population

There was an old woman

Who lived in a shoe,  
 She had so many children . . .

That Margaret Sanger said,  
 "Nuts."

A homely girl approached the  
 information desk at the tourist  
 park, and asked for a road map.

"Here's your copy," said the  
 clerk.

"Well, I hope I won't go  
 wrong," replied the girl.

"With that map of yours," re-  
 torted the attendant, "I don't  
 see how you can."

#### CAROLINA HEADQUARTERS



College men appreciate style clothing

Drape models in single and  
 double B's., for your  
 approval

**\$30.00 up**

**Miller-Bishop Co.**

108 Corcoran St., Durham, N. C.

Bob: Before we were married  
 you swore you would never look  
 at another man.

Dot: Just another campaign  
 promise gone to hell.—*Varieties.*



**Oh-Oh!**

Dean (to co-ed): Are you  
 writing that letter to a man?

Co-ed: It's to a former room  
 mate of mine.

Dean: Answer my question.  
 —*The Old Line.*



**Hash Joint**

"Waiter, this plate evidently  
 wasn't dried after it was wash-  
 ed."

"Whaddya mean, wasn't  
 dried? That's your soup."

—*Punch Bowl.*

#### The Surrealist

In Old New England there  
 was once a Puritan school house  
 with a school teacher who, ad-  
 verse to Puritan custom, wore  
 her dresses rather short.

One day she announced to the  
 one-room class that the follow-  
 ing morning would be Parents'  
 Day, and the families of all the  
 children would be seated around  
 the room, getting an idea of  
 what their tax money went for.

She urged the children to be  
 on their best behavior so as to  
 make a good impression on the  
 parents.

The next day school was called  
 to order with proud papas and  
 mamas seated around the room.  
 The teacher reached up to write  
 a problem on the blackboard. As  
 she did so Johnny spoke:

"Teacher, I see your garter."

"Johnny," said the teacher,  
 "pick up your books, go home,  
 and don't come back for three  
 months." She turned to finish  
 the problem, when Jimmy  
 spoke:

"Teacher, I see both your gar-  
 ters."

"Jimmy," said the teacher,  
 "take your books, go home, and  
 don't return for six months." So  
 embarrassed was the teacher  
 that she dropped the chalk and,  
 as she stooped to pick it up, Bill  
 H. left the room.

"Bill H., where are you go-  
 ing?"

"Teacher," said Bill H., "I'm  
 going home. My school days are  
 over."

—*Charlie Gilmore.*



Jane's a perfect lady, and,

Quite unlike her rowdy room-  
 mate,

Doesn't smoke, nor drink, nor  
 pet—

Pity she never has a date.



Mrs. Stacy: Is that boy  
 drunk?

Co-ed: No ma'am, he's just  
 gotta glow.



### **The Virginia Game—**

Is associated with Thanksgiving Day,  
Old Traditions and Fine Foods

*Served Together to Put You in a Fine Mood*

at

### **The University Restaurant**

Next to Post Office

Radios

Lamps

Appliances

### **Electric & Water Division**

University Service Plants

## **Carolina Wants---**

In Baseball a Hit

In Football a Touchdown

In Food a Meal at

### **The University Dining Hall Cafeteria**

### **FREE! A Box of Life Savers for the Best Wisecrack!**

What is the best joke that you heard  
on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may  
wisecrack yourself into a free prize box  
of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each  
month by one of the students, there will  
be a free award of an attractive cello-  
phane-wrapped assortment of all the  
Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of  
this publication. The right to publish  
any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions  
of the editors will be final. The win-  
ning wisecrack will be published the  
following month along with the lucky  
winner's name.

Won this month by  
**CHARLIE GILMORE**  
Phi Delta Theta house

## **Craftsmanship**



**P  
R  
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**The Orange Printshop**  
CHAPEL HILL - - - NORTH CAROLINA



# He Sings 1,790 Words a Night

LAURITZ MELCHIOR of the Metropolitan  
Opera finds Luckies gentle on his throat...  
even under this strain

LAURITZ MELCHIOR is known as the greatest Wagnerian tenor in the world. His roles... such as "Tristan"... are among the most difficult—and hence the most throat-taxing—in opera. So it means a lot to every smoker when Mr. Melchior says: "I prefer Luckies for the sake of my throat."

Luckies are the one and only cigarette that employs the "Toasting" process, the special process that removes certain throat irritants found

in *all* tobacco—even the finest.

And Luckies *do* use the finest tobacco. Sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers, warehousemen, etc.—Lucky Strike has twice as many exclusive smokers as all other cigarettes combined.

In the impartial, honest judgment of those who spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco... who know tobacco best... it's Luckies—2 to 1.

## Luckies—A Light Smoke

EASY ON YOUR THROAT—"IT'S TOASTED"

WITH TOBACCO EXPERTS...  
WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST

*It's Luckies*  
*2 to 1*





# THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER



DECEMBER 1937  
PRICE, 15¢





# Camels

MADE FROM FINER,  
MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS

Give Camels for Christmas! There's no doubt about how much people appreciate Camels—the cigarette that's made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS. A gift of Camels says: "Happy Holidays and Happy Smoking!"



(right) The famous Christmas package, the Camel carton—10 packs of "20's"—200 cigarettes. You'll find it at your dealer's.

(above) Another Christmas special—4 boxes of Camels in "flat fifties"—in gay holiday dress.

(right) A pound of Prince Albert in a real glass humidor that keeps the tobacco in prime condition and becomes a welcome possession.



(left) One pound of Prince Albert—the "biteless" tobacco—in an attractive Christmas gift package.

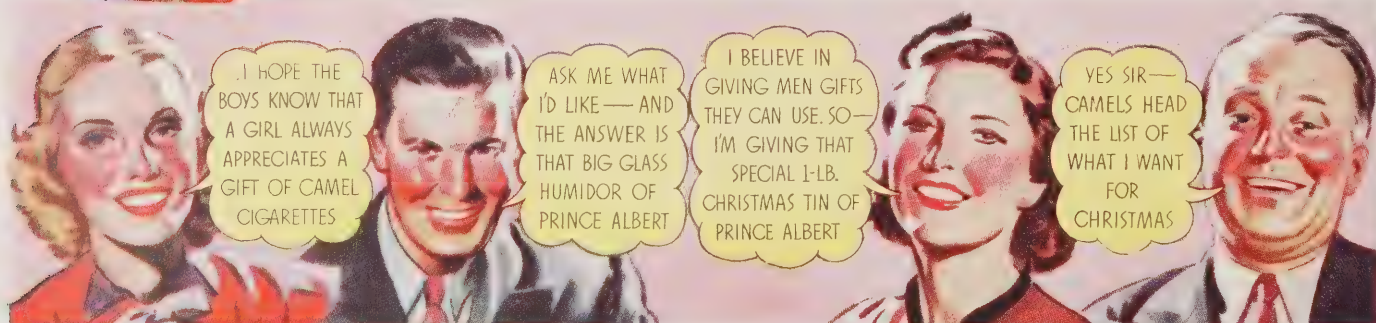


# Prince Albert

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

If you know a man owns a pipe—you're practically certain to be right if you give him PRINCE ALBERT—The National Joy Smoke. Beginners like P.A. because it doesn't bite. Occasional pipe-smokers find it's extra cool. And the regulars think it's tops for mellow taste.

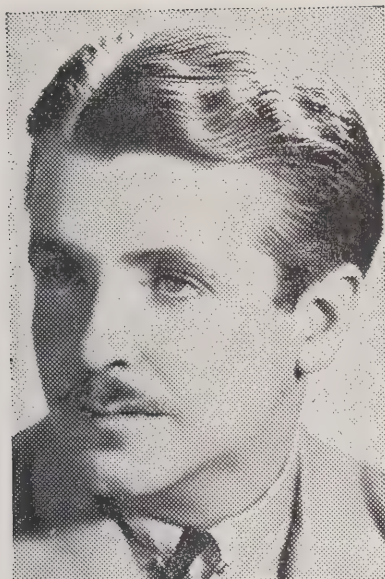
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# The Story of the Hot Trumpeter

## Bunny Berigan



**BUNNY BERIGAN**

"taps" in the hottest way he knows, and without warning. He thinks that would startle the future generals.

### *Bunny Features Gail Reese*

Gail Reese, featured with Bunny Berigan and his Orchestra, is one of the very few female vocalists that we have today who was born in New York City. The date was November 1, 1917. She studied piano and was a student at the Richmond Hill High School. Her first professional job was at the Roadside Rest, Long Beach, Long Island, in 1934 when she broadcast over WOR. In September of the same year she was featured at Ben Marden's Riviera, broadcasting over NBC. In the summer of 1936 Gail joined Charlie Barnett's Orchestra and made a tour of one nighters which included the University of North Carolina. She later joined Carl Ravell and his Orchestra at the Book-Cadillac Hotel in Detroit and at the present time is with Bunny Berigan and his Orchestra.

—Roberts Jernigan, Jr.

### Hits of the Month

by

JERNIGAN

"HOW MANY RHYMES CAN YOU GET" and "FAREWELL MY LOVE"—(Victor 25713)—Recorded by Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians—The first a catchy number—the second a romantic number—Both played in a sweet way.

"REMEMBER ME" and "I STILL LOVE TO KISS YOU GOODNIGHT" — (Decca 1451) — Recorded by Bing Crosby accompanied by John Scott Trotter and his Orchestra. Trotter is a native of Charlotte and a former student of this University.

"SWEET SOMEONE" and "I WANT TO BE IN WINCHELL'S COLUMN"—(Bluebird B7267) — Ozzie Nelson and His Orchestra. Two very popular numbers waxed by Sunday night's favorite orchestra.

"JOSEPHINE" and "MIRACLES SOMETIMES HAPPEN"—(Victor 25518) Recorded by Wayne King and His Orchestra. The "Waltz King" speeds up his tempo and in this recording becomes the "King of the Fox Trots."

"ROSALIE" and "IF I CAN COUNT ON YOU"—(Brunswick 7969)—Jan Garber and his Orchestra. Jan's latest and best waxing. A very good example of Sweet Swing.

"I'VE HITCHED MY WAGON TO A STAR" and "LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU"—(Victor 25708)—Recorded by Benny Goodman and His Orchestra. An excellent bit of Swing played by "His Royal Highness the King of Swing."

"It's fun to play loud," says the fair-haired chap who trumpeted his way from a little town in Wisconsin to follow Benny Goodman in the Madhattan Room of the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York, and later followed Tommy Dorsey at the Pavillon Royal in Long Island.

He leads by dangling his arms and snapping his fingers. But usually this heavy-set, genial maestro is trumpeting as lustily as he did in the days before he had his own orchestra. Bunny is not yet thirty, and just as full of zest as the boys who call him boss, some of whom are under twenty.

Bunny Berigan was born in Fox Lake, Wisconsin, twenty-eight years ago, and learned to play the trumpet from his grandfather, a professional musician.

He studied at the University of Wisconsin for a while, but finally set out for Chicago to trumpet his way East. In 1928, he reached New York and Janssen's Hofbrau. There he attracted the attention of Hal Kemp who engaged the young man to tour England with his band. After returning to America and playing with numerous top ranking leaders, Bunny organized his own orchestra comprised of leading swing men around New York.

Called by many "The Hottest Man In Town," Bunny has two ambitions which bother him a great deal. One is to hide himself somewhere in the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra some day and, while Toscanini is conducting Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," suddenly stand up and "get hot." The other day dream that Bunny has is to go to the military academy at West Point and do "veille" and



# THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER

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## Our Christmas Issue

Well, here is your Christmas Issue which you have anticipated ever since the last issue came out. But, don't be surprised if you don't find it chock full of plum pudding, holly, wise men, cedar trees, stockings over the mantel, egg nog, mistletoe and toy drums.

I decided that since you were too sophisticated to laugh at the jokes in the other issues that you probably have few illusions left about the stork, the bunny rabbit, and Santa Claus. And so, we've kept Old Saint Nick out of these pages as much as we could. —That's the staff's

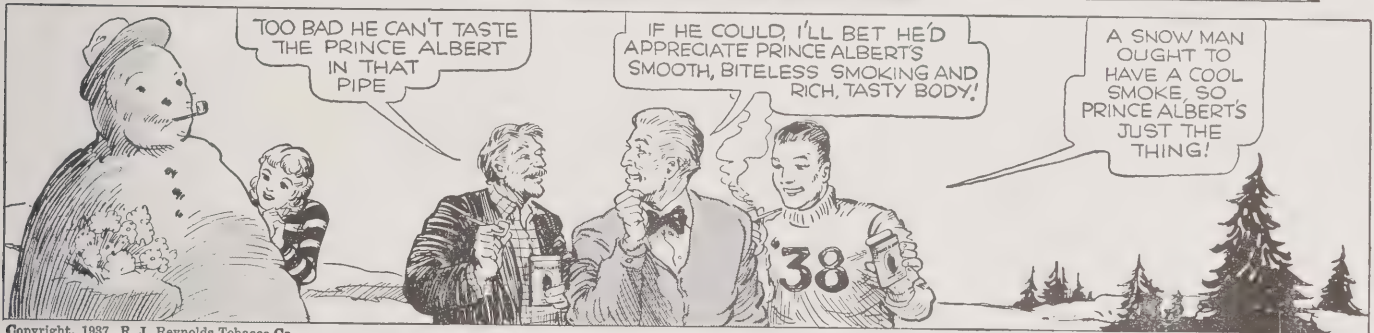
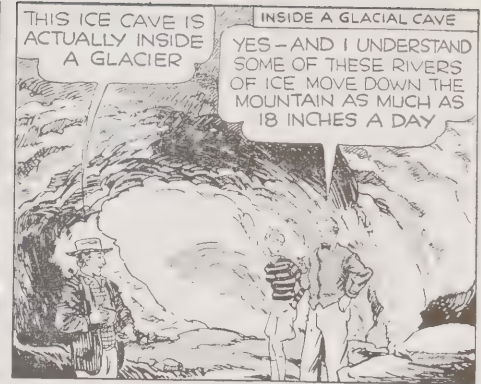
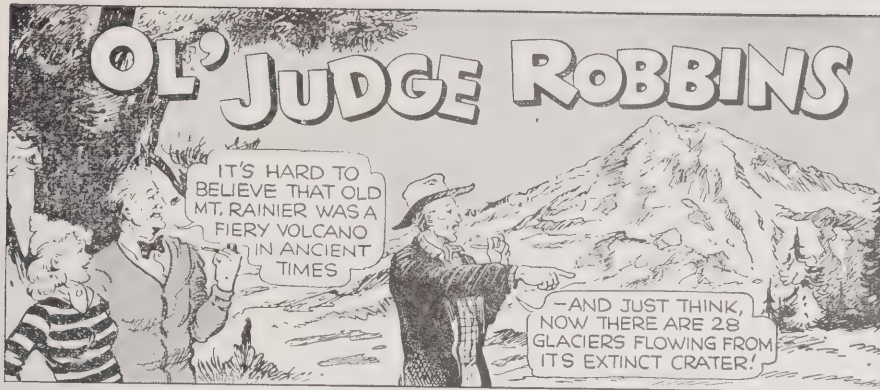
gift to you for the yuletide season: no imposition on your credulence.

However, Santy did slip in once or twice, in fact he even got on the cover. And so, to make up for that we have given you pictures, pictures, and more pictures.

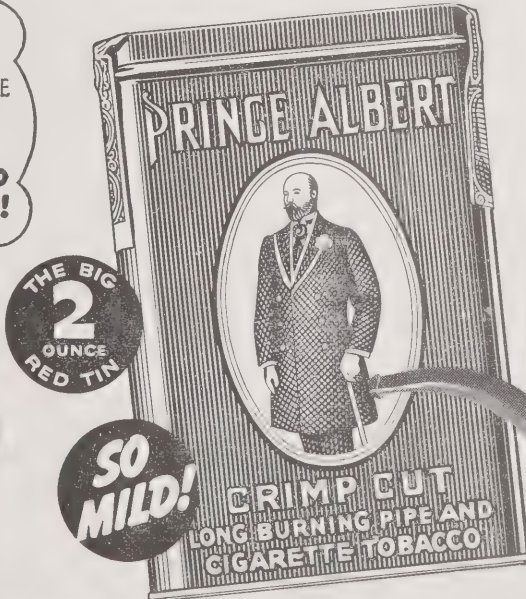
I started to say that I hope you like the issue, but I know that's asking for too much. And so, I hope—well, I hope that you have the finest holidays you've ever had, and the Administration joins me in hoping that you all will come back ready for work next year.

THE EDITOR.





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## TRY P.A. ON THIS MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage.  
(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

ALSO TRY ROLLING YOUR OWN WITH P.A.

# 50

pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert







*"I said FILL my stocking."*



# The Carolina Buccaneer

University of North Carolina

VOLUME XIV

DECEMBER, 1937

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## Exchanged Gifts

### SHORT STORY

Contents of a Pocket-Book:

Friday — matches, lipstick, compact, handkerchief, address book, three hairpins, one old cigarette, mirror, piece of paper, seven dollars.

Sunday — two boxes matches, new package of cigarettes, lipstick, compact, new lipstick and compact combined together in pretty case bought as a present by her date, address book, handkerchief, club pin, R. O. T. C. medal, mirror, crushed pretzel, seven hairpins, pencil, seven dollars.

Contents of a Wallet:

Friday — driver's license, twenty-nine dollars.

Sunday — driver's license.



### A SHORT SHORT STORY

The moon had been shining a few minutes ago, but now there were pouring from the heavens, cats, dogs, pitchforks, hoes, rakes, Sears Roebuck catalogs, and some rain. Our ardent young lover was caught at his "one and only's" house, without an umbrella (as though an umbrella would be of use against the elements on a night like this). His sweet young thing heaved and sighed, "Darling, I can't let you go home on a night like this; you'll catch your death of cold. I'll ask mother to fix the guest room." The lad was all thanks as the beauty disappeared into another room in search of her parents.

### II

A few minutes later the young girl came back to find her lover's favorite chair empty. She called his name several times and, receiving no answer, was about to call out the state militia, for a night like this was enough to frighten anyone, when a timid tapping suddenly sounded on the front door. She cautiously opened it and peered outside to find our young hero soaking wet and drenched, with a small package under his arm.

"Oh, where have you been?"

"Who, me?" he said. "Oh, I just went home for my pajamas."



### Call of the Wild

We heard a nifty story at the house the other day about the father of one of the fellows. It seems that his wife had given him a new dressing gown, one of those foulard jobs with patterns on it. It also seems that the neighbor's dog had had one too many scotches (or whatever it is that neighbor's dogs have) and was bewailing the fact to the moon. Thus troubled with canine insomnia, said father's foot felt a certain nostalgia for the back side of this dog's lap. Hastily donning the robe, he was just about to tear out and do justice to God, the neighborhood, and his aroused ire, when a frantic voice from the upper reaches of his house assailed his ears. "John, you can't go out in that. It's got a tree-e-e pattern."

OH, HELLO. HOW'S THE FOLKS?

The public spirited lady met the little boy on the street. Something about his appearance halted her.

"Little boy, haven't you any home?" she asked.

"Oh, yes'm. I've got a home."

"And loving parents?"

"Yes'm."

"I'm afraid you do not know what affection really is. Do your parents look after your moral welfare?"

"Yes'm."

"Are they bringing you up to be a good and helpful citizen?"

"Yes'm."

"Will you ask your mother to come and hear me talk on 'When Does a Mother's Duty to Her Child Begin?' at 2 o'clock next Monday afternoon in Lyceum Hall?"

"What's the matter with you, Ma! Don't you know me? I'm your little boy!"

—Blue Jay.



### CORRECTION

Some three weeks ago, the Indiana Daily Student carried a paragraph in which it confessed that it had been made the victim of a one-man hoax when it published an article concerning a gent who professed to be a member of the exiled royal family of some microscopic European state.

The humility of the apology is remindful of a paragraph in a weekly paper some years ago. It said:



"In last week's paper, the Weekly Signal reported the \$5,000 loss by fire of the beautiful new grocery store of H. K. Stapel, on the corner of Fourth and Main streets. The Signal regrets making a slight error. It was not the store of H. K. Stapel and it was not at the corner of Fourth and Main. It was a butcher shop, not a grocery store, and the loss was over-estimated. In fact, it was not a \$5,000 loss by fire, but a \$5 loss by theft. Everyone makes mistakes, and this error could have been made by anyone."



### What the Hell?

The magician walked down to the footlights and asked a young lady to step up on the stage.

"Now, as a climax to my act, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I am going to saw this young lady in two, right before your eyes."

The crowd cheered and stamped its feet.

"As is customary before doing this trick," he continued, "I'd like first to make sure that you all want to see . . ."

A thundering "Sure!"

"And that there are no objections to my performing . . ."

A "No" that rocked the house.

"The girl's sorority sisters—do they object?"

"Not at all, to be sure."

"How about you," he asked turning to the girl. "Do you mind being sawed in two?"

The girl shook her head.

"Well, then," the magician said.

And he sawed the young lady in two.

We all thought it was funny as hell, but the police made quite a fuss about it.



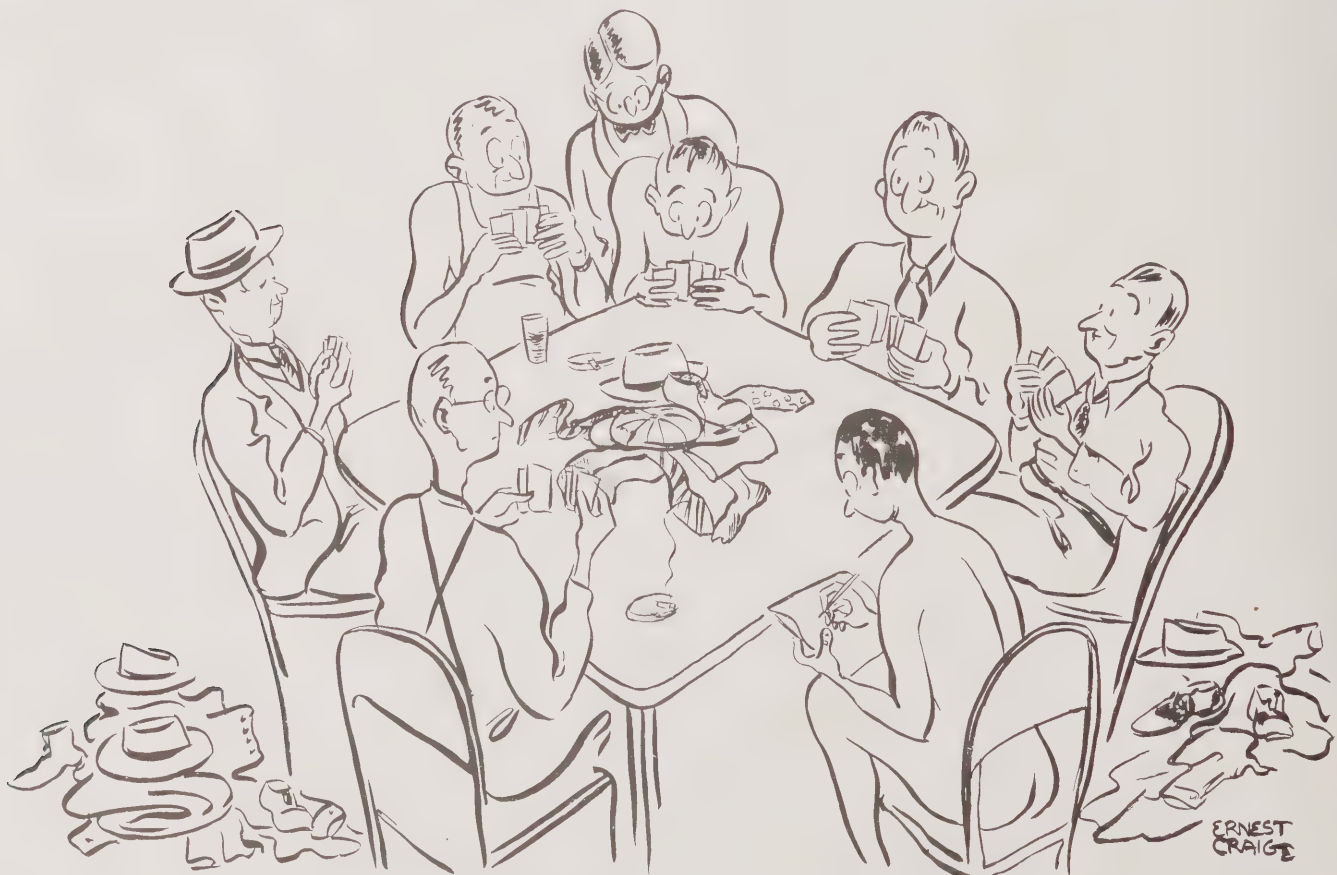
"Are you the bull of the campus?"

"That's me, baby."

"Moo."

### THREE OLD MAIDS

It was a clear June day, when all the birds were singing, all the trees were green, and all that sort of stuff. Three old maids were just returning to their little cottage. They were slightly surprised when they found the door open, but were more amazed when they entered their parlor. "Someone sat in my chair," said the first one. "Someone has been in my chair," added the second one. "Someone has been in my chair too," offered the third old maid. They moved on to the kitchen. "Someone has just finished my soup," said the first maid. "Someone has just finished mine also," said the second one. "My soup is gone too," said the last one. They progressed onward into their bedroom. The first maid looked at her bed and exclaimed, "Someone has just been in my bed." The second looked at her bed and said, "Someone has just been in mine." The third old maid looked at her bed and yelled, "Goodnight, girls!"



"Dear Dad: Due to cold weather I'll have to buy some new clothes—"



A salesman was passing through a small town and had several hours to while away. Seeing one of the natives, he inquired, "Any picture show in town, my friend?"

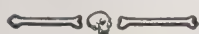
"Nope; nary a one, stranger," was the answer.

"Any pool room or bowling alley?"

"None of them either," came the reply.

"What form of amusement have you here?" asked the salesman.

"Waal, come on down to the drug store. Thar's a freshman home from the university."



Once upon a time in a far off kingdom there lived a king who was very fond of swimming. One day as he was cavorting about in the water, he started to drown. A knight in shining armor who was riding by, saw the king's predicament, dived in and rescued him.

The king was very grateful and offered the knight half his kingdom and the hand of his daughter in marriage. "But I don't want half your kingdom or the hand of your daughter in marriage," cried our hero gallantly. The king was nonplussed. "But what do you want?" "I want you—I'm the fairy prince."

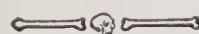


Only a week after he'd started on his new job, the lucky youth announced he was quitting. "'Taint the wages," he explained to the foreman, "It's just that I can't help having a guilty conscience all the time I'm working."

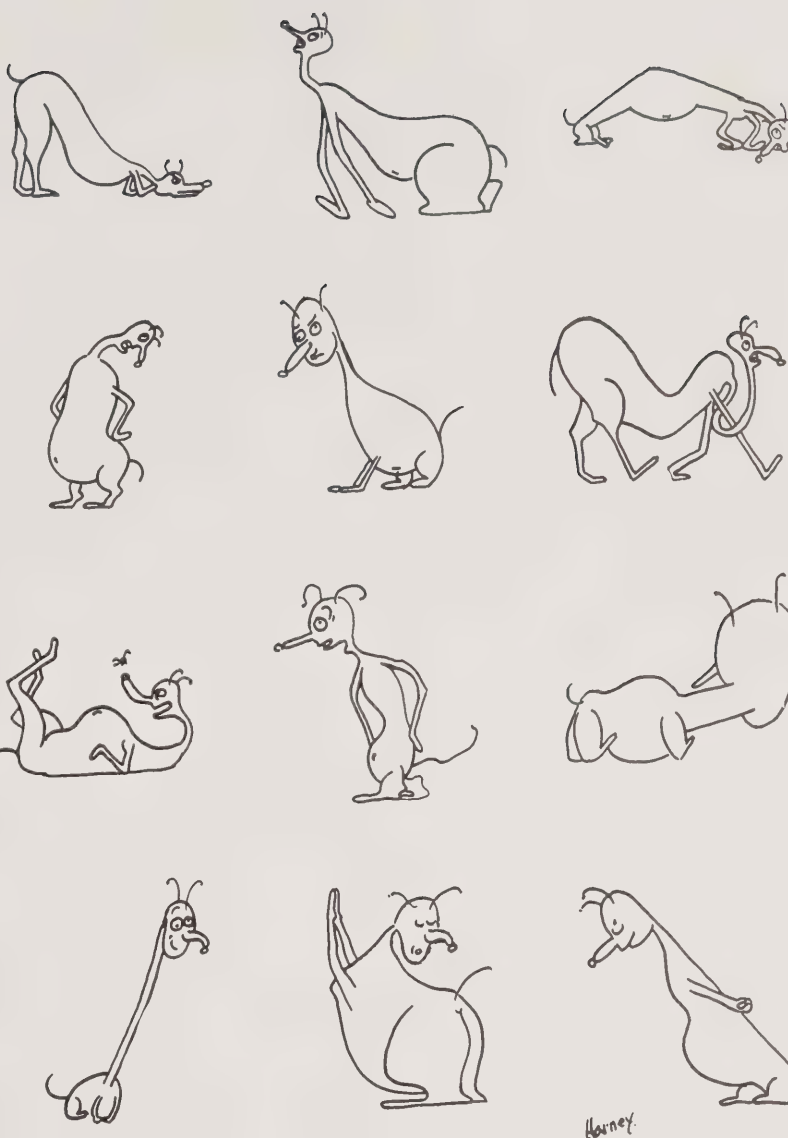
"At what?" asked the amazed foreman.

"I'm all the time worrying about how I'm cheating some big strong mule out of a job."

—*Washington Post.*



Hints to Sots — Left-handed beer mugs can be made into right-handed ones by walking around the counter.—*Skipper.*



Way down South there was a childless couple who ate lots of corn flakes, because the advertisements said that cereals were good for growing children.



"Were any of your former boy friends as cave mannish as I am?"

"No; not one bit."



Two stuttering blacksmiths had finished heating a piece of pig iron, and one placed it upon the anvil with a pair of tongs.

"H-h-h-h-hit it," he stuttered to his helper.

"Wh-wh-wh-wh-where?" asked the helper.

"Aw, ww-well, we'll have to heat it again now."

—*Battalion.*

Lecturer: Potts was a great man. At his death three towns were named after him. Pottstown, Pottsville, and Chambersburg.



Mother: Son, I don't want to see you going around with that wild girl any more.

Son: Aw heck, Ma, she ain't wild; anybody can pet her.



During this past summer the Americans have won the Davis cup, the Ryder cup, and the yatching cup. We're afraid if this continues the English will have to drink their tea out of saucers.



# PINK and LACE---by Merky

It was her first week in the University. She had transferred from Agnes Scott, the home of beautiful women.

Needless to say, she was a beauty too, but countless references to mirrors forever reminded her of it.

Her body was magnificently stacked up with muscles solid as the Confederate monument near the Arch. She had beauty of face and figure—a rare combination.

Her first week here she had lived in almost utter seclusion at the Archer House. And she thought it was about time to give the boys a break.

So she squirmed, with great difficulty, into a dress which overestimated its capacity, and

embarked for the main campus.

As she strolled along the main walk, she caught the eager eyes of a number of fellows loafing on the steps of the main building. And they were smiling too—smiles of approval, of course, and of appreciation.

“Look at those yokels get a load of me,” she thought, and fell into a tricky rhythmic gait not listed in Esquire’s “Essay on Jiggling.”

As their glances followed her trickling motions, her thoughts kept patting her on the back.

“I can see my stock going up. They’ll break their necks trying to meet me. I’ll be popular, oh so popular. I’ll probably be elected a beauty queen and then I

can go back to Agnes Scott or Emory, or some other girls’ school.”

Sounds like she is conceited, but you’re wrong. She was really a humdinger, and knew her own strength. I can defend her and say a lot of nice things about her, but I must get down to grim reality.

The truth of the matter is, as she strolled along the main walk with pomp and grandeur, her ‘slip’ was hanging about half-mast. And you know how conspicuous pink and lace looks, waving around a pair of superbly moulded legs.

When you think you’re riding in high cotton, a little ‘slip’ can make a darn fool of you.

## RACING FORM OF TODAY'S ENTRIES

<i>Entry</i>	<i>Stable</i>	<i>Comments</i>	<i>Odds</i>
Betty Norcross	Shack	Coupled with favorite for daily double	3-1
Phyllis Hawthorne	Pi Phi	Needs reshoeing	20-1
Frances Johnson	New Dorm	Slow starter—too much weight	25-1
Elizabeth Keeler	Chi O	Asheville farm reports fit	7-2
Jerelyn Meek	Archer	Classy stepper	3-1
Memrie Gary	Shack	Showed class in first start	3-1
Isabelle Baker	New Dorm	Scratched	
Bee Dalton	Chi O	Good stock—should be in the money	6-1
Mary Crockett Evans	Pi Phi	Good mudder	15-1
Barbara Harris	New Dorm	Glue factory bound	999-1
Ethel Laidlaw	Archer	Feed box special	8-5
Lyal Boice	Pi Phi	Good stock—hasn't measured up	8-3
Dinny Puckette	Chi O	Heavy winner in northern circuit	4-1
Betty Redfern	New Dorm	Maybe	25-1
Sylvia Sundstrom	Shack	Unsteady at the post—pass	70-1
Virginia Kibler	Archer	Good around the curves	4-1
Miriam Durrett	Shack	Healthy little filly—should show “class”	3-1
Olivia Root	Shack	Well conditioned	4-1
Lil Hughes	Chi O	Not today	50-1
Bowling Brown	Archer	First start—caution	12-1
Herbert Bachrach	Carr	Ain't won a race	1000-1
Bessie Strowd	Home	Running with blinders	5-1



# RAILBIRD GOSSIP

By STRAWCAVE

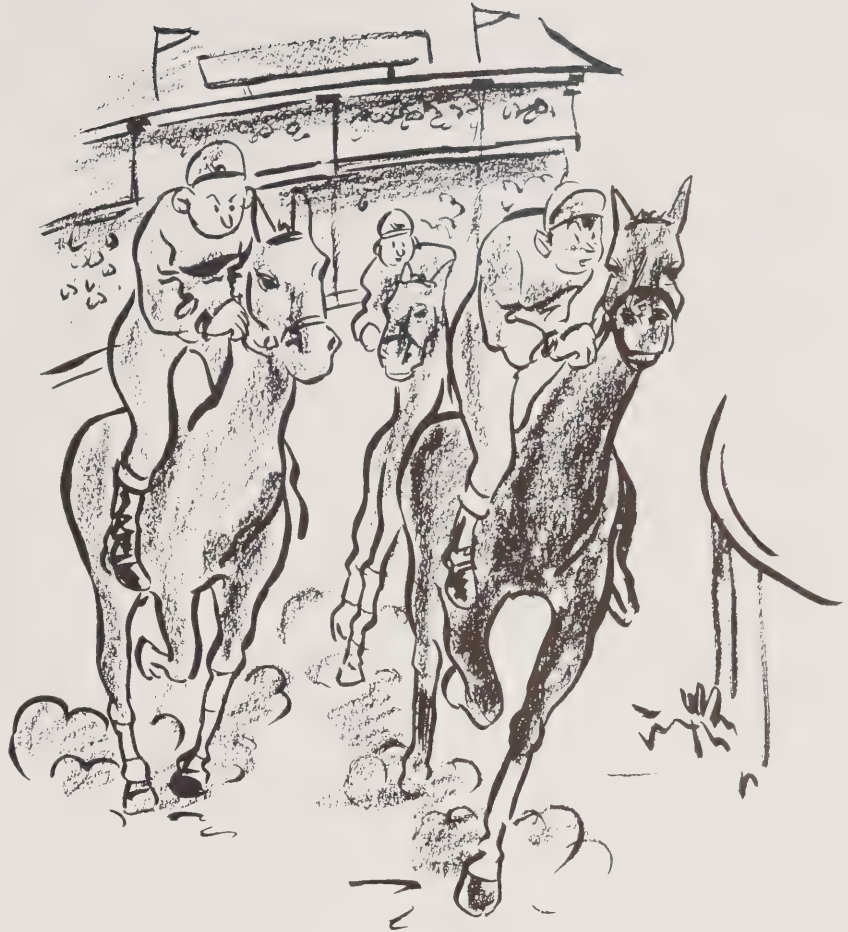
Molly Albritton, newly acquired by the Chi Omega Stables from the Hopkinsville Farms, was named a favorite in her initial start by that imminent sportsman and owner, Marvin Allen.

Dave Thorpe, Yack trainer for the Zete Barn, has finally come through with a local entry. He has been seen lately leading a chestnut filly into the stable for feed. Some say that he is playing her all the way to win; in which case Tom Meyers would advocate putting your life savings on more than one nag. But other touts inform us that he has been making trips up to Virginia all year looking over, what Strawcave understands to be, a mighty nice little sorrel.

Trainer Hoey Hobbs, who has cleaned up quite a bit around the local tracks, seems to be having trouble with his "sure bet." The spirited stepper is continually leaving the home paddock to graze in Johnson's field.

Handicappers Bahnson and Allen predict great winnings for a fancy stepper now farmed out at Sweet Briar, but whom the two watched particularly close at her last appearance here. It is rumored both are backing her all the way, but they had best give notice to "Dark Horse" Kerr's betting, as he might bring down the odds.

From that fit stable, Chi Omega, comes the tip that Perdita Arnett, had a busy season at the Phi Delt circuit last year.



Although she placed second in her first race, the railbirds predict that she will take a purse on that track later on.

Voit Gilmore, booting home that favorite Libby Spencer, who went to the post at three to one and came in at a quarter to twelve (PM), found his contract immediately broken by the head-trainer of the Spencer stables.

Fans of the track are still waiting for Mac Simmons to pick an entry for the season's race from his two fillies Virginia Giddens and Mary Taylor Hinnant. The Hinnant stepper, from the Pi Phi farms, appears to be his favorite.

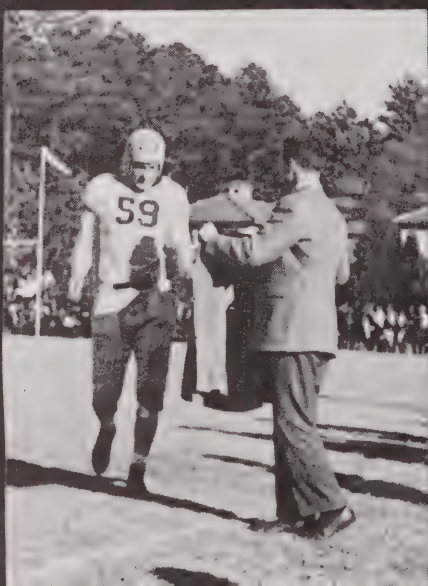
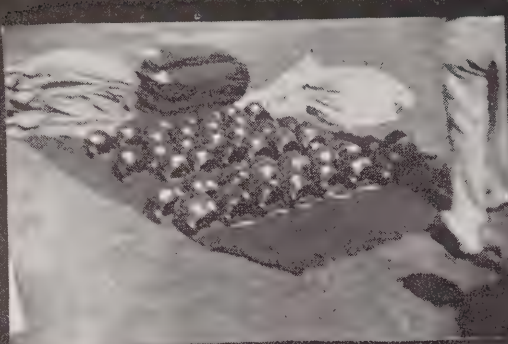
The aged and broken down nag(er) Bob Hesse, hailing from the Chi Psi stables, is constantly

running around the circuit after the fillies in search of a claiming prize. But that ace timekeeper, Louise Camp, tells the racegoing public that this Hesse plug is running the wrong way.

That sempiternally polished gambler, Pete Ivey, still believes that he can beat the fillies. He has been constantly seen at the Pari-mutuel windows placing \$2 bets on the steppers from the Pi Phi stables.

The big money in other circuits beckoned Dubose McDonald, and he has left sorrel handicapper Dot Kelly without a trainer to manage her. Anxious to return to the run once more, after being unexercised for several weeks, handicapper Kelly seems to have found a very good trainer.







# Casey with the Ball

By LYNNE BRANNEN

It looked extremely rocky for the Mudville team that day;  
The score stood three to nothing with just one minute left to play.  
So when Cooney lost two yards at center and Burrows lost twelve more;  
Folks began despairing that they'd never get a score.

A straggling few got up to go, leaving there the rest  
With hope that springs eternal within the human breast.  
They thought if only Casey could get his hands upon the ball  
They'd put up even money on Casey, one and all.

But Flynn had hurt his ankle and Drake was almost done;  
The line was getting stagnant and the backs could hardly run.  
So over that stricken multitude a deathless silence crept  
There seemed but little chance of Casey's crashing thru on "rep."

But Flynn tore wide of tackle for fourteen yards at best;  
And the much-despised Drake caught a pass beyond the rest.  
And when confusion lifted, and they saw the referee—lo!  
The ball was on the six-yard stripe, first down and goal to go.

Then from the gladdened multitude went up a joyous yell,  
It bounded from the mountain top, and rattled in the dell.  
It struck upon the hillside and rebounded to the field;  
The boys were huddled in "time out" and Casey held the deal.

And now the time is up and now lines come face to face  
There is ease in Casey's manner as he shifts into his place.  
And when responding to the cheers he holds aloft his hand  
No stranger in the stadium could doubt that "Casey is the man."

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he wiped his sweaty brow  
Five thousand tongues applauded as he made a graceful bow.  
Then, while the battered visitors bent wearily in position,  
Defiance gleamed in Casey's eye, a sneer gave it transition.

And now the leather-covered pigskin comes spiraling to his chest  
And Casey drives through right guard like a rhino in distress  
But when he tears his way through and speeds across the goal  
A whistle sounds, "Mudville offsides—five yards," the crowd is told.

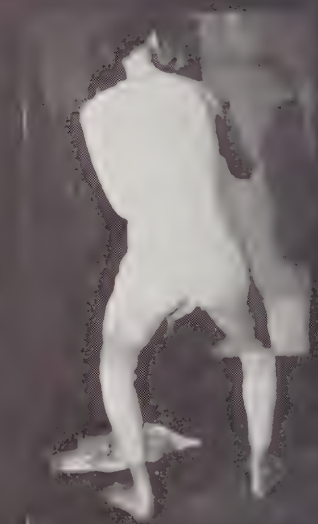
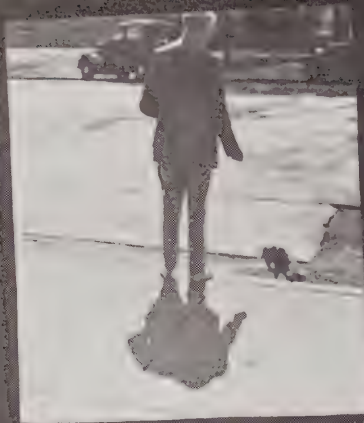
Then from the tiers of the people went up a muffled roar,  
Like the beating of the storm waves on a strange and distant shore;  
"Kill him! kill the referee!," shouted someone in the pack  
And 'tis likely they'd have done it had not Casey waved them back.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shown;  
He thundered out his signals and made the game go on.  
And now the shift is finished and the ball is put in play;  
He fakes a spin, gets loose 'round end, but the referee's in his way.

"Crook! you dirty crook!," cried the thousands in the bowl;  
But a scornful look from Casey brought them back into the fold.  
They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,  
And they knew that Casey wouldn't fail to get a-loose again.

The smile is gone from Casey's lips, his teeth are clenched in hate  
He pounds with cruel violence his hand into its mate.  
And now Captain Casey's ready, tense and in his track,  
And now the line is shattered by the force of his impact.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright;  
The band is playing somewhere and somewhere hearts are light,  
And somewhere men are laughing and somewhere children shout;  
But there was no joy in Mudville—Mighty Casey was knocked out.





## Pickup

SLOWLY, VERY, very slowly, Georgie opened his eyes. God, how his head ached. Well, anyway, he wasn't blind. At least he could see the ceiling. But wait a minute! What the hell! That wasn't his ceiling. Georgie knew his ceiling when he saw it—hadn't he been looking at it every morning for twenty-two years? Blue—pale blue. Hell, yes, a fellow ought to know his own ceiling when he saw it. All right. But this ceiling wasn't blue—it was cream-colored—light cream-colored. Slowly, very, very slowly, Georgie closed his eyes.

He meditated. God, it was hard to think. There must have been a party. If this was Sunday he was sure there must have been a party. And if there was a party then, perhaps, he'd had too much. He always had too much at every party. That accounted for the headache. Georgie felt quite pleased with himself. He was really thinking very clearly this morning. He wondered how many fellows could drink as much as he did and still be able to think so clearly. Very well, then. There had been a party and he had had too much. Also, since his ceiling was blue and this one was cream-colored—he stole another look, just to make sure—then, obviously, he wasn't at home. Probably stayed with one of the fellows. Georgie smiled pleasantly and settled back under his pillow for a little snooze—but wait a minute. Better carry this a bit further. Who the devil was in bed with him? He peered over his pillow. Curly blond hair, obviously, so Georgia thought, not the hair of any of the fellows. Feminine hair—distinctly feminine hair.

Oh, oh, thought Georgie. It must have been the gin. Mixture of gin and women always made Georgie go hog-wild. A veritable devil with the women. Could it be—do you suppose, yes, bigawd,



*"Could you tell me if this is Route 1?"*

that was a woman in his bed. What the hell, thought Georgie, just what does she mean sleeping in my bed? But this wasn't his bed. Then he'd better get out of here before she woke up. He could say he had to study.

Now you mustn't think Georgie wasn't a gentleman, because he was—of the first water, too. It was just that he had to study. That was why he was leaving so quietly.

At first he couldn't find his pants. He got sort of panicky until he found he had them on. He giggled a little at this—sleeping with his pants on. Funny as hell. Quietly, so very quietly, Georgie crept out of the bedroom and into the kitchen. That was definitely a mistake. Bottles, millions of bottles, all over the table—and the floor. One full one.

Better have a little drink, he counseled himself. So he did. As a matter of fact, he had several. Lil' hair of the dog, you know. Georgie smiled vacuously and tipped the bottle. 'Nother dead man. How sad. Too bad. So early in the morning, too. Well, get along. Got to study. Besides, in there—in the bedroom—oh, oh, better leave quick.

Nope, too late. Noise in the bedroom. Dammit, too late. Figure in the doorway. Migawd! What was it? Georgie tried hard to focus his eyes on the doorway. Yep. Any way you looked at it, it was Johnnie—with curly blond hair. Georgie chuckled inanely. Have a drink, Johnnie, have a drink, old boy, old boy. God, it was good to be alive, and not have to sneak off and study.

—Dick Halcomb



# Verses of an Unknown Poetess

## Dilemma

Envy the bland sophisticate  
Who never picks a quarrel with  
fate  
And does her lover leave her flat,  
Retaliates with "That is That."

For while I weep and tear my  
hair,  
Small solace in his smooth  
"There, There,"  
Yet do I bid him go to hell,  
He'll likely answer, "Very well."

## Requiem

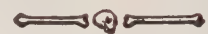
The voices of people are kindly  
and wise,  
Who think that my laughter's a  
form of disguise,  
Who lower their eyes when your  
name is said,  
And walk by my door with light  
slipper tread.  
How could they know I woke at  
dawn  
And scarcely knew that love was  
gone?



*"What do you mean, how about ME playing Santa Claus  
this Christmas?"*

## To One Departed

You didn't think, lad,  
When you left,  
I'd languish here,  
Alone, bereft?  
You didn't think,  
My lad, that I  
Would turn on life  
And long to die?  
You didn't think  
I mouthed at fate,  
And tasted nothing  
That I ate?  
You didn't think it,  
God forbid!  
But, oh, my lad  
I did, I did.



## Torn Fabric

These hands once free  
To touch your face  
Play idly now  
In empty space.  
Fraying edges  
They cannot mend,  
Fringing thoughts,  
To mark the end—

Oh love, it is  
A stupid way  
For good strong hands  
To fill a day.



## Analysis

Flippancy to hide a sorrow,  
Bitterness, a curse,  
Embedded in the treacherous  
Residium of verse.



## Grinning Ghost

What makes you think  
As I suppose you must,  
Our love can turn  
To smouldering dust?  
Through countless  
Long eternities  
I'll walk within  
Your memories.  
(And write you verses  
Such as these.)



## Silence

My mind is proud  
No bitterness  
Shall bend me to  
The touch  
Of hands that clasp  
In sympathy  
And tongues that thrive  
On such.











# THE READERS' DIGEST REVIEWS LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

Eighty-seven years ago this country was born. Today we are dedicating a cemetery on a battle field of the war in which many men have died for this country. This is a splendid idea of ours.

Since nobody will remember what we say here, we are the ones that should be dedicated to the job that was begun by these dead who did not die in vain. God save the people's government.

Teacher: "Johnnie, did you want to leave the room?"

Johnnie: "Say, teacher, you don't think I'm standing here hitch-hiking, do yuh?"

—*Ram-Buller*

YEAH!

"I think Goodman and Wingy Mannone have got Bach backed off the map. This Bach was licked when it came to gutbucket and boogie woogie, and his git-box never was worth mentioning."

—*Prof. R. Korper, Music and the Fine Arts, Princeton.*

"Ann's dancing is like a telephone office."

"How come?"

"Every line's busy."

—*Gargoyle.*

Necking a virgin is throwing away honors and playing for a slam.

Little Johnny wrote on the blackboard: Johnny is a passionate devil. The teacher reprimanded him for writing this and said he must stay after school for one hour.

When Johnny got out of school that night all his little friends were waiting to hear what punishment he had received.

"What did she do to you?" asked one little boy.

"I ain't saying nothin'," said Johnny, "except that it pays to advertise."

A full-blooded Blackfoot Indian, 56 years old, who said he came from the Dakotas and who gave the name of Lone Eagle, was found today on the Dorchester site of the tin-can colony which was cleared up by the police a few weeks ago. He said he had dug his hut under ground, and was not noticed in the police raid, and had been living there undisturbed. "I like Boston," he said, "and am thinking of making the dump into a reservation."

—*Boston Herald*

"Fraternity man?"

"Naw, I got this way rowing a boat."

Boss: You should have been here at nine o'clock!

New Employee: Why? What happened? —*Punch Bowl*

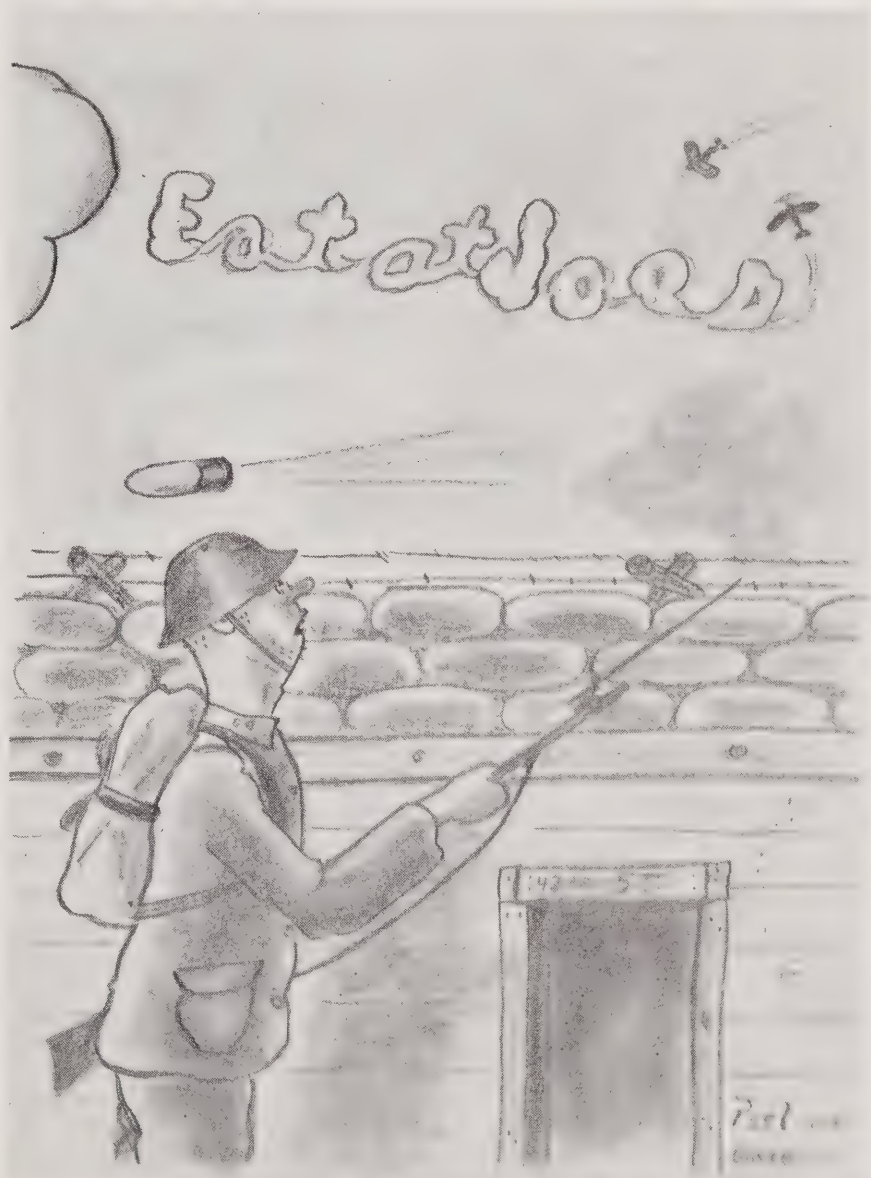
Halt!

A wise girl is judged by the company she keeps from making love to her.

An amoeba named Joe and his brother

Went out drinking toasts to each other.

In the midst of their quaffing  
They split their sides laughing  
And found that each one was  
a mother!





"Hope Granpaw don't wake up till the party's over!"



## FUTURE EXCHANGE EDITOR

We had spent a most harrowing half hour explaining the "heeling" requirements necessary for election to the board to this Freshman. He seemed to understand the setup, but maybe what we thought were nods of comprehension were the jitters. Anyhow, we finished and he still hung around. After we let him stand there for about an hour, our curiosity got the better of us and, turning from the desk, we asked him what else he wanted. He said he wanted to know his nickname.

"Your nickname?" we questioned.

"Yes," he answered. "The name that I sign my jokes with."

"We don't sign our jokes in the BUCCANEER, we murmured to him softly, not wishing to wake him up.

"But, look," he said, taking a copy, "these jokes are signed. Here's one by the Siren and one by Red-Cat and one by Yellow Jacket and one by the Pup, also Voo-Doo, The Purple Parrot and the Widow, and——"

"Stop it," we shrieked. "Get the hell out of here, and you can sign your stuff 'Rejected'."

"If it's all the same to you, sir," he remarked, "I had my mind set on Winnie the Pooh. Do you mind?"



## IT'S A LIE

A woman's whim is ever this—  
To snare a man's reluctant kiss,  
And snaring it, to make him pant  
For things that nice girls never grant.



Football games are the only places where a man has his girl on one arm, a blanket on the other and nothing is thought of it.



## LUCKY GUY

Santa Claus is the only one who can run around with a bag all night and not get talked about.



Copyright, 1937,  
by P. Lorillard  
Co., Inc.

## A 4-Year Loafer Graduates with Honors

*Idling in the wood 4 full years,  
BRIGGS comes forth  
as the world's richest and  
friendliest tobacco*

**T**HIS IS THE STORY of the loafer that goes to the head of the class!

Briggs is *born* rich. It starts life as a blend of nature's choicest tobaccos. Then it enters college for a 4-year course in idling.

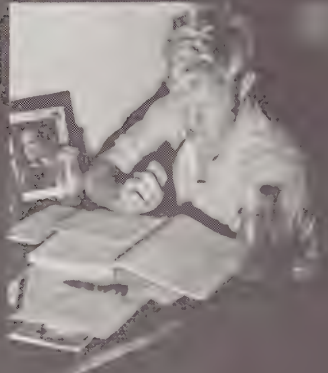
For 4 long years it loafs in stout oak-casks, getting richer, doing nothing! Just naturally maturing into the smoothest and mellowest pipe tobacco you ever touched a match to.

When it finally graduates to your pipe, Briggs has been aged longer than many fancy pipe mixtures selling at \$5.00 a pound.

At 15¢ the tin, Briggs costs a few cents more than ordinary uneducated tobaccos. But those extra pennies are *miracle* pennies . . . in the extra enjoyment they bring to your smoking. Ask any Briggs smoker.

**BRIGGS . . . CASK-MELLOWED 4 FULL YEARS**







## THE NIGHT BEFORE EXAMS

## Chapter One

'Twas the night before exams, when all through the dorms,  
 Not a creature was stirring—no Sophomores, the worms.  
 The stockings were hung by the windows with care  
 By the Frosh who had washed them to save their bus fare.  
 The Seniors were nestled all snug in their beds,  
 While visions of Durham danced through their heads.  
 And I in my nightgown and my roommate, the sap,  
 Had just settled down with the dice to shoot crap,  
 When out in the hall there arose such a clatter,  
 I sprang from my knees to see what was the matter.  
 Away to the door I flew like a flash,  
 As I heard a milk bottle against the wall crash.  
 The lights in the hall burned with a soft glow,  
 And made the glass look like new fallen snow.  
 Then, what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
 But the dormitory Big Shots of whom we all fear  
 With another Big Shot so calm and so still,  
 I knew in a moment it must be Magill.  
 More rapid than eagles the Big Shots they came,  
 But the boys stood and shouted and called them by name.  
 Now, Stuart! Now, Marvin! Now Joseph! Now Randy!  
 On, Albert! On, Robert! On, Mullis! and Andy!  
 They came down the hall throwing open each door  
 In search of the boy who had shattered the floor.  
 As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane did fly,  
 The victim had vanished to the roof-top on high.  
 So up to the housetop the Big Shots they flew,  
 As they climbed up the gutter, and Bob Magill too,  
 And then in a twinkling, I heard on the roof  
 The Big Shots debating what to do with the goof.

(To be continued)

Watch the next Christmas issue of the *Buccaneer* to see what happens to our hero. Don't forget! Chapter Two next Christmas.

—By Bill Stauber.



## CALL IT ANYTHING YOU LIKE

## Part 1

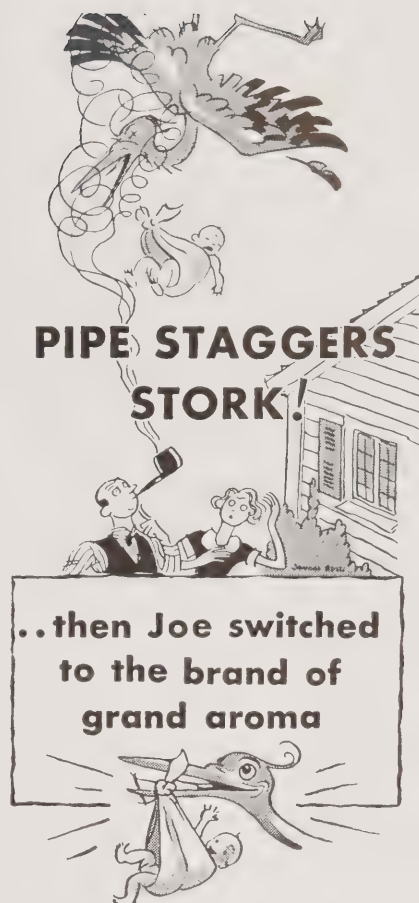
The *Buccaneer*.—O what a thrill to get upon the staff.  
 I thought it would be wonderful, but you don't know the half.  
 I went to see the editor to see if it were true  
 That all you had to do was write a funny line or two.  
 He said I had the right idea, but still I often wonder,  
 'Cause every funny thing I write, he turns it down, by thunder.

## Part 2

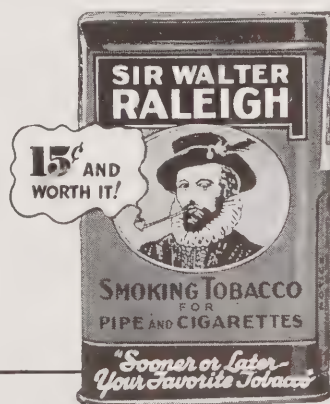
We always have a meeting to decide upon a theme.  
 This time, our theme is Christmas; you'll find it just a dream.  
 Therefore, I make one more attempt to get a jump ahead.  
 I'll not write on the Christmas theme but just on nothing instead.  
 So here it is, my critics dear, and I've the consolation,  
 That this portrays the real theme, if it misses publication.

—By Bill Stauber.

Ed. Note.—Bill, you've, at last, arrived.



HELP! Send for the S. P. C. A. Notify the S.P.C.C. And let's start a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Pipes! Smoking over-strong tobacco in a gummy bowl is a mean trick to play on a self-respecting briar. Clean it out and smoke a fine, mild tobacco like Sir Walter Raleigh. Fragrant. Slow-burning. Blended of the finest burleys from the famous Blue Grass country. Two full ounces... 50 pipefuls. Try a tin.



UNION  
MADE

PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN. In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureaus of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos at a majority of these colleges.

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey and his Famous Orchestra NBC Blue Network, every Friday 9:30 P. M., E. S. T.



I had a little dog. I call him August. August was fond of jumping at conclusions, especially at the cow's conclusion. One day he jumped at the mule's conclusion. The next day was the first of September.

#### 1950 HANGOVER

Last night I drained the cup of utter bliss,  
I held you close, caressed you tenderly,  
We sealed our promise with a burning kiss. . . .  
Yvonne, Cecile, Marie, Annette, or Emilie?

She was only an optician's daughter. Two glasses and she made a spectacle of herself.

She: Oh! A bug!  
He: Aw, that's just a lady-bug.  
She: My, what eyes you have!

Girl: I'll stand on my head or bust.  
Instructor: Just stand on your head.

#### JUST KEEP ON

The old gentleman was lost in a London fog so thick he could scarcely see his hand before his face. He became seriously alarmed when he found himself in a slimy alley. Then he heard footsteps approaching.

"Where am I going?" he asked anxiously.

A voice replied weirdly from the darkness: "Into the river, I've just come out."

The cat browsed on the hearth rug; the dog was asleep on the door-sill; the knitting needles were in their place by the old armchair; the great big clock struck nine.

Grandma: Now, where's that darn gigolo?

Wife (after receiving a skunk fur coat from her husband): I don't see how such a nice coat can come from such a foul-smelling beast.

Husband: I don't mind not being thanked, but I do ask for a little respect.

MAYOR IS READY  
TO IMPART MILK  
IF CRISIS COMES  
—*The Times*.  
Versatile, the mayor.

"Is that a genuine bloodhound?"

"Certainly. Oscar, bleed for the gentleman."

—*Mercury*.

He: Do you love me?  
She: I love everybody.  
He: Let God do that. We should specialize.—*Kitty-Kat*.

Old version: Button, button, who's got the button?

New version: Button, button. Here comes mother.

She: Getting real cold, isn't it?  
He: (Reflectively): Winter draws on.  
She: Sir!

#### MONKEY

For people who do not believe in Darwin's theory of evolution, perhaps the following incident is particularly enlightening. It seems a biologist was attempting to train a monkey to play ball, but was having no success whatsoever; so he decided to leave the animal alone with a bat, ball and glove and then spy on the little fellow through the keyhole of his lab door. Having locked the monk in with his toys, our friend tiptoed back to the door and peered through the keyhole. To his embarrassment he found himself staring into a little brown eye!  
—*Tiger*.

Birth control is merely evading the issue.



My tYpust is on her vacation,  
My trpist's awau fpr a week,  
My trpuut us in her vacarion  
Wgile these damb keps pley hude  
and seej.

Chrues!

Bren, Buck, bting, bzck,  
Oy, brung becj mub Onnie to me  
to me;

B8&ng, b4xj, be-ng, bicz,  
Oj brong brsk m--belnio-Imx.  
Oh, Helk!

dabit-dabit-dabit &|\*\*\*?\*!!

—Exchange.

An American boy was sitting  
on the couch with a French girl  
in a drafty room. "Je t'adore!"  
said the American.

"Shut it yourself, you lazee  
Yangkee!" replied the mademoui-  
selle.

Customer: This coat is not a  
very good fit sir.

Tailor: Vell, vot do you expect  
for five dollars—an attack of  
epilepsy?

A college student is one who  
enters his alma mater as a  
Freshman dressed in green, and  
emerges as a Senior in black.  
The immediate process of decay  
is known as a college education.

#### Brazen

He: "You know, I like the way  
you dance."

She: "Yes?"

He: "You don't even blush."

—Varieties.

Smith: Quite a few of our  
graduates are now working  
girls.

Vassar: Well, quite a few of  
ours are now working men.

—Owl.

#### Fast

"Let's take a walk in the gar-  
den."

"I can only spare a minute."

"That's O. K., I'm an efficiency  
expert."

—Red Cat.

Regulator: "Every time that  
I look at you freshmen I feel that  
I am doing the government out  
of its entertainment tax."

Then there was the school  
teacher with a lot of class but no  
principle.

The bold young lady walked  
briskly up to the elderly woman  
whom she took to be the matron  
of the hospital.

"May I see Mr. Jones, please?"

"May I ask who you are?"  
was the reply.

"Certainly; I'm his sister."

"Well, well. I'm glad to meet  
you. I'm his mother."

Two mosquitoes once lit on the  
features

Of two fair and peroxidized  
creatures.

When ask by what right,

They replied, "We're not tight,

We're just seeing the game  
from the bleachers." — Pelican.

Wishing You All  
A Merry Christmas  
and a  
Happy New Year

The  
University Dining  
Hall Cafeteria



#### MORAL:

EVERYBODY'S BREATH OFFENDS SOMETIMES...  
LET **CRYST-O-MINT** SAVE YOURS AFTER  
EATING, SMOKING AND DRINKING

# SHROUDING THAT BODY DOWN

Once again that certain season is here when every male wonders if he will get the same type ties, handkerchiefs, gloves, socks, and what not that he received last Christmas and the year before from aunts, mother, and the girl friend. It's awfully nice of them to give us something useful but why can't they select gifts with a little variety anyway. This winter they will have no excuse for poor selections because variety and color are the keynote of this crop of accessories.

Ties — plaids, stripes, plain colors, combinations—an endless choice of attractive patterns which should take the usual flat feeling out of receiving a tie at Xmas. All-silk barathea in vivid solid colors puts in its appearance as one of the neatest ties we've seen for some time. And believe it or not, it ties a pleasing knot and resists wrinkles. "In" again this winter are knit ties in all sorts of intriguing patterns. Tartans and diagonal stripes are among the best of these wool models. An innovation of the last few months is the end-lock tie which features a device on the tie which clips it to the shirt. The small end slips thru a slit in the back of the large end and is held fast.

Many problems of "what to give" will be solved by the gift of gloves this Christmas. And a pair of gloves this time will be something to be proud of. They appear in all the exotic leathers one can think of from East India water moccasin to Russian reindeer. We even saw a pair in wild donkey leather or skin or hide or whatever have you. To

get back to the point though, gloves this season are after your own heart. Rugged in appearance they are the typically masculine and will gladden the heart of any man. Tan capeskin, degraigned sheepskin, goatskin, and the ever popular pigskin are among the most used. As you perhaps gathered from the foregoing list, tan and brown are prevalent in these new models.



*"Look, Jacob! I'm not shaving till after exams either."*

When one thinks of gloves, a muffler just seems to be in the offing somewhere. And one of the new solid tone mufflers in maroon, blue, yellow, or gray, gets our vote as the perfect partner for a pair of those he-man gloves. In case you don't agree with our flair for solid colors, striped wool mufflers are also appearing in several good-looking models.

For real smartness nothing beats a carefully selected lounging robe. True, they're expensive but very dear to the heart of a man. This Christmas they appear in so many fine fabrics and appealing colors that a selection of one which would

please any man should not be difficult. In jacquard and flannel they abound in charming colors,—wine, navy, green, maroon.

If Aunt Min must give socks this Christmas we hope she'll see some of the many new patterns she has to select from before she buys. If she isn't excited by the riot of color she should give a couple pairs of the new "Continental" by Inter Woven. These socks have the most original design we've run across for awhile. They feature brilliant colors and are good and heavy for mid-winter use. And of course there is always the usual silk socks which everyone needs sometime and which are nice gifts when accompanied by a tie to match.

—Ernest King.



## Formula

Sheds tears, tear your hair,  
And raise dessicate dust,  
Then bid him God speed  
If philander he must.



## Another Love Another Night

A single season—never two  
Is that the best that love  
can do?

Why be so discriminate  
Time will soon eliminate  
All the tears you shed for him,  
Who is just a passing whim.



## First Love

Why am I crying after love,  
To mourn a trifling lad?  
His kiss was not so wonderful  
As all the dreams I had.



## Style Trends on the Campus

In the traditional Carolina manner this candid photo catches Lee Melville and Lou Jordan both attempting to monopolize the fair sex. With the phrase in mind that "men make the women but clothes make the man" each is a complete study in his personal approach. Lou, in a dark, single breasted suit, with a pin stripe and Spittlesfield tie, seems to be having a little difficulty in the vicinity of his fraternity pin (Sigma Chi), and apparently seems to be beating Lee Melville to the draw. Howthesoever, the approached one (Martha Royster, more than lovely in a gray ensemble with a perky little turban) is, at the moment, looking toward the gray Shetland single-breasted drape with contrasting brown suede shoes.



### Carolina Co-operative Store

"Styles of Today with a Touch of Tomorrow"

#### American Youth

A little boy returned home after his first day in school and was greeted by his mother who asked, "Well, did you learn anything today?"

"No, we didn't learn anything," replied the little boy.

"Didn't the teacher ask you anything?"

"Yeah, she asked me where poppa works."

"And what did you tell her?"

"I told her that poppa plays the piano in a brothel."

"What!" exclaimed the astonished mother. "Why did you tell her such an outrageous lie?"

"Did you think," answered the little chap, "that I was going to tell her that poppa works for Hearst?"

—Medley.

Where are you going with all that sandpaper?

I'm taking it to my grandfather. He has gooseflesh on his wooden leg.

#### Keep Trying

"Well," said the waiter to the student who had just had his seventh cup of coffee, "you must be very fond of coffee."

"Yes, indeed," answered the student, "or I wouldn't be drinking so much water to get a little."

#### Shot in the Meuse

First She: I'm so thrilled! Jim and I are going to France on our honeymoon.

Second She: You are? When did he tell you?

First She: Last night he said that after we were married he'd show me where he was wounded in the war.

—Exchange.

Little Girl to Policeman: Can I trust you?

Copper: What?

L. G.: Can I trust you?

Copper: Why certainly; all little girls can trust policemen.

L. G.: All right then, please button my panties.

—Widow.

"Jones feels badly about having twins. He only wanted one child."

"Well, what do you expect? He married a telephone operator. They always give the wrong number."

#### MOTHER OF TWENTY WINS DIVORCE

FOR NEGLECT

—Yonkers Statesman.

If that's the word.

Slightly inebriated (to girl on Broadway)—"Do you speak to strangers on the street?"

Sweet Little Dove—"Oh, no."

Slightly Inebriated—"Well, then, shut up."

—Burr.

The frugal Scot was taking his small son for a walk. Suddenly he said thoughtfully, "Sandy, have you got your Sunday boots on?"

"Aye, father," was the reply.

"Well, take longer steps."

—Exchange.

## EXPERIENCE COUNTS

The hero of the Johnstown flood had died and had gone to heaven. Naturally he expected to receive the same adulation in heaven that he had received on earth, but such was not the case—or at least there was one white bearded old gentleman who commanded much more attention than he did.

"Who is the old man over there surrounded by all those people?" asked the hero of an acquaintance one day.

"Him?" he replied. "That's Noah."



He: I'm coming in. How can I get this door open?

She: Please don't come in. The key is under the mat.

—Punch Bowl.



One of those dear old-fashioned gentlemen—May I kiss your hand?

She—Whatsa matter, is my mouth dirty?

—Punch Bowl.

WHEN THE COMEDIANS  
COME ON

One of the freshmen took in a strip tease this summer and next day went to an oculist to have his eyes treated.

"After I left the show last night," he explained, "my eyes were red and sore and inflamed."

The Doc looked him over, thought a minute and then remarked: "After this try blinking your eyes once or twice during the show . . . you won't miss much."

—Banter.



## POULTRICIDE

Motorist: "I say, will a dollar pay for this hen I just ran over?"

Farmer: "You'd better make it two. I have a rooster that thought a lot of that hen, and the shock might kill him, too."

—Rammer-Jammer.



Formerly the girls wore their dresses down to their insteps. Now they wear them up to their step-ins.

She: Hold me close, John!

He: Whad'yu take yur close off fur?



"So you want to marry my daughter, yet? Vell, could you lend me \$1,000 for a year mid-out interest?"

"Most certainly I could, but I von't."

"Good for you! Take her, mine son."

—Duke 'n' Duchess.



Herb says gentlemen may prefer blondes, but he thinks the fact that blondes know what gentlemen prefer has a lot to do with it.



She: "I learned how to kiss practically before I learned to walk."

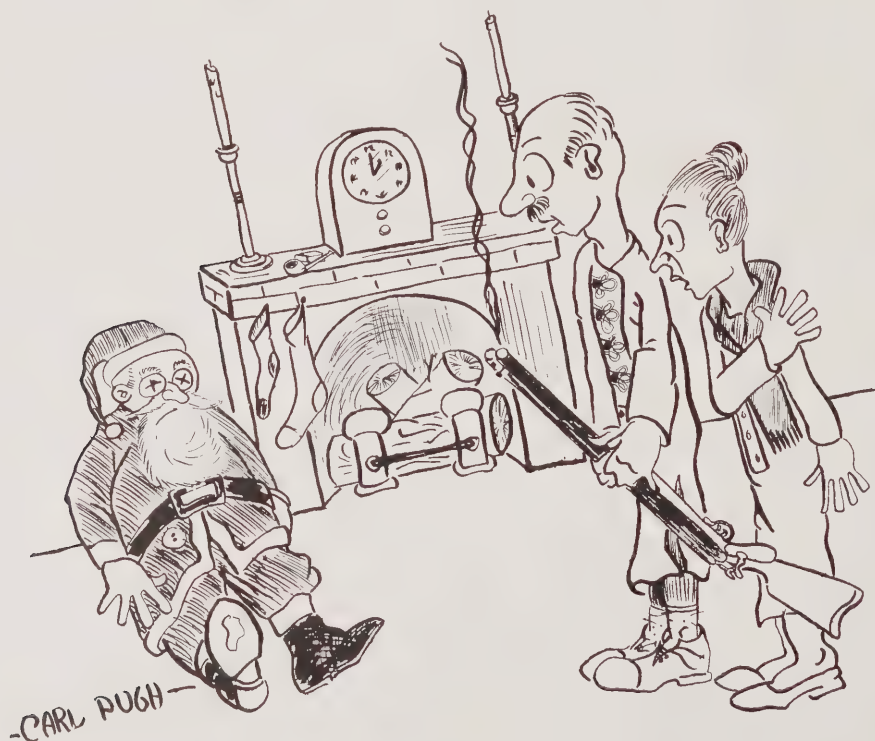
He: "Yeah? If you really learned how to kiss you wouldn't have to learn how to walk."



"Waitress, what's wrong with these eggs?"

"I don't know, I only laid the table."

—Bored Walk.



—CARL PUGH—

"Maw, call Edgar Hoover and Rev. Jones. First, he said he was Santy Claus and then St. Nick. Must be traveling under an alias."



## WHERE'LL THE BEST MAN SLEEP?

The bride was very much concerned upon finding twin beds in the hotel room. When asked the matter, she replied:

"I certainly thought we would get a room to ourselves."

—*Showme.*

The little boy with the glass leg and broken eye, wants to know if infants enjoy infancy as much as adults enjoy—. Who threw that?

## ANSWER

A department store inserted a want ad in a recent newspaper for a clerk familiar with women's underwear. There were four hundred applicants, only seventy-five had had any sales experience.

—*Owl.*

## LOSING GRIP

Indignant Farmer: See here, yer ain't getting as much milk from those cows lately.

Hired Man: Nope, sorta lost my pull.

"Did you hear what Mae West said when she met Walter Winchell?"

"No, what did she say?"

"Hello, tall, dark and handsome."

—*Exchange.*

Rastus: "Say, Sambo, what time in yoah life does yo' think yo' wuz scared de worstes?"

Sambo: "Once whan ah wuz callin' on a married gal and her husband come in and caught me. Boy, wuz ah scared?"

Rastus: "How are yo' shuah dat wuz de worstes time?"

Sambo: "Cause her husbum turned to dat wife ob his an' he say: 'Mandy, whut's dis white man doin' here?'"

"Your husband looks like a brilliant man. I suppose he knows everything."

"Don't fool yourself. He doesn't even suspect anything."

—*Pelican.*

## Modern Trends

"Hubby, dear, do you see that man over there? Well, he's an old flame, and we used to neck a lot, so I wonder if it's all right if I sit in his car awhile?"

"Sure, honey. But would you mind very much if I accept that blonde's invitation to go with her to her apartment for a drink? She used to be my wife."

—*Punch Bowl.*

Passing thought: Franklin Field is nicely kept; so are a number of brunettes in the cheering section.

## Cliché Expert

"Why, this water runs off my back like water off a duck's back," said the duck.

—*Lampoon.*

One of our alumni, a fledgling barrister, returned for a visit, the other week. Greeted by a group of friends, he was asked about the progress of his law career. "Well," he said, proudly, "It's coming on fine. I've had three cases so far—one ten-dollar one and two small ones!"

## Add Definitions

The forgotten man: Last year's hero; this year's assistant coach.

—*Chappie*

## Not Kosher?

The crowd was rushing through the gates. Alfred stepped on the young lady's foot.

"I'm sorry," he said politely but she still looked daggers at him. "Well," he added, "don't look as if you wanted to eat me up about it!"

"Never fear, sir," she replied caustically, "I'm a Jewess."

—*Exchange*

"Even if you were the last man on earth I wouldn't marry you."

"It wouldn't be necessary."

—*Sun Dial.*

## "Merry Christmas To All"

ROBERTSON C. HESSE

## An Open Letter

books I'd like to receive this Christmas—

NORTHWEST PASSAGE

KENNETH ROBERTS

LEAVE YOUR MIND ALONE

JAMES THURBER

PRESENT INDICATIVE

NOEL COWARD

and lots more I won't mention here that you can find at

## THE BULL'S HEAD BOOKSHOP

On Ground Floor of Library

Books — Maps  
Christmas Cards

## DR. J. P. JONES

Dentist

Telephone 5761

Upstairs next to Post Office

## Get the Car That Stands Up Best

See the 1938  
DeSoto & Plymouth

at

Poe's Auto Sales  
& Service

Chapel Hill, N. C.

### THAT MAN AGAIN

We thought we'd heard the last of the Larry Kelley stories, but it seems nothing can stop them.

This little incident took place at the Yale football training table at the time the Porter show, "Red, Hot, and Blue," was playing New Haven, and the Howard twins. Yale's famed piano team, had persuaded Jimmy Durante to come up and have lunch at the training table.

With a great sense of the dramatic they placed him next to Kelley and waited for the fireworks. But Jimmy was pretty serious. He asked Kelley all about football and expressed great interest in it. "Gosh," he concluded, "I'd sure like to play football with you fellows."

Kelley looked him up and down and his gaze finally came meaningfully on Durante's proboscis. "I'm sorry, Jimmy," he said, "but you'd be off side."

—*Jack-O-Lantern*

He gazed admiringly at the beautiful but extremely revealing dress of the leading chorine in a rather risqué show.

"Who made her dress?" he asked his companion.

"I'm not sure, but I think it was the police."

—*Exchange.*

### Time

A backwoods farmer was met in the field one day by a modern agriculturist. When asked what he was doing, the farmer said he was driving his hogs down to the woods where they could eat acorns and fatten up for the fall market.

"Why, that's not the way to do," said the agriculturist. "The modern way is to build a pen in the yard and carry the acorns to them. It'll save lots of time."

The old man looked at the visitor for a moment, and then in utter disgust said: "Hell, what's time to a hog?"

—*Kablegram.*

### Travels of a French Fried Potato

In your mouth a few minutes.

In your stomach a few hours.

On your hips for the rest of your life.

—*Old Maid.*

A very inquisitive young chap asked his mother whether college boys would go to heaven. She replied in the affirmative, but said they wouldn't like it.

### CAROLINA HEADQUARTERS



Argyles by

**Interwoven**

55c up

**Miller Bishop Co.**

108 Corcoran St. Durham, N. C.

### Gas Overcomes Girl While Taking a Bath

Miss Celia Hones owes her life to the watchfulness of the elevator boy and the janitor of the hotel where she was stopping.

—*N. Y. Times.*

Some girls like to wander:

Others like to squander.

My girl likes to ponder—

So what?

Burma Shave.

—*Tiger.*

I sneezed a sneeze into the air;

It fell to ground I knew not where,

But hard and cold were the looks of those

In whose vicinity I snoze.

An old lady who was expecting to die told her niece to bury her in a black satin dress but to cut the back out and make herself a dress out of the material.

"Oh, Aunt Martha," said the girl, "I wouldn't want to do that. When you and Uncle Harry go through the golden gate, I don't want the people to see you without any back in your dress."

The old lady smiled and said, "They won't be looking at me. I buried your Uncle Harry without any pants."

A gentleman was much surprised when the good-looking young lady greeted him by saying, "Good evening." He could not remember ever having met her before.

She evidently realized her mistake for she apologized and explained: "Oh, I'm so sorry. When I first saw you I thought you were the father of two of my children."

She walked on while the man stared after her. She did not realize, of course, that he was unaware that she was a school teacher.

Mr. Cohen: Ikey, stop putting your fingers to your nose.

Ikey: Aw, fader, can't I have some fun on my own hook?

A famous negro died down South and fellow negroes from miles around came to pay their last respects to him. Melodious wailing that accompanied this ceremony attracted the attention of a passer-by white man who couldn't resist the temptation to find out exactly what was going on. He was just about to enter the house of the deceased when he noticed a little colored boy posted right at the edge of the door. "Why don't you go inside?" the white man asked.

"Ah can't go inside," came the reply. "Ah is the crepe."



**For Christmas**  
**KODAKS**  
Home Movie Outfits

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Complete Line Accessories

**Foister Photo Company**

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*Michael, Sterns*  
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Manhattan Shirts,  
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**RALEIGH, N. C.**

**FREE! A Box of Life Savers**  
**for the Best Wisecrack!**

What is the best joke that you heard  
on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may  
wisecrack yourself into a free prize box  
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For the best line submitted each  
month by one of the students, there will  
be a free award of an attractive cello-  
phane-wrapped assortment of all the  
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Jokes will be judged by the editors of  
this publication. The right to publish  
any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions  
of the editors will be final. The win-  
ning wisecrack will be published the  
following month along with the lucky  
winner's name.

Won this month by  
**REID BAHNSON**  
Sigma Alpha Epsilon House

**Best Wishes to All**  
**FOR A**

**Merry**  
**Christmas**

---

**Carolina Inn**  
**and**  
**Carolina Inn**  
**Cafeteria**





### Joan Crawford

takes time out from her part in M-G-M's "Mannequin" to play the part of Mrs. Santa Claus. Joan Crawford has smoked Luckies for eight years, has been kind enough to tell us: "They always stay on good terms with my throat."

### *TobaccoLand's Finest Gift*

When you offer friends the welcome gift of cigarettes, remember two facts:

1. Among independent tobacco men, Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as all other brands combined.
2. Luckies not only offer you the finest tobacco but also the throat protection of the process "It's Toasted".

**With men who know tobacco best...**

*It's Luckies 2 to 1*

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# THE CAROLINA BLACKBERRY



JANUARY  
1938  
15¢

Phil  
Link



# DO EXPERT MARKSMEN FIND THAT CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS MAKE A DIFFERENCE?

"YES, SIR, in any bunch of expert shots — Camels are the favorite cigarette," says *Ransford Triggs*, one of the foremost marksmen in America. "Marksmen know that it takes steady nerves to make high scores. And the fact that Camels don't frazzle my nerves goes over big with me. I smoke plenty of Camels every day, too."

And millions of other people — the most loyal group of smokers in the world — put their "O. K." on Camels too — making Camels the largest-selling cigarette in America

**TAKING X-RAYS** is a delicate job—and a tiring one too. But as Miss *Myrtle Sawler*, X-ray technician, says: "When I'm tired, a Camel refreshes me. I get a 'lift' with a Camel."



"I'M HANDLING money by thousands," says bank teller, *John McMahon*. "Jittery nerves don't fit in with this work. So it's Camels for me."

**HOME** economist, *Elizabeth May*, says: "There's a world of comfort in smoking Camels 'for digestion's sake,' at mealtimes."



{ ABOVE }

Head-on view of *Ransford Triggs* on the firing line. His .22 calibre rifle is equipped with hand-made sights. He uses the sighting 'scope' beside him to help get his sights set exactly for the centre of the bull's-eye. The glove helps protect his hand.



Camel pays millions more for **COSTLIER TOBACCOS!** Camels are a matchless blend of finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS** — Turkish and Domestic.

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# CAMELS THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

ALLAN BROWN



# Knaves of Sway

## Dornberger and Johnson



Charlie Dornberger

Charlie Dornberger, who pioneered the accordion and saxophone introduction in modern music, was born in New York City on June 5, 1902, and at the age of fourteen moved to California with his parents.

The saxophone is probably responsible for Dornberger's musical career. It all happened when he forsook his career as machinist after hearing the saxophone played for the first time in a small vaudeville house in Los Angeles. The musical instrument intrigued him so much that he purchased one. Night after night he practiced diligently in his little room on the outskirts of Los Angeles. He finally lost all interest in his career as machinist; in fact, was literally fired because he was always late on the job.

Within six months he mastered the instrument and, strange as it may seem, obtained a job with the band at the same theatre where he had first heard the instrument. That little theatre seemed to shape Dornberger's whole future, for it was

(Continued on page 23)

### Hits of the Month

by

JERNIGAN

"SWEET STRANGER" and "I'M THE ONE WHO LOVES YOU"—(Decca 1582)—Recorded by Reggie Child and his Orchestra—Two sweet tunes played in the original Child manner—trumpets predominate.

"VIENI VIENI" and "DON'T PLAY WITH FIRE"—(Bluebird B-7069)—Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees—The latest recording by Yale's musical son—Rudy's voice is seldom heard on a waxing; and when it is you can be sure it is EXCELLENT.

"EVERY DAY'S A HOLIDAY" and "NEGLECTED"—(Victor 25749)—Fats Waller and his Orchestra—The numbers are GOOD—The rhythm is CATCHY—Fats at the Ivories is SUPERB.

"THE ONE I LOVE" and "I CAN DREAM, CAN'T I?"—(Victor 25741)—Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra—Tommy at his best—It seems as though the tunes were written especially for him.

"JUST A SIMPLE MELODY" and "HOLIDAY IN HARLEM"—(Decca 1521)—Recorded by Chick Webb and his Orchestra—Vocals by Ella Fitzgerald—A couple that are always good, and when it comes to Harlem tunes they are the best.

"WHISTLE WHILE YOU WORK" and "WITH A SMILE AND A SONG"—(Victor 25748)—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians—Sweet music from Walt Disney's "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."



Johnny Johnson

When Johnny Johnson was born, out in Indiana some thirty-four years ago, they gave him pianos instead of rattles to play with, since Johnson senior was the owner of the only music store in town.

His musical education was started in earnest at the ripe old age of two years when the current popular hits, "Rufus Rastus Johnson Brown" and "Good Morning Carrie" were struggling along with the help of radio. Johnny (who was called Malcolm at the time) startled the local critics on account of being able to sing before the audience so it could tell what he was saying.

Thus, launched on a musical career, piano lessons started at the age of eight and the Johnson legs failed to grow with the agility of the fingers so that as a child prodigy at the age of ten it was necessary to install an extension so the lad could work the pedals.

Johnny took his music as a matter of course like meals, school, etc., and devoted his time to carrying the Washington Indiana Herald, Cincinnati

(Continued on page 27)

# THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER

THE OFFICIAL HUMOR MAGAZINE OF THE CAROLINA PUBLICATIONS UNION  
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VOLUME XIV

JANUARY, 1938

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## Time to Kill? Then Read This!

At last I've found out why the students here at Chapel Hill stand up when they read the jokes in THE BUCCANEER. It's merely respect for old age.

This fact was brought out very keenly on the day the last Buc came out. I was sitting at one of the booths in Mr. Grill's having my usual cup of coffee, while two girls behind me were reading a copy. All at once, I heard one of them laugh like heaven. "Look at this joke," she said. "I've been trying to remember it for two years."

Being very sensitive, by nature, I paid my bill and slipped out quietly, after glancing at the page she was reading, (being very curious, by nature also). However, the sunshine cleared everything up—as sunshine has a habit of doing. I decided that the Staff and I should con-

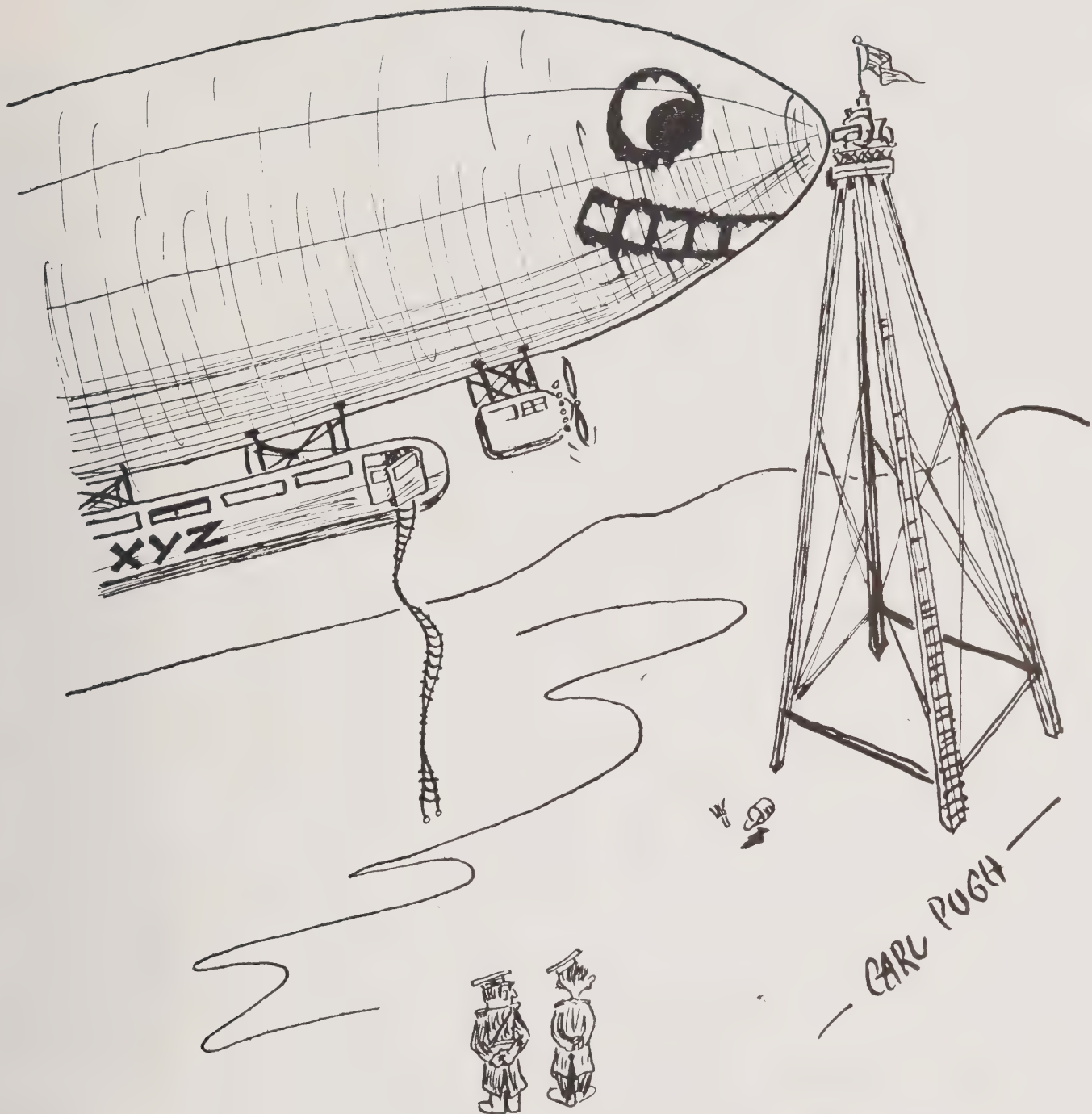
sider that as a compliment to our Art. For, after checking over the page from which the girl was reading and knowing something of her character by reputation, I decided that we had satisfied a want for her—if not economical, perhaps biological.

But, satisfaction being a temporal thing, the Staff and I concluded that perhaps the young woman, and others of such ilk, had not yet reached a point of satiation. Hence this issue.

However, Miss —, (I won't call you a name yet) if this doesn't fulfill your desires, and there are still quite a number you would like to recall, just drop by the office any afternoon from 2 till 5, and I'm sure the Staff would be more than glad to help you.

THE EDITOR.





*"I suppose this is another one of your jokes, Physledyk."*





CAROLINA

Thompkins



# The Carolina Buccaneer

University of North Carolina

VOLUME XIV

JANUARY, 1938

NUMBER 4

## DIVERS AND SUNDRY

### SANDUSKY SATYR

From Sandusky, Ohio, comes a tale unparalleled in the annals of crime, dripping with gore, torn with human passions, thrilling, horrifying—*now* we'll take that cheese sandwich—and with enough of the macabre to satisfy hardened professionals of the cult of the bloody hatchet.

It involves a man named James Miller, 32, a washing machine motor assembler, if your credulity admits the information shot in over the A-P wires. It seems he sawed off his child's head "because I wanted to," he told police. But it's his final words that bring such a delightful touch of naiveté to the proceeding.

But let the A-P tell it: "If I had time and if my wife would have held still," police quoted Miller, "I'd have killed her, too."

Lucky, lucky Mrs. Miller—you and your coffee nerves.



The foreman of one of the WPA projects found that due to breakage and wear and tear he had run short of shovels, so he wired to Mr. Hopkins in Washington, requesting that more shovels be sent to him.

The next day he received a reply, which read: "Have no more shovels. Tell the men to lean on each other."



New York's Senator Royal S. Copeland, who is also a phy-

←  
*"Boy, that was a swell vacation as long as he lasted!"*

sician, tickles the funnybones of his dinner companions with this medical yarn:

A man who had been bitten by a dog found that his wounds didn't heal and consulted a doctor. The physician, alarmed by the appearance of the wound, had the dog caught and examined. The dog had rabies. As it was too late to give the man a serum, the doctor told him he would have to die of hydrophobia.

The poor man sat down at a desk and began writing. The physician sought to comfort him.

"Perhaps it will not be so bad," he said. "You needn't make your will now."

"I'm not making my will," replied the man. "I'm writing out a list of people I'm going to bite."



We are very depressed these days, and a little nervous. It's all because of an ad we happened to see in a popular monthly. It wasn't anything very important really; but we saw in it the true prognostication of the death of our puny civilization. The ad was a picture of a smiling charming lady proudly displaying her electric toothbrush. And to think that we have been counting all this time on a cosmic cataclysm to destroy the world and defeat the Democratic party. But to have our civilization end because people are too lazy to brush their own teeth! Honestly we could cry when we think of it. At least

the Romans went out over a good dinner.



There's a story been going around the faculty about the absent-minded professor and his absent-minded wife. It seems that the professor had just returned from a hard day's work, and after dinner he and his wife settled down in the living-room to enjoy the radio. Suddenly there was a sharp knock on the door. "My husband!" the absent-minded wife gasped. "My God!" said the professor, and jumped out the window.



One of our more daring compatriots walked into class recently, wearing a coat which truly outdid Joseph's. The clash of colors almost made a noise. The chap just couldn't have hoped to get by without some comment, but, perhaps, nothing like what he actually did get back from one of those everpresent back-of-the-roomers. As the intrepid one entered, said heckler exclaimed, "Ye gods'. That's the first time I've seen a sunset with buttons!"



### ¶ Hircine . . .

We have a goat in our neighborhood whose name is Pat. One day I left my notebook folder and two textbooks on the back porch. When I came out again Pat had eaten them—even to the last binomial equation. But I didn't care for now I had my lessons down Pat.

—T. K. Wright.

## Dangerous Dan the Stew

A bunch of the boys were shoot-  
ing craps  
In the Chi Chi boress room,  
And the gent who bent, on the  
old felt rug,  
Wore a hang dog look of gloom.  
And off in a corner, loading his  
dice,  
Sat Dangerous Stan the Stew  
And the dope who watched him,  
the dirty stooge,  
Reached to his hip for a chew.  
When out of the hall, which was  
filthy with stubs,  
And into the ring of the clan,  
There staggered a freshman,  
last one to pledge  
With a face like a sprinkling can.  
It appeared to one guy as he  
gave him the eye,

That he was musty around the  
gills,  
But the rhine tossed in a fresh  
green fin,  
And called for those polka dot  
pills.  
So he grabbed the cubes from  
one of the rubes,  
And shook them like rocks in a  
pan  
With a cute little twist and a  
flick of the wrist  
They shot off the back of his  
hand.  
The little squares bounced, gave  
one last flounce,  
And finally rolled to a stop.  
The gents all gasped as the  
freshman laughed,  
For a five and a deuce were on  
top.

Those naturals rolled out like  
rain from a spout,  
And the suckers were finally  
through.  
"Here's my last buck, I'll try my  
luck,"  
Sneered Dangerous Stan the  
Stew.  
But the frosh said "No, that  
bet's no go,  
I'll tell you what I will do,  
We'll roll this point for the Chi  
Chi joint,  
I'll put up my roll against you."  
With the air of a pro ol' Stan  
let go  
And fainted into a lapse,  
For the boys could see, when the  
dice rolled free  
He'd loaded those babies for  
craps.



*"Who the hell cares what Landis says!"*



## ... SCENE In Print

"Miss Jane Lawrence of Hollywood, a graduate of California business college, has been employed as a teacher of stenography and typewriting by the local high school Board. She is an exponent of the couch system."

—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

The Greyhound Company Now Boasts of the Most Extensive Bus T Line in the Country.

—*Los Angeles Journal*.

There, isn't that something to be chesty about.

We stopped this one ourselves:  
JAP ARMY IN THE NORTH  
MAKES FATHER GAINS

—*Daily Mirror*.

Someone always follows the army.

Samuel E. Hill, one of the two traveling salesmen who conceived and helped establish the Gideon Society that established the Gideon Bible and placed it in hotel rooms all over the world, died the other day at his home in Wisconsin. Think of it: a traveling salesman encouraging Bible reading! They don't do it nowadays—too busy, reading price lists.

—*Lincoln (Calif.) News*.  
Well, too busy, anyway.

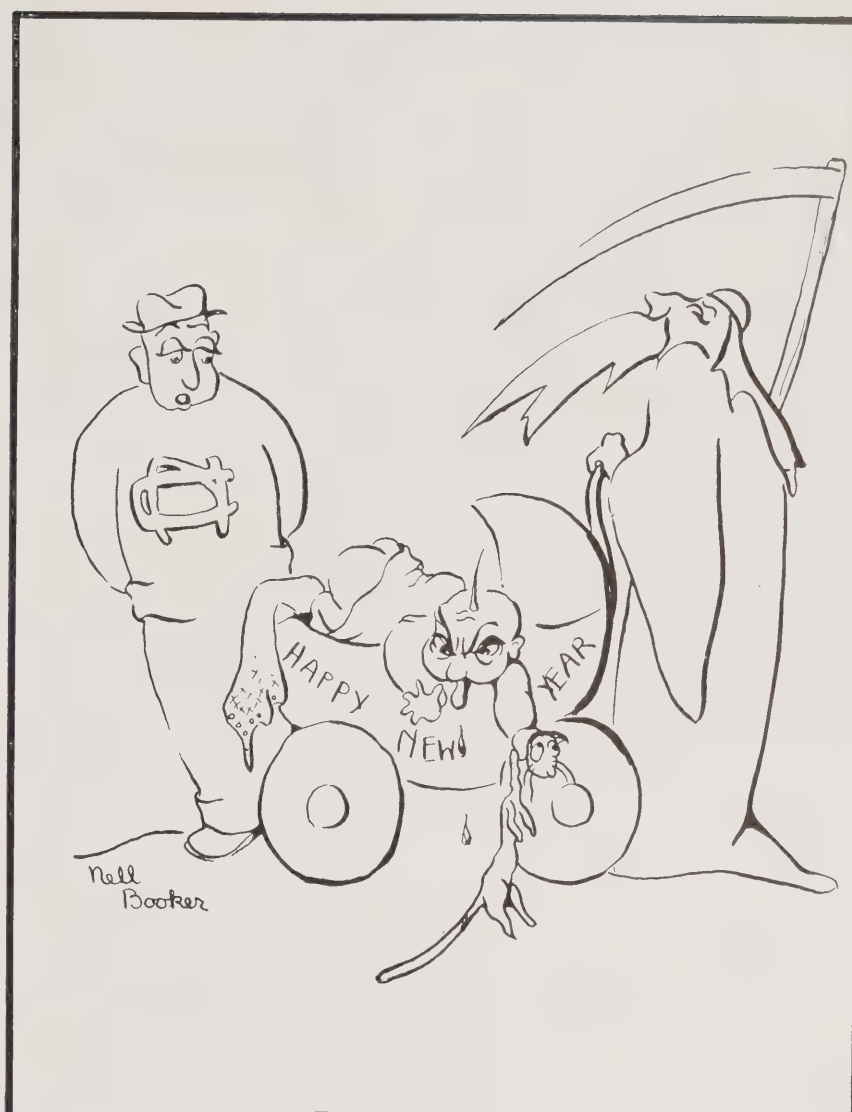
GREAT NECK  
GIRL WED  
IN CHURCH

—*Social Review (Telegram)*.  
She was . . . eh!

MAKE MINE RISQUE  
She is a brown-eyed brunette, 23 years old, and an accomplished danger.—

—*Union City Press*.

We prefer an inexperienced little peril ourselves.



"Will it bite?"

PARENTS URGED  
TO FACE FACTS

—*Parents' Magazine*  
Go ahead, kids, tell 'em.

Best Workers of WPA Average 47 in Age, Says Miss Perkins, in Plea for Older Men

—*N. Y. Times*.

Darling, we are growing older.

"A middle-aged man strolled through Rock Fountain Park early last evening and kissed eleven women on the way. He was apprehended by the police at the west entrance and gave his name as Martin Hawley, of Hollywood, California. The man is believed to be sample minded.

—*St. Louis Dispatch*.

MAN SLASHES WRISTS,  
SLITS THROAT, JUMPS 9  
STORIES, STILL LIVES

—*Atlanta Journal*.

He ought to be on the Olympic team as a chop, slit, and jump man.

NEWLYWEDS BACK  
FROM ADVENTURE

—*United Press*.

So that's what they call a honeymoon.

2 SAFETIES PIN NEBRASKA

—*Daily Mirror*.

What? No zippers?

While the cat's away, the mice will multiply. —*Red Cat*.







# Calumny of the Columnists

By

**Pete Ivey**

It has come to my attention that Hayden Clement is a rack-eteer. I have been actually confronted with that fact. The evidence has stared me in the face.

Hayden has invited me several times to contribute to the BUCCANEER, and I have each time accepted with delight, but up until now have been unable to get around to it. Always I had good intentions, but every time I began to think about writing something, something else would always turn up.

Last month I faithfully promised to get something in for the Christmas issue. "I tell you what," I said to Hayden. "I'll give you the real low down on Santa Claus."

"That sounds all right," said Hayden. "Get it in right away."

Well sir, I've forgotten exactly what happened; but I didn't write anything. One morning I was going to the Book Ex to buy a dope, and I saw Hayden walking towards the Alumni building. "I'm going to get even with you," he called. I protested my innocence towards any information he might have concerning any of my public or private activities, but he wouldn't listen. "Just wait," he said.

The Christmas issue dealt rather lightly with me, but I was able to see the handwriting on the wall, things to come, and the horrible prognostications of future events. I must pay tribute to this monster Clement or pay and pay and pay.

So I have decided to get down

to work and write something for the BUCCANEER, which has been my favorite publication ever since my high school days when two high school seniors let me, a freshman, read a BUCCANEER that had been smuggled into Rocky Mount from far away Chapel Hill. I think I'll write a column.

Writing a brand new column is a mighty courageous attempt for a campus that has such great literary figures and experienced columnists as the Gilmore boys (no relation); Allen Merrill, the white hope from Alabama; Lawrence Hinkle, the Phi Beta Kappa president who has made good in spite of it; and the indomitable Stuart Rabb who stands foursquare to all the winds that blow, reforms all evils, and flings subtle vituperation at all harum-scarum waves of radicalism that dares break upon his rocks of reaction.

I ain't forgot that J. Mac Smith is still writing columns. I'm coming to him.

My purpose in this column is to make a burlesque of the columns written by those boys. I'll start with Charlie Gilmore's on account of I think his is best. The title is

**My Way, or Life on a Pass from  
E. C. Smith**

by Charlie Swillmore

The Student Advisory met the other night to discuss ways and means to have squirrels on the campus bring water to the dormitories from the Old Well in the event the well dries up should we have a drought. The committee arrived at no conclusions, because the squirrels refused to send a delegation to consider the project with them. They'd rather take a chance on

some fresh nuts in the Davie Poplar vicinity.

If there is no action taken, there may be a committee appointed to advise the advisory committee. The Old Well has not been approached concerning the matter, but the people who drink dopes there at Chapel Period are fully convinced that nothing is being done.

The water that one drinks from the Well is not well water but is from a pipe in the ground from the buildings department. There is still water in the well, but it is not being used except to soak the ground; and besides still water never runs deep.

\* \* \*

**Dangles**

By Allen Merriwell

When it becomes time to lift the students from their semi-annual lethargy at the elections in the Spring, it may be well to consider the matter of fees.

Among the many items is a miscellaneous one of \$1.50 for which the students are assessed to keep the grass growing and the signs posted to keep students from walking on the grass.

Suppose we did not plant grass next year where the paths are situated. That would save some slight expense, and we would also be able to save somewhat on the please signs. The square acreage on the campus in comparison with the long acreage of the paths made by students would not in the long run be square to all concerned.

Only 2c per acre would be saved by not planting the grass seed in those places. It might be well to have the Publications Union Board consider the matter. It may be a function of that  
(PLEASE FLIP)



*We present this month for  
your scansion and approval  
(?) twenty-four lithe, lethal,  
limbs which limp along the  
campus lanes.*

Board to appropriate that money, inasmuch as students read papers while walking on the grass.

\* \* \*

### Hoots in a Barrel

(My parody on this title was censored)

By Lawrence Xinkle

Perched astraddle a washboard yesterday afternoon I gazed into the soapsuds and reflected on how much the wash reminded me of Charley Gilmore in a sweat with perspiration running down his neck and soaking his shirt.

Thus engrossed my other self (my Charlie McCarthy, as it were) spoke up and said, "Let's navigate uptown and buy a dope."

Buying a dope. Buying a dope. Buying a dope. That's all we think about. Don't you think I get tired of drinking dopes? Don't you think I get tired of seeing dopes? Listening to dopes; talking to dopes; being with dopes?

Those uptown merchants aren't in the business for their health. Those things on their arms are not vaccination scabs; they're festered time bombs.

How're you feeling today, YOURSELF?

\* \* \*

### A Chip Off the Shoulder

By Stewed Rabbit

Newspapers in the metropolitan areas yesterday carried a story to the effect that a horsefly, buzzing around a horse belonging to a certain Mrs. Astor, was swatted by an attendant, the result being that Mrs. Astor's horse avoided injury and may win many more races.

Perhaps the tycoons of the labor unions would gain by knowing of the fate of the horsefly. Suppose the horsefly had been carrying a sign around its thorax reading, "Down with horse races and fox chases and other capitalistic sports of the



*"She says it followed her around all during the holidays but nothing happened."*

reactionaries and economic royalists." That would have pleased them no end.

If John L. Lewis and his CIO would get back to nature and the fundamental tenets of true Americanism, they would profit by the lesson exhibited by the horsefly. Our pioneer ancestors knew about the horsefly.

Where will the Unions be tomorrow? Where is the horsefly of yesterday?

\* \* \*

### Raincheck

(By Honest John)

Blowly Busby, the pride of the Sigma Zogs, staggered into the house the other night with one half of his shirt tied around his ankles and his necktie holding up his arm.

The arm, broken in three places, was holding a corsage of lilies of the valley.

"Where did you get that flower," shouted Freshman Joe Putzky. "From that lady I seen you with last night?"

Blowly sank to the floor and it was two days later before they sobered him up.

Sign on the door of a short order restaurant in Greensboro, "You can take our handburghers out or you can eat them here, but you can't take them far or stop me from dreaming."

Bill Soupnuts went to class the other day with answers to questions on his underwear. Imagine his chagrin when he found that he'd forgotten to wear his pants, and the whole class would have made A's, had he not forgotten also to change from his woolen underwear to his flannel.



# The Life of Joe Quintetski---Ace

by Joe Quintetski---Ace

## OPUS I

### "A Star Is Born"

Joe: "Wa-a-a!" (I was quite young when born).

Joe's Pa: "What's the matter with the kid?"

Joe's Ma: "He wants his basketball."

Joe's Pa: "Well, why don't you give it to him?"

Joe's Ma: "Because, everytime I do he does a double dribble."

## OPUS II

### "A Star Develops"

Joe's Pa: "Here we sit in a restaurant suffering embarrassment while Joe swipes tips left for the waiters."

Joe's Ma.: "Well, Pa, Joey said it was very important in bas-

ketball to get the tip. He's practicing."

## OPUS III

"I will! I will! I will!"

H.S. Coach: "If this team doesn't learn how to pass, we might as well quit."

Joe: "Why, coach! We can pass with the best of 'em."

Coach: "That's what you think, but your mid-term exams don't show it!"

## OPUS IV

"I'm Getting Better"

IU Frosh Coach: "Big hands are assets every basketball player should possess."

Joe: "That's me all over, coach! I got a big hand in every game at high school." (Send 3 cents for my autographed scrap-book).

## OPUS V

"Publicity Hounds Eat Me Up"  
Item in paper: "The basketball squad this year boasts several promising sophomores, among them Joe Quintetski, an Irish lad of Polish ancestry. Joe is a law student and apparently has a great future on the bench."

## OPUS VI

"A Star Is Born"

Joe, Jr.: "Wa-a-a!"

Old Joe: "What's the matter with the kid?"

Joe's Wife: "He wants his basketball."

Old Joe: "Well, stick it down his throat and bounce him over to me."



PAUL  
LINK



The doctor was visiting Rastus' wife to deliver her twelfth offspring. While riding along with Rastus he saw a duck in the road.

Doctor: Whose duck is that?

Rastus: That ain't no duck. That's a stork with his legs wore off.



God gave us two ends, one to sit on and the other to think with. A man's success depends upon which end he uses most. It's a case of heads you win and tails you lose.



Judge: On what grounds do you ask for divorce?

Wife: Insanity, Your Honor. I put crackers in his bed and he ate them.

Judge: Is that all?

Wife: No, Your Honor. After he had eaten the crackers, he wanted to know who stole his soup.  
—Owl.



A long wisp of artificial grain was the ornament on a girl's hat in the tramcar. It was placed horizontally, and it was tickling the face of a man who sat next to the wearer. Soon it came to rest in his ear.

The man took a huge clasp-knife from his pocket and began stropping it on the palm of his hand.

"Oh, what are you going to do?" cried the girl.

"If them oats gets in my ear again, miss," replied the victim, "there's going to be a harvest."



Fatima: You certainly are a big, massive man?

Harem Guard (eunuch): Yeah, I believe I could make two of you.

Fatima: Yeah—you and who else?



Audrey tells about a stage couple who named their child Encore—because he wasn't on the program.





## Making Merry

Maybe you will try this method. A little brother tried it last year with unlimited success. To make merry, little Oscar performed the following acts.

1. He amused the 6th Grade kids by sticking Santa Claus with a pin and hearing the school proctor yell, "Ouch, d--n it!"

2. He hid under the sofa and sewed his sister's skirt to a soft leg. They laughed when she got up to dance. She nearly split.

3. When Oscar's sister got her gift from the boy friend, Oscar typed a note: "Bob—I said I would forgive your past, but I am disappointed in your present."

4. He put glue inside pop's Santa Claus mask.

5. He tied the price tag from mom's new paring knife onto his sister's new bracelet.

6. He hid the tracks of his new electric train in pop's bed. When pop went to bed, what he remarked would be censored, so why bother writing it?

7. Bob was so excited when he saw Oscar's sister under the mistletoe he didn't see Oscar with a broomstick. He knew something had gone wrong when the stick tripped him and his head went through Oscar's drum.

8. Oscar cried then until he got a nickel.

9. He poured a bottle of brandy on mom's fruitcake and touched a match to it.

10. When pop was dressing up like Santa Claus and mom was helping him, they heard a voice from the door say: "You old folks go to a heck of a lot of trouble for me. I don't really deserve it." It was Oscar, of course.



*"Yeah, we always have a little rain in Chapel this time of year."*

## HAMLET

Last night Eddie slips me a ticket  
For one of them opera shows  
And the name of the show is called Hamlet,  
So I breaks out my glad rags and goes.

Well, it's gloom from the moment it opens  
Till the time the theayter shuts,  
And the company's half of them loony—  
And the rest of the cast is all nuts.

The tenor's a goof known as Hamlet,  
But his real name is George W. Gloom;  
He's a regular life of the party,  
'Bout as jolly and gay as a tomb.

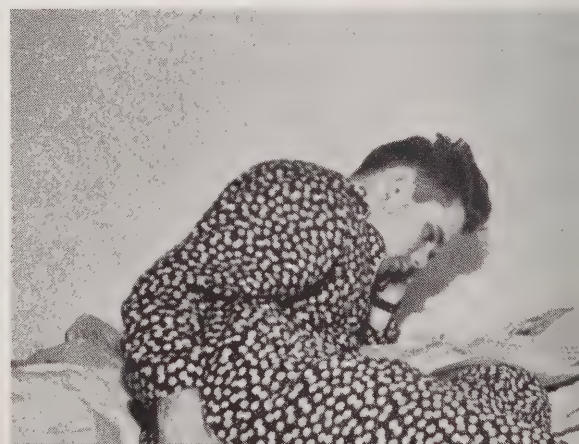
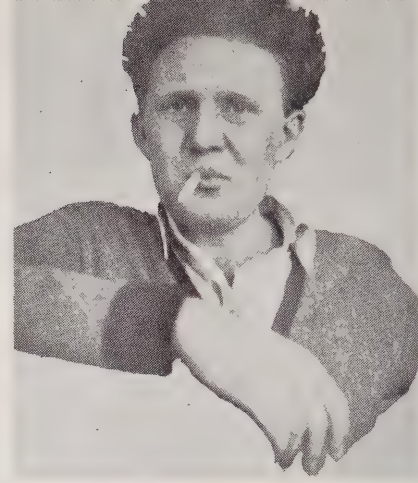
His old man was King of the Denmarks  
An' the poor simp is weak in the bean;  
For his dad has been croaked by his uncle  
Who right afterwards married the Queen.

So young Hamlet he just hangs around there,  
And he talks to hisself like a nut;  
But as yet he ain't hep that his father  
Was bumped off by his uncle—the mutt.

One night he slips out of the castle,  
An' goes up on the roof for some air,  
When along comes the ghost of his father  
An' shoots him an earfull for fair.

*(Continued on page 21)*







## THE SAGA OF SORDID SADIE

Sadie arose from her barrel-stave bed and said, "I think I'll call up Ralph," and coughed until her moth-eaten lungs flapped like buzzard's wings in her sunken chest. She drew on her sheer hose and stuck a few warts back in through the holes. "Heck," she said and started looking for her teeth. She found them in the gum she had stuck on the bed-post the night before.

She went down three flights of stairs in four leaps and threw emaciated female bodies left and right getting into the phone booth. She called the Rover Boys' house and when Ralph Ringworm came to the phone she said, "Hello, Ralph." Then she added, "Meet me in the second floor of the Well House, room 444 at eight tonight," and tripped back upstairs.

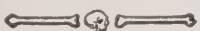
Ralph did not show up that night, but he left for her a neon sign on the Union Building: "I just got a job as toastmaster in a Chicago breadline; therefore, I will not be here tonight." So Sadie went home and drank a pint of poison ivy and scratched away all cares of life.



A little city boy was telling his cousin about his first visit to a farm.

"You should have seen the pig," he said. "It was in a pen with a lot of little ones, and it seemed to be afraid of them, for they chased it all over. Finally, it got so tired it just fell down—and then the little ones jumped down and chewed all the buttons off its vest."

—*Navy Log.*



Professor: What is it?

Nurse: It's a boy.

Professor: What does he want?

—*The Pointer.*



He took her gently in his arms  
And pressed her to his breast.  
The lovely color left her face  
And lodged on his full dress.

## THE SPECIES

They want a drink?

Well what the hell!

Serve 'em up

And serve 'em well.

Drink to the man

Who presides at the bar.

Drink to their boy friends

Whatever they are.

Drink all around, boys,

And drink with a cheer;

The toast is on me, boys,

(Gus, make it beer).

Here's to them all.

Here's to the Widow, the Vamp,

And the Flirt:

To Agnes and Annie

And any old skirt.

Here's to the fair ones

And dishers of dirt.

To the flat ones, and fat ones,

To the ultimate squaw:

The doddering damsel

Who'll marry us all.

To those who are cock-eyed,

Let 'em drink till they rot;

To those who are sponges,

To those who are not.

Drink like a potlatch

To the whole damn lot:

To the soak and the souse

And the sop and the sot!

Who said anything about co-eds?



Mother (entering room unexpectedly): Why, I never . . .

Daughter: Oh mother, you must have!

—*Owl.*



A fiery tempered Southern gentleman wrote the following letter:

"Sir, my stenographer, being a lady, cannot type what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, cannot think it. You, being neither, will understand just what I mean."

—*Exchange.*



He: Why did you quit your job?

She: The boss was so bow-legged I fell thru his lap.

—*Syracusan.*

There was a young woman  
named Minta

Who went to the gym in the  
winta

She slipped on the floor

And ran into the door

Oh my how the splinters went  
into!

This very same lady named  
Minta

She married a man in the winta

The man's name was Wood

And now as they should

The Woods have a cute little  
splinta.

—*Medley.*



Female Customer: Where's  
the women's lingerie?

Clerk: Sporting goods on the  
second floor, ma'am.

—*Froth.*



Blind Man: See that fly walk-  
ing on the church steeple across  
the water there?

His Deaf Companion: No—  
but I hear him picking his  
teeth.

—*The Old Maid.*



Teacher: Johnny, tell the  
class a story with a bitter end.

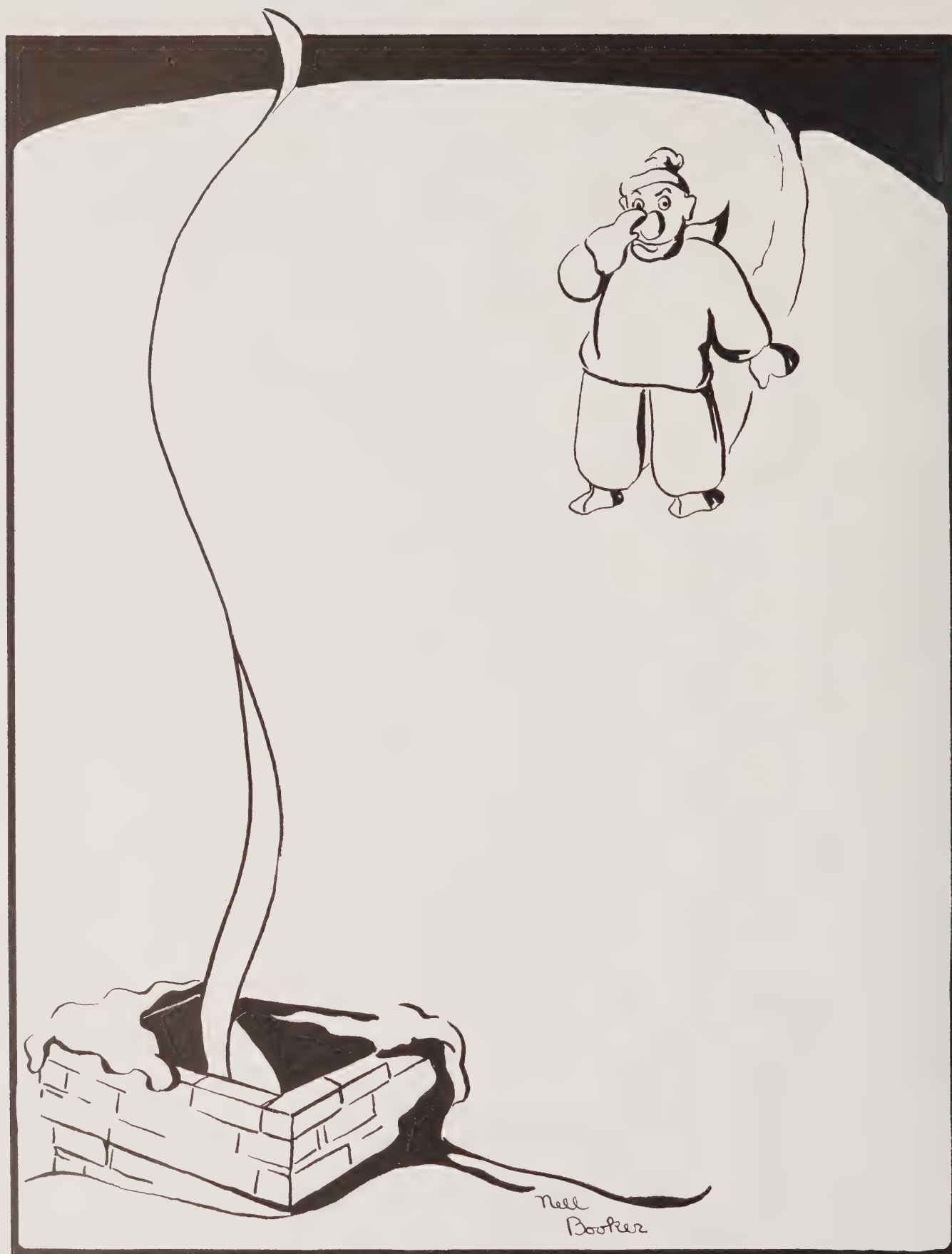
Johnny: Well, once there was  
a dog. And this dog wuz goin'  
along one day, and he saw a  
cat. So-o, he started chasing the  
cat. Well, the cat—she ran  
around the house, an' the dog, he  
ran around the house after her.  
So-o they ran 'round and 'round  
the house, and finally the dog  
got so close to the cat—that as  
they went 'round the house for  
the forty-leventh time—he bit-  
ter end!



It happend one day after tea,  
That strong convulsions seized  
the sea,

And one beheld, along the rail,  
A flock of people turning pale,  
It happened then, ah then it  
passed,

That pie came first and soup  
came last.



*"Say, Ma! Come look. It's been snowin'."*



# The Exile

(Written by a young American in China and printed on board the U. S. Steamship Coolidge recently, this poem was contributed by Mr. Paul Jernigan, general manager of the Standard Oil Company in Peiping, China, who, however, disagrees with the author. Mr. Jernigan is spending a few months in America with his son, a student of this University.)

I'm sick of the Mongol and Tartar,  
I'm sick of the Jap and Malay;  
And far-away spots on the chart are  
No place for yours truly to stay.  
I've had enough under-sized chicken,  
And milk that came out of a can;  
The East is no place to stick in,  
For this one particular man.

I'm weary of curry and rice, all  
Commingle with highly spiced dope;  
I'm weary of bathing in lysol,  
And washing with carbolic soap.  
I'm tired of itch, skin diseases,

Mosquitoes and vermin and flies;  
I'm fed up with tropical breezes,  
And sunshine that dazzles my eyes.

Oh, Lord, for a wind with a tingle,  
An atmosphere zestful and keen;  
Oh, Lord, once again just to mingle with  
Crowds that are white folks—and clean.  
To eat without fear of infection,  
To sleep without using a net,  
And throw away all my collection  
Of iodine, quinine, et cet.

To know all the noise and the clamor,  
The hurry and fret of the west;  
I'd trade all the Orient glamor,  
That damned lying poets suggest.  
They sing of the East as enthralling,  
(And that's why I started to roam;)  
But I hear the Occident calling,  
Oh, Lord, but I want to go Home.

# Genealogical

The Snobia Research Bureau  
1101 L Street

Terre Haute, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

I cannot say how deeply touched I was to find on looking in my mailbox that you had remembered me, the youngest of the Jukeses, and had thought that I too might like to own a copy of "A Genealogical and Historical Study of the Jukes Family From Earliest Times." It is indeed splendid to think that your research staff has been working all these years unearthing the evidence that will make every Jukes in America proud that he springs from so noble a line. Of course such a document will be of deep interest to me and to my kinsmen.

I will be counting the days till the mail will bring me the results of what must have been a truly fascinating study. I know very little about the origin and growth of my family in Europe, and, as you say, its place among the gentry there, except that one of my ancestors, Tobias Jukes, was given his passage to Aus-

tralia as a gift from the British Government. Just why he left Australia for this country and what part he played in the early settlement and subsequent history of America, I do not at present know. It will be fascinating to find what facts you have dug up about this. But I do know that his son, George Washington Jukes, who settled in Buffalo, did his part to make the Civil War the great struggle that it was by supplying the South with munitions. I don't quite remember how the Jukeses figured in the Revolutionary War, but you would know more about that than I do.

I will be delighted to hear all about the Coat of Arms and will certainly put it on my notepaper, my calling card, and my bicycle.

I can tell by the tone of the postcard you so kindly sent me that your organization believes as I do that America should become conscious of its aristocracy and that the gentry should be sharply differentiated from other elements of the population.

I am enclosing \$10.00 for a

copy of the manuscript "bound in a handsome black cover and stamped in silver ink, suitably designed for filing among family records or other important documents." Please find also a special delivery stamp.

Gratefully yours,

*Lemuel Jukes.*

P.S.: I am glad to see that you, too, apparently think nothing of the fact that my father never did come back to marry mother after all.

—EAS



Fran: Say, you were patting my ankle a second ago, and now it's my knee.

Jerry: Do you object?

Fran: No, but I will in a minute.



The difference between Harvard and Princeton is that at Harvard they have private bathrooms and you don't get to know anybody.

—Mad Hatter.





# I Killed My Wife with a Bed Post

Yes, it's true. I killed her—killed her in cold blood. She was lovely, the sweetest creature that God ever made; she was the loveliest creature that anyone ever made. She was beautiful, alluring, well-poised, and I loved her. But by all that's holy, she deserved to die.

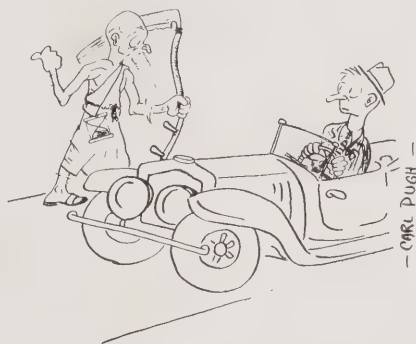
We met one heavenly night at the Junior prom, and immediately I became infatuated with her. As we danced together, swaying majestically to the hot burning rhythm of the Tango, I held her in a passionate embrace, wishing that we could go on dancing like that forever. My wife and seven little children were forgotten; my position in the business world meant nothing, all that mattered was that she and I should be together.

As we danced cheek to cheek she looked up at me tenderly and said: "Dearest, I'm glad to see that you use Pinaud's Eue de Quinine, for it prevents rancid hair." I smiled at her, for you see I am an ad-writer of the first water. "You can't wash your hair every day as you do your face," she continued, "and naturally it collects dirt. Naturally its excess oil turns 'sour'—offends—while the natural acidity of perspiration gets in its destructive work." Whereupon I answered, "Too true. Too true, I insist upon the genuine product by Pinaud." And thus our bond was forever tightened, we at last could meet on common ground, for you see she reads the ads I write faithfully.

As we were sitting under the heavenly stars one night, she snuggled close to me and uttered a cute sigh of content. Looking up at me wistfully she said in a surprised voice, "I never noticed it before but you are only a half-shaver." My whole world collapsed at these words; alas, we had our first argument. All night I tossed and turned weighing the

problem in my mind. Then I discovered Mennen, the talcum for men. I now use Mennen faithfully, for a man can't go around half-shaved you know.

The next afternoon we kissed and made up. To my surprise there was no lip rouge on my face. She explained that she used Tatto, the new indelible lipstick. Then I know that this woman must be mine . . . completely. I could not go on without her; so I shot my wife, and we were married. She already had a husband in Pomona, but what's a husband or two in Pomona to a man in love?



Our honeymoon was a beautiful dream turned into nightmare. For she, as you must have guessed, was an Adomaniac. Her favorite pastime was to go on extended shopping tours of the city. This, alas and alack, is the telltale symptom of a true case of Adomaniacismologirus, from which she suffered. I shall never forget the time she went with me to buy some new clothes. As I tried on a suit I had been wanting for weeks, she laughingly reproached me with, "You should use Talon my dear, for you KNOW your trousers are always properly fastened," and, laughing lightly, "It's quicker." "Just slide it," said the clerk, "and your trousers are opened or closed." Gritting my teeth, I vowed by our love to insist upon Talon . . . spelled T-A-L-O-N.

Later she confided in me, "I admire men who wear Gripper shorts, for grippers end all but-

ton worry. They never fail, they're neater, and the name Gripper is stamped on every fastener."

Slowly but inexorably her constant ad plugging was trying my patience to the utmost. I felt that some day I would break under the strain—and break, I did, with a ferocity of seven lions. I was but slightly irked when she explained the many benefits of our indirect lighting system, or when she insisted I use Listerine for my "morning after mouth," "athletes foot," "barbers itch," and "pink tooth brush," but when she refused to sleep in the same room with me unless I used Nobelt pajamas for "you know they don't disturb your sleep and cause undue discomfort," then by Gawd I lost my head. Yes, it's true. I killed her . . . fifteen minutes later . . . with a bed post. —Mort.



## THOUGHTS ON REGISTRATION

Oh, what keeps every freshman  
From breaking under the strain?  
Oh, what keeps each poor freshman

From becoming quite insane?  
Oh, what keeps timid freshmen  
From a softening of the brain?  
Nothing. —Old Line.



Mother: Why are you making  
faces at that bulldog?

Small Child (wailing): He  
started it.



Guest: I'll have some raw  
oysters, not too large nor too  
small, not too salty nor too fat.  
They must be cold, and I want  
them quickly!

Waiter: Yes, sir. With or  
without pearls?

—Jack o' Lantern.

### GARRULOUS

Out on the farm, the folks are pretty well isolated, and they sort of get out of the habit of talking very much. Grandpa remembers a story about his next door neighbors on the next farm forty miles away who were about the quietest family in the county when it came to talking.

Well, this family had been getting on pretty well for some time—nobody had said a word in over three weeks when one morning they got up and the mother said to her son, "Whar's pa?"

The two sat down to breakfast, and after the meal was over, the boy replied, "Out in the barn."

About noon the boy returned from the fields where he had been working. During lunch his mother startled him by saying, "What's he doin'?"

The youth returned to his work, and about sundown he came trudging home for supper. As he entered the house, he said, "He's a-hangin'."

Soon supper was over and the dishes done. Then the old lady came into the front room where her son was sitting. "Why didn't you cut him down?" she asked.

For several hours they sat reading and knitting. Then both got ready for bed. Just before he dropped off to sleep the boy raised himself up on one elbow and spoke. "Warn't dead yet," he said.

The Spartan youth used to return with his shield or on it. The modern youth returns with the windshield or through it.

### THE CURSE OF THE RUMPLEWITS

One fine spring afternoon in the early years of the eighteenth century, Baron Rumplewit was spurring his roan mare down a shadowy path on his country estate. Suddenly a gypsy woman, old and picturesque, appeared from the underbrush and grasp-

ed his bridle. The baron casually tossed her a shilling.

"Only a shilling?" screamed the hag. "Only a shilling? Curse ye for for your parsimony, Baron Rumplewit! Curse ye and your son and your son's son, and every child born in your castle to the seventh generation! The gypsy's curse be upon ye!"

The baron paid no attention and cantered cheerfully home. Little did he dream of the future that was in store for his descendants. From then on, the castle was mantled with the dread shadow of the curse of the Rumplewits.

The Baron lived on to a contented old age. His son and his son's son also lived peacefully and happily till they died of old age. And so it went for six generations.

The seventh descendant of the old baron, Luth Rumplewit, was a handsome lad, popular and well liked by all who knew him. He was brave as well, and had no fear of the dire curse of the Rumplewits. In fact, he hadn't even heard of the dire curse of the Rumplewits.

Luther Rumplewit, too, died of old age. The gypsy was sore as hell.—

### Bitter Lines Explaining My Silence

Though Life goes on from day to day

The Muse in me is dead;  
Everything I want to say  
Somebody else has said.

—*Claire*

### Opinion

There was an old man who had a grouch and a pretty daughter. The daughter attracted young men to his home, but the grouch sometimes drove them away. Besides, the old man was not in any hurry to have his daughter marry and leave him.

One afternoon, as the old man sat on the porch of his home, a young man called. While waiting for the daughter to come down, he sat on the porch near the father. To start a conversation the young man said:

"Looks like rain, Mr. Brown."

"'Tain't goin' to rain," said the old man.

There was a silence for a few moments, then the old man said, "What's your name, young man?"

"My name's John Richard Jones, son of Newton Jones of Hopeville."

"What, you're not the son of my old friend, Newt Jones? Well, it *may* rain."

—*Kablegram.*

"A rag, a bone, and a hank of hair . . ."

"Is he quoting Kipling?"

"No, he's taking inventory at the Shack."

A San Francisco women's club decided to crack down on indecency in the theater. Their first move was to declare a boycott on all burlesque shows. And their rather illogical opening gun in this boycott campaign was to send some of their members who had never been close to burlesque houses before to see these shows and report on them.

One of the venerable ladies, a leader in church and parent-teachers organizations, told her reaction to her maiden visit to the den of sin.

"Why," she said, "it didn't seem so bad to me. Some girls just came on the stage without any clothes on and sang dirty songs."

—*Pell-Mell.*



## HAMLET

*(Continued from page 13)*

"That lowlife, your uncle, has croaked me,  
And he's went off and married your ma.  
Will you let that rat hand you the ha-ha?  
Says Hamlet: "Just notice me, pa!"

Young Ham has a frail called Ophelia,  
And her pop is a dreary old goof.  
And they can't dope why Hamlet's gone batty;  
They don't know what he seen on the roof.

Well, Ham goes an' calls on his mother,  
An' he bawls the old girl out for fair,  
Then he sees something move in the curtains  
An' thinks that his uncle is there.

So he jabs with his sword through the curtain,  
And he cries: "Now we're even, my lad";  
But it isn't the King, but Polonius,  
And he's killed poor Ophelia's old dad.

Then Ophelia, poor kid, just goes daffy,  
When she hears how her old man is crowned,  
An' she goes around singing like crazy  
Till she walks in the lake and gets drowned.

There's a jolly old scene in the graveyard  
Where Prince Hamlet gets into a scrape  
With Ophelia's big brother Laertes  
Who wants to mess up Hamlet's map.

Then the King says, "Now, boys, don't get nasty;  
I know how to fight the thing out.  
I've got some tin swords at the castle,  
An' we'll frame up a nice friendly bout."

Then he winks at Laertes and whispers:  
"We'll knock this here nut for a goal,  
I'll smear up your sword with some poison,  
An' we'll make Hamlet look like a fool."

So they pull off the bout like they planned it,  
But the King thinks his scheme may slip up.  
So he orders a cold drink for Hamlet,  
And some poison he sneaks in the cup.

Then Ham and Laertes start fighting,  
And the King slips Laertes the wink,  
But the Queen, she ain't wise to what's doing,  
And she swallows the King's poisoned drink.

Then Hamlet gets stuck in the shoulder,  
And he sees how he's framed from the start,  
So he switches the swords on Laertes  
An' he stabs the poor bum through the heart.

Then he runs his sword right through his uncle,  
And he says, "Well, let's call it a day,"  
Then the Queen dies, the King dies, and Ham dies;  
An' I call it a helluva play.

## Tin You

I bought a wooden whistle but  
it wooden whistle,  
So I bought a steel whistle,  
But steel it wooden whistle,  
So I bought a lead whistle,  
Still they wooden lead me  
whistle,  
So I bought a tin whistle,  
And now I tin wistle.

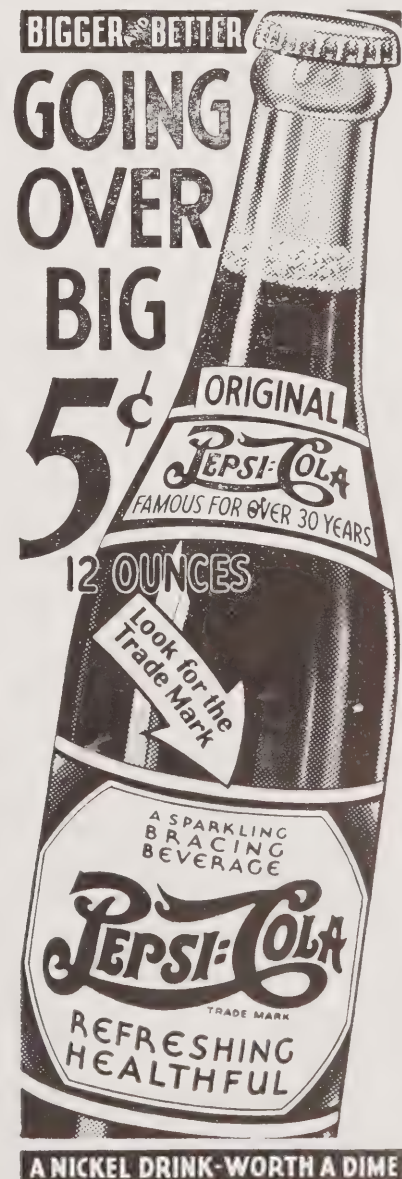
## Benny Goodman or Opera?

They are both on the  
air, but does your radio  
give them an even  
break?

Willingham Radio  
Service

Phone 4611

At Ledbetter-Pickard's





"Dear Henry: Drop in some afternoon for tea - - Love, Mabel."

"How many cigars do you smoke a day?"

"About ten."

"What do they cost you?"

"Twenty cents apiece."

"My, that's two dollars a day. How long have you been smoking?"

"Thirty years."

"Two dollars a day for thirty years is a lot of money."

"Yes, it is."

"Do you see that office building on the corner?"

"Yes."

"If you had never smoked in your life you might own that fine building."

"Do you smoke?"

"No, never did."

"Do you own that building?"

"No."

"Well, I do."

"How do you keep your roommate from reading your mail?"

"Nothing to it; I just stick the letters in his books."

—Exchange.



WHOOSH!

The Christmas guest was being shown to his room in the haunted house by the faithful but rather sinister-looking retainer.

"By the way," said the guest, "has anything — er-er-unusual ever happened in connection with this room?"

"Not for over fifty years, sir," said the servant hollowly.

"And what happened then?" asked the guest with a sigh of relief.

"A gentleman who spent the night here appeared at the breakfast table the next morning."

—Jester.

And then there was the condemned golfer who asked the hangman, "Mind if I take a couple of practice swings?"

—Punch Bowl.



### Don't Write, Telegraph

He was a Scot with the usual thrifty characteristics of his race. Wishing to know his fate, he telegraphed a proposal of marriage to his sweetheart back in the country. After waiting all day at the telegraph office for his reply, he received an affirmative answer late at night.

"Well, if I were you," said the operator who delivered the message, "I'd think twice before I'd marry a girl who kept me waiting so long for an answer."

"Na, na," replied the Scot. "The lass for me is the lass who waits for the night rates."



"How long are you going to be in that bath tub?"

"The same length as I am anywhere else."

—Duke 'n' Duchess



"I was talking with somebody about you the other day, I've forgotten who it was, but I think she knows you, although I can't be sure because neither of us could quite remember your name."

"Say, it's a small world, isn't it?"

—Exchange.



The farmer had watched the motorist working on his second-hand car for about an hour.

"What are you looking at?" asked the motorist. "Is this the first motor car you ever saw?"

"No," was the dry reply, "but it's very much like it."

—Pup.



A Negro cavalryman was breaking in a mule whose violent kicking ended when the mule hung his hoof in the stirrup. The Negro, slightly dazed, said, "Listen, mule, if you're gonna get on, I'm gonna get off."

—Exchange.



**CHARLIE DORNBERGER***(Continued from page 1)*

there, too, that Paul Whiteman, who had not yet earned his title of "King of Jazz," heard him play and hired him in his first orchestra. Later Whiteman was called East. Dornberger soon followed.

Arriving in New York, Dornberger who had gained the title of "Sovereign of Saxophonists," was signed to direct the music for the Ziegfeld Follies for the entire season. This was followed with an engagement with George White's Scandals in which he directed the musical score for two years, touring the country from coast to coast. Since that time Dornberger and his famous aggregation have played in many of the leading hotels, theatres and ballrooms throughout the country.

**Indian Jazz**

Charlie Dornberger and his orchestra were the first to play jazz at an official Indian pow-

wow. It happened at Winnebago, Nebraska, at the annual festival of the Winnebago tribe of Indians. By special arrangement with the chiefs of the tribe, Dornberger and his orchestra put on one of the jazziest programs to the intense delight of the Indians, who inherit a deep love for the barbaric rhythms which are so pronounced in modern jazz. The squaws and braves poured forth from their tepees at the first strains of "St. Louis Blues," and did a typical Indian war dance to fox-trot time. After the concert the Indians vowed that from then on jazz would be included in all their celebrations.

—*Roberts Jernigan.*

Mary had a little sheep  
With whom one night she went  
to sleep.

The sheep turned out to be a  
ram  
So—Mary had a little lamb.

**Who Wouldn't Care Much,  
Anyway**

"Oh keeper," said the middle-aged lady at the zoo. "Is that a male or female hippopotamus?"

"Madame," said the keeper, "I don't see what difference that would make to anybody but another hippopotamus."



He: Do you know what a Sigma Chi breakfast is?

She: No, what?

He: A bulldog, a steak and a quart of whiskey.

She: But what's the bulldog for?

He: To eat the steak.



If a fellow tries to kiss a woman and gets away with it he's a man; if he tries and doesn't get away with it, he's a brute; if he doesn't try, but would get away with it if he tried, he's a coward; but if he doesn't try, and wouldn't have gotten away with it, if he tried, he's wise.

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## Main Dining Room Carolina Inn

# SHROUDING THAT BODY DOWN

With Christmas past and the routine of school life weighing on us again, thoughts turn to Mid-Winter dances as a welcome vista in the future. It will soon be time to freshen up evening clothes in preparation, or perhaps to inveigle Dad into buying new ones.

If you're thinking of persuading Dad to loosen the purse-strings and invest in new clothes perhaps you'll be interested in knowing what is new this winter in evening clothes and the things which are being worn most. That brings us to the tuxedo versus tails argument, and we have several reports which indicate that tails are the predominant number this season. They are particularly popular in the North and have many proponents in the South as you have probably noticed.

The tails which are so popular this time are a bit higher waisted than preceding models and according to Fairchild's, fashion experts, just a bit shorter. Lapels are wider and ribbed grosgrain silk has completely replaced the old satin as the facing for them. Fashion à la Esquire dictates a coat in which the usual breast pocket is omitted but this is merely the innovation of one 'school' and is not very widely used. The argument for it is that when both boutonnière and the usual white handkerchief are used it makes men appear a little too 'frilled up.' The idea has also been advanced that the coat hangs straighter when the breast pocket is eliminated.

To get back to the boutonnière the proper one for full dress is a white one; though some fashion magazines are currently showing the maroon boutonnière with tails. The maroon boutonnière has been, and still is the

right accessory for the tux, along with the maroon tie which makes a pleasing change ever so often.

The material which seems to be the aristocrat this winter is midnight blue in a very fine basket weave. This color, in electric light, looks blacker than black and the fine basket weave gives an appearance of smoothness so necessary to correct evening clothes.

If a top hat were seen on the campus most of the boys would probably look under it to see if it contained a rabbit but the fact remains that it is the correct headgear for use with tails. We hadn't thought about it before but it was called to our attention recently that capes are being used over full dress too. They are admirably suited to the purpose and they have that air of eclat which gives evening clothes their charm.

In our enthusiasm we overlooked the trousers part of the ensemble. Pants are little changed this round with the usual wide knee and small bottom, and, of course, pleats.

Don't get the idea that tux aren't still in the running. They are very popular yet and we think the more practical for college use. In a tux the semi-drape style featured in tails is the newest. Consequently we find broader shoulders and a narrower waist. The double-breasted model is most used and gives the neatest appearance. As in full dress, ribbed grosgrain silk has replaced satin for lapel facings.

Very few changes in the shirts and collars are noticeable. The two stud shirt is predominant. Collars are slightly higher and the wings somewhat wider. The narrow, pointed tie

continues to be the one in vogue.

The trend has been away from patent leather shoes on the campus and this year is more pronounced. Smooth black ones in the plain toe model have replaced patent leathers.

—Ernest King.



## CULTURE

Fletcher Beaumont leaned back in an overstuffed chair and gazed around him with a satisfied air. After each puff on his pipe, he sent a filmy circle of smoke spiraling into the quiet atmosphere of his library. The raftered ceiling, the filled book shelves covering the walls, the high arched windows with the graceful drapes, all added to Fletcher's satisfaction with his position. One of the richest men in America, largest stockholder in New York's biggest bank, his advice on business conditions eagerly sought by newspapers, he had right to be proud of himself. As he watched the reflection of the setting sun against the darkening sky, Beaumont lazily stretched out one hand and pulled the bell cord, summoning the butler. From a distant part of the house a door opened and closed, footsteps could be heard in the hall, then the library door opened softly and Elkins entered.

"You rang, sir?"

"I'll have supper in the library tonight. You may bring it up."

Elkins' right eyebrow moved two millimeters heavenward, "Supper, sir?"

"Confound it, Elkins. I mean dinner!" Beaumont flushed. "I never can remember these things," he muttered as the butler left the room. "I wish I had a college education."



## Style Trends on the Campus



Separated from the rest of the world by a little red fence, these eleven (count 'em) members of the eminent maestro Freddy Johnson's orchestra have a perfect right to smile. Not only are they apart from the world by reason of the aforementioned fence but they are apart from the non-style-conscious by virtue of their new band uniforms. Carrying their excellent harmony a bit farther than just

music, their new dress is a bit of symphony in green. Set off by a maroon tie and matching boutonniere this shade of green approaches the perfection of Freddy's music. The leader himself furthers the harmony with pin striped britches and a contrasting light double breasted coat and blue Spittlesfield tie. Sartorial symphony to the nth degree!

## CAROLINA CO-OPERATIVE STORE

"Styles of Today with a Touch of Tomorrow"

### MINUS IDENTITY

Hilton Hatch was, by his own confession, a damn good magazine writer, but definitely not one of the few, he had to admit, who sold stories simply on the strength of his name. For ten years his manuscripts had bounced around from one pulp to another before he landed stories in the larger slicks, and only by hard work had he managed to keep his by-line there. Accordingly, he felt quite proud of himself.

But Hatch was one who could never save. It seemed that the more money he made, the more he spent. And finally, things got so bad that he couldn't write his stories fast enough to pay all his debts. It began to worry him.

Particularly was there one—a gambling debt of \$500. And his creditor was Bud Hagan whose infallible creed it was—"pay or else."

So finally in desperation, he

packed his belongings and moved to a little New England town where he knew no one and no one knew him. There he hoped to find time to write a long enough story that by sheer word-age might bring in the desired \$500. Of one thing he was sure: Bud had ways of locating the man he wanted. He might have a month at the most in which to write and sell his novel.

Hatch sat down at his typewriter and wrote constantly for ten days. At the end of that time, he had pounded out a mushy emotional love tale of 50,000 words which, whether intended or not, was slanted decisively for one of the cheaper pulps. Then the thought came to him: "It's been six years since I last wrote for a pulp. I can't endanger my reputation by writing for one again. And what will my public think when it sees my name as the author of a sentimental love story? My name—

that for six years has been a synonym for everything adventurous and swashbuckling." But he knew a way to overcome all that.

"'Love Lust,' by Imogene Withers," he typed out, then bundled up the manuscript and mailed it to *Honest Love*.

One night two weeks later he found a message pinned to his door that left him shaking with fright. "I'll be here to collect tomorrow, or else," it read.

But in the next morning's mail, a check came to him for \$500 in receipt for his love novel. Elated, he dashed to the bank, indorsed the check and waited for his cash.

The clerk shook his head thoughtfully.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said laconically. "This check is made out to Imogene Withers. Do you have any means of identification?"

—Calvin Kytle.

Gamma: Was I stewed last night?

Ditto: But, indeed! Say, when you weaved into the house last night, I saw you shake the clothes tree and then feel around the floor for apples."

—Growler.



Harlem is a fine source of hospital humor. The latest concerns a colored lady who was asked if she had ever been x-rayed. "No, sir," she replied, "but I have been ultra-violated."



### SO THAT WAS IT!

Two telephone linemen out on an emergency repair job, had hooked up a phone to see if they could reach the main office to report the job done. By error the phone was connected in such a way that anyone on the line, by picking up his receiver could hear what the linemen were saying while they worked.

When the two workmen appeared at the office, they were met by instructions to report to the manager. They found him seated behind his desk, stern-faced and grim-eyed. "Boys," he said, "I have just received a call from a lady out by where you were working. She tells me that when she lifted up her receiver a little while ago she was shocked to hear the most frightful cussing she had ever heard. Do you boys know anything about it?"

"Why, no, sir, we don't have any idea who it could have been."

"Are you sure you weren't doing just a little swearing on the job?"

"Well, the only thing I can think of," said one, "is when Jake here was on the pole, and I handed him a pot of hot solder, and he dropped it down my back, and I said, 'Darn it, Jake, you shouldn't ought to pour that solder down my back.'"

### MRS. IS THE NAME

Minnie wasn't too bad to look at. She had things other girls had: looks, personality, class. She even had a steady job. Pulled down thirty bucks a week. Wasn't enough for two to live on, but then again, she was expecting a raise. So when Minnie finally got up enough courage to propose to Andy, a lot of people said he was a fool to thumbs down on her. He said that she wasn't making enough for them both to live on... comfortably.

Minnie was heart-broken. She did love Andy so-oo much.

Every month or so Minnie would get enough grit up to ask Andy to tread the middle aisle with her and he always thumbed down. No raise, no money; no money, no marry. Then it happened. It happened at the same time that Jane Applegrout got Tommy Dunkin into trouble and had to marry him. It happened at the same time that Jim Seedler got a divorce from his wife because she was always staying at the office late. It happened: *Minnie got a raise.*

Nothing much left to tell. They're happy now, both of them. Got a nice little house in the Yonkers. Even got a little boy. Andy makes the cutest little dresses for him. You know... for the little boy... Minnie, they've named him.



"Knock, knock."

"Well, who's there?"

"The traveling salesman."

"The traveling salesman, who—"

"Yes."

"Come in." —*The Old Line.*



Mother—"Well, son, what have you been doing all afternoon?"

Son—"Shooting craps, mother."

Mother—"That must stop. Those little things have as much right to live as you have."

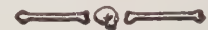
—*Siren.*

The question of the correct plural of the word "mongoose" was solved by a gentleman who wanted a pair of these interesting and affectionate creatures.

He wrote to a dealer: "Sir, please send me two mongeese."

He did not like the looks of this, tore up the paper and began again: "Sir, please send me two mongooses."

This version did not satisfy him any better than the first so he wrote: "Sir, please send me a mongoose and, by the way, send me another.—*Punch Bowl.*



Don't be alarmed if you have big hips. Just remember they're always the right thighs for somebody.



She was climbing out of Santa's sleigh, looking very much disheveled and groggy. Hair hanging over her eyes, dress torn in several revealing spots, and minus one shoe, she gave a vivid impression of "After the Battle," or "The Survival of the Fittest." And there sat the old boy himself, with his cherry-red nose and his hands folded over his bowl-full-of-jelly belly, a smile beaming from his round face.

A group of astonished on-lookers were gaping at this odd spectacle.

"Santa Claus!" shouted one in exclamation.

"He certainly does," swore the fleeing damsel.



A young mother, having had very little time to get to a hospital, gave birth to a child on the hospital lawn. The father was greatly chagrined upon receiving a bill marked "Delivery room and maternity ward, \$160." Greatly upset he wrote to the authorities, carefully explaining that he did not have to pay this fee because of the child's having been born on the lawn.

Several days later he received a bill marked, "Green fees, \$160."



## JOHNNY JOHNSON

*(Continued from page 1)*

Times Star, and absorbing all the baseball he could.

At fourteen he was given a scholarship at the Indianapolis Conservatory of Music with Carl Beutel and put on a diet of Bach to strengthen the young fingers. But all his spare time on Saturdays was spent listening to the city's best exponents of modern dance rhythms until Johnny began to astound and mortify his teacher by synco-pating Bach's two part inventions. By a strange paradox Johnny at that time acquired three very important positions, one playing the pictures in the local nickelodeon, another playing the organ at the Baptist Church, and the third as official score keeper for a semi-pro baseball team. As Johnny was about the only piano player in town and the only one who could compile a box score he had pretty much of a monopoly, but the fame soon went to his head and instead of five dollars a week at the picture house he demanded six and was replaced by a phonograph which was probably the first instance of canned music replacing musicians.

When it came time to go to college, Johnny chose Indiana University where he became a member of Phi Gamma Delta fraternity. At Indiana, Johnny and Hoagy Carmichael, the writer of the immortal "Stardust," were the rival orchestra leaders and since saxophones and banjos were a novelty both Johnny and Hoagy had to employ the same musicians; whoever got the job first hired the band. Johnny says that although Hoagy was the better piano player of the two, he couldn't read "Home Sweet Home" in six inch notes so Johnny taught the boys the tunes, then when Hoagy got the job the boys taught them to Hoagy.

Johnny believes an orchestra

should adopt an entirely different style for radio than when playing to the "cash customers." "Your radio audience listens to the music you play while the regular audience is more interesting in dancing. Therefore, we stress dance tempo and rhythm in the ballroom and do not take too many liberties. On the air, in order to get contrast we speed up the fast tunes and slow down the torch songs in order to get the most out of the numbers. In the ballroom I scarcely ever call more than one number ahead because if somebody wants a request I generally try to play it if one person in the band knows it. We try to make 'cousins' out of our customers so they will come back."

—*Roberts Jernigan, Jr.*

Cleopatra and Marc Antony were sailing down the river on her flower-bedecked barge, Cleopatra lying languidly on a couch, Antony standing before her, his breastplate gleaming in the sun. He was orating majestically to her.

"Cleopatra," he said, "Love for you surges through me like a raging forest fire that consumes the countryside with its mighty heat.

"Furthermore, O goddess of the Nile . . ."

"Marc," Cleopatra interrupted impatiently, "I am not prone to argue."

Mother: Mary, why did it take you so long to say good-bye to that boy?

Mary: But mother, if a fellow takes you to a movie the least you can do is to kiss him good-bye.

Mother: I thought you went to the Cocoanut Grove?

Mary: Yes, mother.

—*Exchange.*

Mae West: Hi, tall dark'n handsome, I've got a dress with nine buttons and I can only fas-

ciate. Com'mon up and see me.

—*Sour Owl.*

She was pert, and cute, and angled,

And her blouse was all be-span-gled;

She was not as rouged as most the other girls,

She had pat, the art of dressing, And she set me off to guessing,

If those were real, or beauty parlor curls. . . .

Next to me in class, she seated, And my heart, it bumped and beat-ed,

For she looked like twenty mil-lion worth of blonde,

With her pretty little dimples, She gave me acute goose pim-ples,

And the same thrill one obtains from Bottled Bond.

Waxing bold, when class was ended,

And we, down the stairs, de-scended,

Said I: "Babe, you make my mind go teeter-totter!"

Softly, she (indulgent) sighed, And she laughingly replied:

"If you think I'm nice you ought to meet my daughter!"

—*Bud Colgrove.*

## For tops in Swing

It's Benny Goodman

## For tops in Cleaning

It's our guaranteed service

Community  
Cleaners

Machine Gun Michael Minnehoff  
was born a racketeer.

When three weeks old, the lad  
was weaned on gin and needle  
beer.

From that day forth his bold ca-  
reer was etched against the  
sky,

And Michael vowed eternal fame  
or know the reason why.

Ambition grew and ripened till  
one day in accents grand

Machine Gun swore he'd swing a  
crime would stupefy the land.

Said he'd combine all vices  
known in one colossal spread  
'Til Literary Digest couldn't  
count up all the dead.

With prostitution, murder, kid-  
nap, dope and larceny,

And treason, jailbreak, arson in  
one complex felony.

Michael reasoned, planned and  
graphed it, then one day he let  
it go;

There were bodies lying in the  
street and blood upon the  
snow.

The G-men caught our hero  
and they brought him up for  
trial.

The papers all said Michael sure  
would walk the fatal mile.

The judge pronounced the sen-  
tence, slowly spoke the awful  
knell.

The bailiffs caught our hero as  
he whitened, reeled and fell.

There was sadness in the Bow-  
ery when they heard of Mi-  
chael's doom.

There was horror writ on every  
face within the judgment  
room.

The judge said, "Michael, many  
years the press has run your  
name.

In fairness, son, 'tis true you've  
earned some modicum of fame.  
I've watched your work, I know  
your style, but this crime  
seems to be

The working of a master and  
you don't seem that to me.

So Mike, my boy, I'll let you go,  
but keep this thought in mind:  
'Tis often said, but never true,  
our nation's law is blind."

—Provost.

News flash: Lord Throckmor-  
ton, eighty-five, is being sued for  
breach of promise.

Editor's note: At eighty-five,  
what could he promise?

—Exchange.



"Do you remember the first  
time you asked me for a date?  
You acted like you were crazy."

"I was." —Exchange.

## CAROLINA HEADQUARTERS

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108 Corcoran St. Durham, N. C.

Nice little boys treat women like  
toys

And just fool around with  
their fingers,

But bad little boys taste life's  
little joys

To give young women a mem-  
ory that lingers

or

Smart little boys taste life's lit-  
tle joys

With memory which no more  
than lingers;

Dumb little boys lose all their  
poise,

And end up with rings on  
girls' fingers.

## THE ETERNAL THEME

Lil and Bill went up the hill  
To squint up at the moon!

Lil and Bill—they didn't come  
down,

They stayed up there to spoon!

Down they sat, the two of them  
In a corner of an old stone

bench—

Lil and Bill needed little space  
To go into their clinch.

Stars on high did peer below  
Unnoticed by the pair,  
Who if called upon for evidence  
Couldn't vouch the stars were  
there!

Lil and Bill came down the hill  
Their heads quite filled with  
love,

Marry they would, tomorrow—  
The moon snickered from above.

Dawn and sun came streaking  
in—

Lil struggled with a yawn,  
And springing from the bed  
She cried, "Just another mawn!"

Likewise Bill awoke at last,  
Feeling no special joy—

Forgotten was the evening's  
"Miss"—

Typical of a boy?

Thus in the light of the morning  
sun

We see love die and pass away  
'Til night rolls 'round and  
The same old theme once again  
holds sway!



Lecturer: "I speak the lan-  
guage of the wild animals."

Voice in the back of the room:  
"Next time you see a skunk ask  
him what's the big idea."

—Exchange.



While visiting the Hawaiian  
Islands last summer we had a  
very thrilling experience. We  
met two hula hula girls who lov-  
ed the same man, so they pulled  
straws for him.



Little Jack Horner

Sat in a corner—

B. O.



As Modern as  
"Swing"



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Plant in Orange County



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2. Drink lots of our good milk.

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TO STUDENTS DAILY

There must be a reason. Why  
don't you give us a try?



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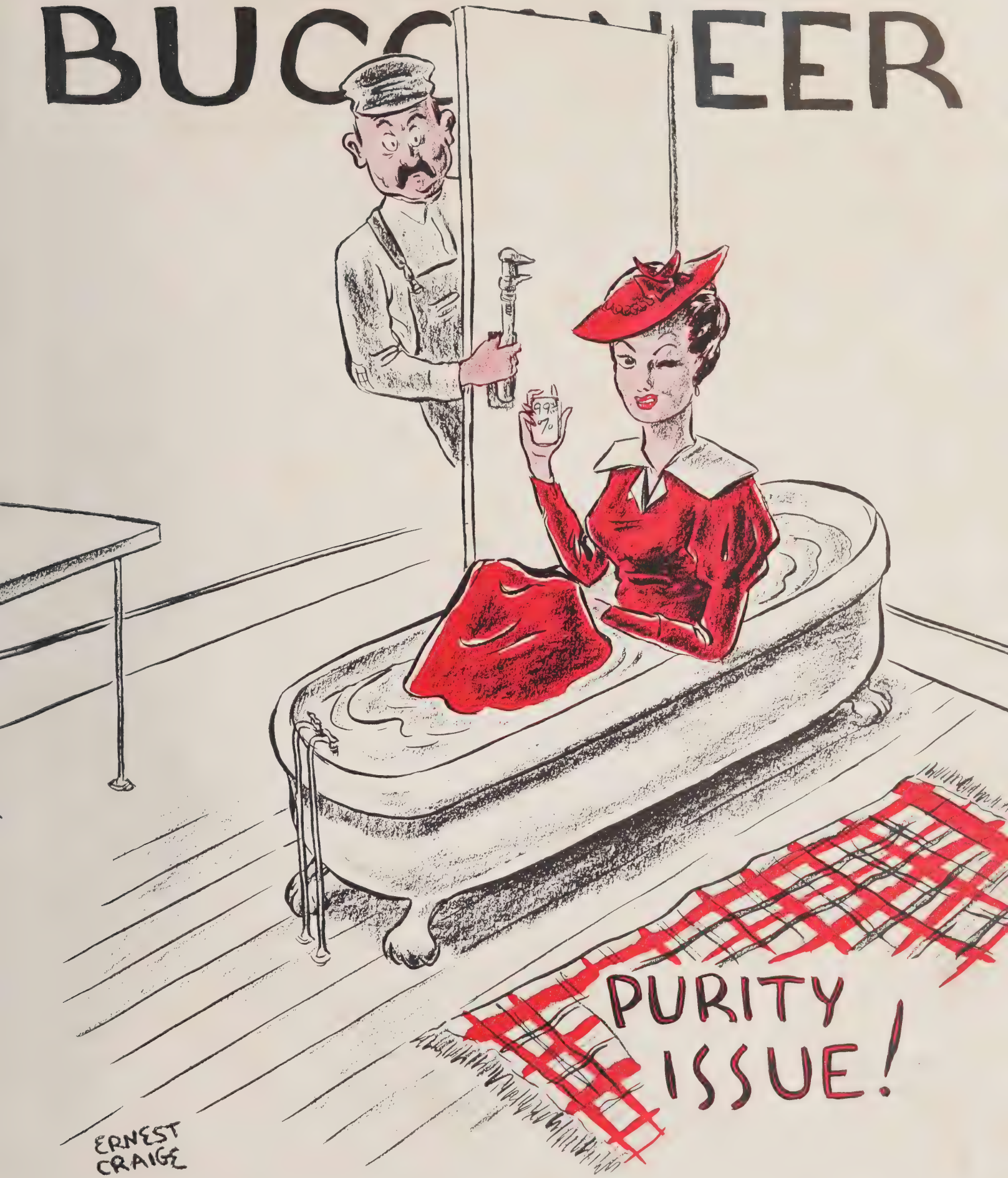
# Chesterfield

*Let me wish you  
**MORE  
PLEASURE**  
for '38*





# THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER



FEBRUARY, 1938 ~ PRICE 15¢



# "I AM ONE OF THE MILLIONS WHO PREFER CAMELS" SAYS RALPH GREENLEAF

WORLD'S CHAMPION IN POCKET BILLIARDS



## "HEALTHY NERVES ARE A MUST WITH ME!"

Fourteen different times the headlines have flashed: RALPH GREENLEAF WINS WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP. He is counted the greatest pocket billiard player of all time. Cool under fire. Often pulling from behind with brilliant runs of 59 and 76 to win.

"Even before I won my first big championship I'd already picked Camel as my cigarette," said Ralph in a special interview during recent championship play in Philadelphia. "I'd say the most important rule in this game is to have healthy nerves. It pays to be sure of the mildness of your cigarette. And on that score, I think, Camels have a lot extra to offer. One of the main reasons why I've stuck to Camels for 20 years is—they don't ruffle my nerves."

And America as a nation shows the same preference for finer tobaccos that Ralph Greenleaf does! Camels are the largest-selling cigarette in America



Fencing experts, too, appreciate Camel's finer tobaccos. As BELA DE TUSCAN, the famous instructor, says: "The fast action in fencing is very tiring, and I welcome the 'lift' I get with a Camel."

"I'm devoted to Camels," says HELEN HOWARD, top-flight spring-board diver, of Miami, Florida. "They're my *one and only* cigarette! They don't irritate my throat. Most of the girls I know smoke Camels, too."



JAMES L. CLARK, famous scientist and explorer, says: "I choose Camels for steady smoking—always carry plenty of Camels with me into the wilderness. I'm in step with the millions who say: 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!' Many's the time I've actually done it."



"The way these light boats bounce around is enough to knock the daylight out of my digestion! That's why I enjoy Camels so much at mealtime. They help my digestion to keep on a smooth and even keel," says MULFORD SCULL, veteran outboard motorboat racer.



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ALLAN BROWN



# Eddy Duchin---

KEYBOARD ALCHEMIST

By ROBERTS JERNIGAN, JR.



The alchemy which Eddy Duchin seems to practice in transforming Broadway's dance tunes into modern piano studies is traceable to a not unrelated beginning.

Duchin came out of the Massachusetts Pharmacy College a few years ago with a diploma qualifying him to mix A with B and produce C. He has never put his training into effect in a drug store. More specifically he has not done so in his father's chain of drug stores. Control of this was the goal set for him when he undertook the study of pharmacy but it was a matter of incontrollability which defeated this purpose. This was the incontrollability which seized his fingers when they were within reach of a piano keyboard.

Proof of the proverb that mothers know best is probably contained in the story. Mrs. Duchin listened appreciatively in their Boston home when Eddy sat at the piano and worked out curious progressions of har-

mony. In the back of her head was an idea he would follow music and become prominent in the field. Eddy struck the correct compromise between his mother's desire to see him accomplish that and his father's plans to have him join the world of chemistry and drugs.

Eddy studied at college and in the summer went to a boys' camp in New Hampshire. A nearby resort offered him the chance to play in public. Vacationists who danced to his fetching rhythms were so warm in their praise that Duchin got a notion he might try New York. First he promised his parents he would return to school for his final year and then he rode hopefully into the Big City. In a short time Waldorf-Astoria hotel visitors were listening discerningly to the fresh style of pianism which Leo Reisman began to feature with his orchestra, an entirely new style played by an earnest, dark-haired Bostonian named Eddy Duchin.

(Continued on page 27)

## Hits of the Month

by

JERNIGAN

"LOVE IS HERE TO STAY" and "I WAS DOING ALL RIGHT"—(Victor 25761)—Recorded by LARRY CLINTON and his ORCHESTRA—Two danceable tunes played in the unique style of a very promising maestro.

"IN OLD CHICAGO" and "MY FIRST IMPRESSION OF YOU" — (Bluebird B-7390)—Dick Stabile and his Orchestra—The band using an unusual number of saxophones—seven. The numbers are good—The band is one of the best.

"THE BIG DIPPER" and "SMOKE FROM A CHIMNEY" — (Victor 25763)—Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra—Astronomy in rhythm with an additional slide by TOMMY.

"WAR DANCE FOR WOODEN INDIANS" and "THE PENGUIN"—(Brunswick 8058)—Recorded by Raymond Scott Quintette—A couple of instrumental numbers played as only SCOTT and his group can.

"DID AN ANGEL KISS YOU" and "A LITTLE LOVE WILL GO A LONG, LONG WAY" — (Victor 25769)—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians — Music that is sweet and low, played by the one and only—LOMBARDO.

"MARGIE" and "LIKE A SHIP AT SEA"—(Decca 1617)—Recorded by Jimmie Lunceford and his Orchestra—Sometimes it's sweet saxing and then it's hot saxing, but either one by LUNCFORD is a good waxing.





*"They're planning to play duets."*



# A Swell Package!

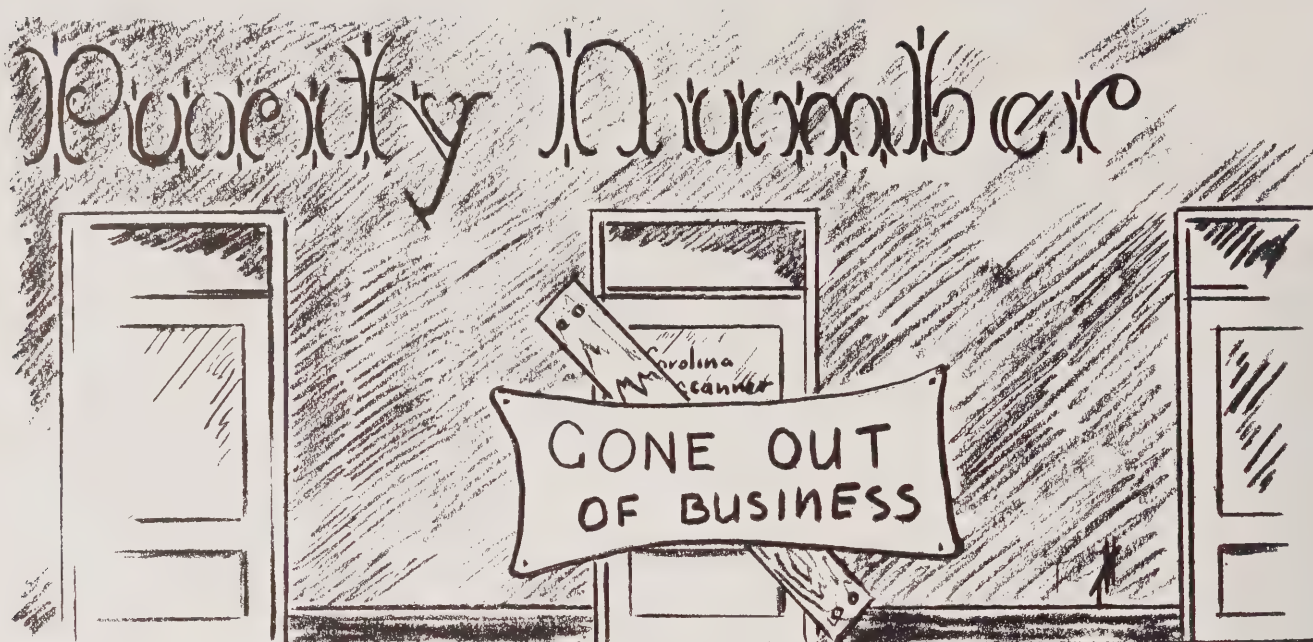
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# THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER

THE OFFICIAL HUMOR MAGAZINE OF THE CAROLINA PUBLICATIONS UNION  
OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME XIV

JANUARY, 1938

NUMBER 45

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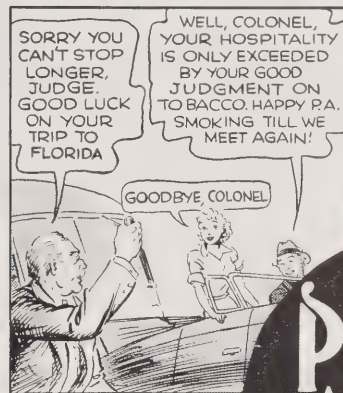
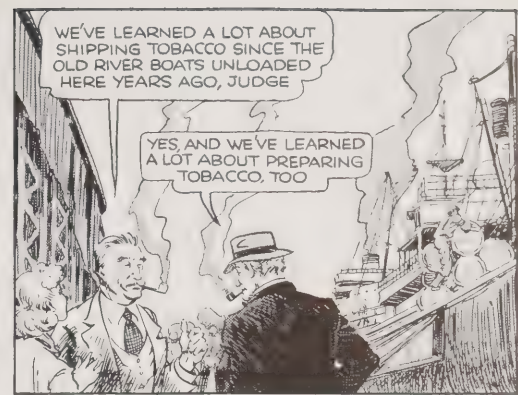
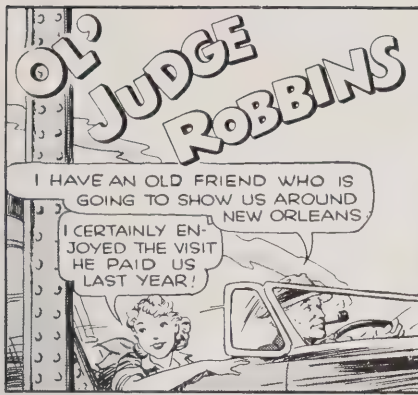
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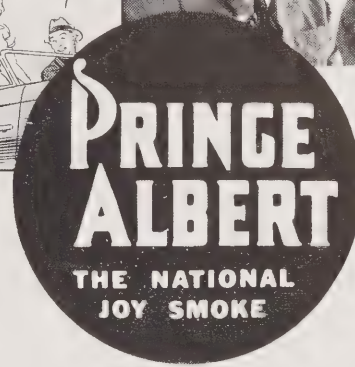




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## Time to Kill? Then Read This!

*This is one issue which I don't believe can offend the sense of modesty, purity, or any other admirable trait attributed to the characters of students here at the University. Perhaps, as is always the fear of the staff, your sense of humor is not so well insured—or assured?). But nevertheless, here is something in the way of an issue we have never tried before—frankly, because we thought it would bore you stiff—and probably because we realized in advance the trouble we were going to have filling 28 pages with pure, clean reading matter and cartoons. But in many roundabout ways, Campus, you have demanded an issue of this sort—e. g., letters, complaints, and the*

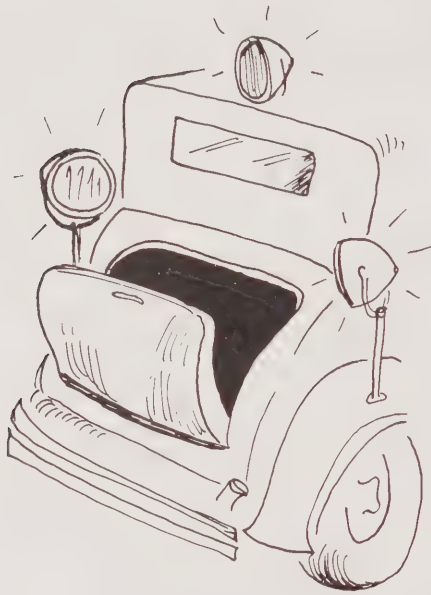
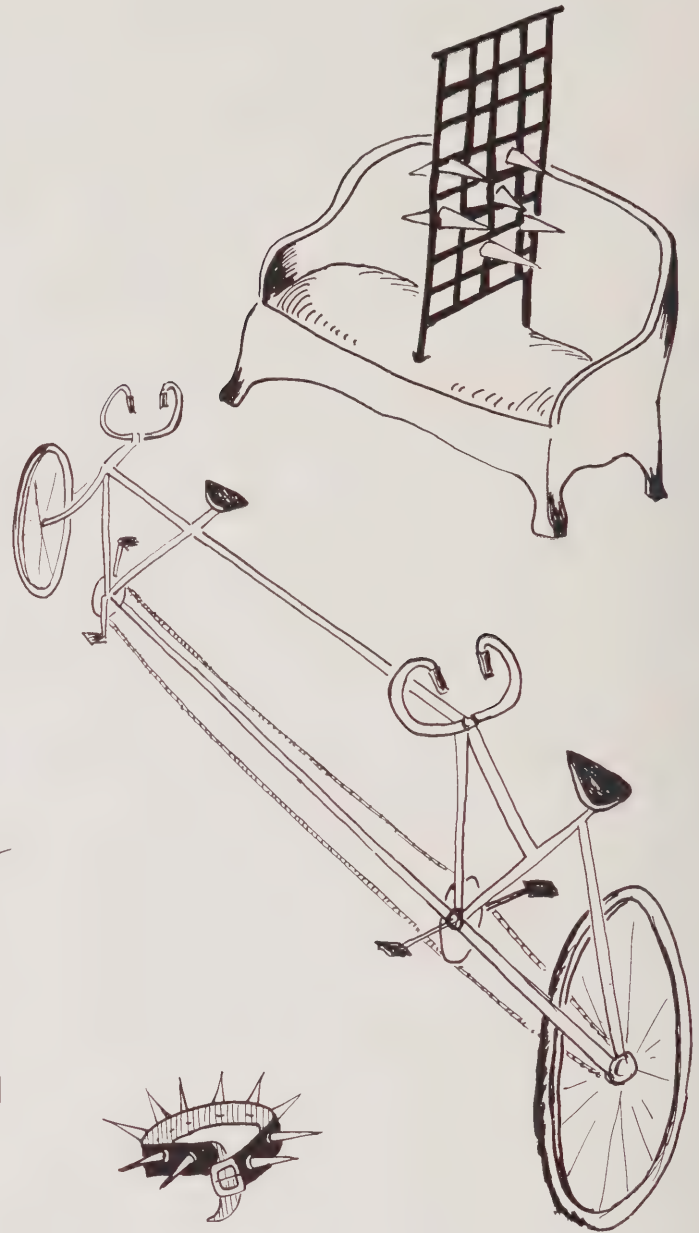
*students and faculty leaving off interrupting me on the way to class to tell me dirty jokes, and the coeds leaving off speaking to me at all. Perhaps we'll try it again.*



*Due to sheer carelessness, and not being on our toes, due credit was not given in the last issue to a poem, "Hamlet," and a story, "Sandsky Satyr," which had appeared in the Vanderbilt Masquerader. I hope the editor and those connected with that worth-while publication will accept my sincere apologies.*

THE EDITOR.

*Inventions which have helped more than the Graham Plan to make Chapel Hill an Ideal Spot.*





# The Carolina Buccaneer

## University of North Carolina

VOLUME XIV

FEBRUARY, 1938

NUMBER 5

## Snow White and the Seven Drawers

By CARL PUGH

"The hell you are," said the Queen. "Your face would stop a sun dial."

"Listen, Lizzardpuss," said Snow White, "If I couldn't beat your looks I'd crawl off and eat horseflies. Why, you debauched old dinosaur, you ain't got the sex appeal of a tubercular sardine."

"Oh, is that so," said the wicked queen, "When I was your age I had more suitors than you could shake a stick at."

"I'm sure," said Snow White, "I could find something much more pleasing to shake at them."

The wicked Queen was also a witch. She suddenly changed herself into a carrier and gave Snow White athlete's foot. Then she ran upstairs. In her room was a mirror. It was a magic mirror. The wicked Queen stood before it and said: "Mirror, Mirror, on the wall, who in this land is the fairest of all?"

"What's that," said the mirror, "I'm sorry. I wasn't paying attention. Oh, yes, of course. Snow White is the fairest of all." The wicked Queen turned away very wroth. She sat down on the bed. "I must think up something new to pull on Snow White," she snarled. "Let's see. Yesterday I was a boa constrictor; Tuesday, Frankenstein; Monday,—. Mmmm. I have it!" With that the wicked Queen jumped up and went into a trance. A rumbling arose in the room and the lights went out. "My God," said the mirror, "I suppose it's King Kong this time."

In the morning Snow White heard a knock at the door. "Come in," yelled Snow White. The door opened and a pouchy little man came in. He carried a sample case. "We don't want any," said Snow White.



"One minute, Madam, may thwart many a squirm," said he. "I represent the Partypac Panty Company, a new deal in drawers." Snow White hoisted an eyebrow. He opened the sample case and brandished a misty pink triangle. "The sun never sets on Partypac Panties," said he. "Something a chaste chassis cherishes. A lady can't be without them." Snow White raised the other eyebrow. "For sooth," said Snow White, "No end embarrassing."

"After years of research," said the pouchy little man, "we have evolved a system that we are pleased to call the 'Perpetual Panty Plan.' Absolutely free with each set we give you a

chart that reads thusly: 'Sunday's lady is truly blest and in her white pants she will rest; Monday's lady is full of woe so in her blue pants she will go; Tuesday's lady's smile implies that in the pink her choice lies and so on.' So you see, Madam, we afford illimitable variety. Never a dull moment."

Snow White was all agog. She could see her step-mother turning as green with envy as the pants of Wednesday's best dressed lady knee-deep in haloes.

Snow White bought the whole set. "Never a dull moment," said the little pouchy man; picked up his sample case and departed. He was barely out the door when the rumbling arose again in the room upstairs and the lights flashed on. The Queen sat on the bed and laughed and laughed. "Heh, heh, heh, said the Queen. "Oh, fiddlesticks," said the mirror.

She was all atwitter. Snow White dashed up to her boudoir and flung the figleaf. Unlimbered, she really wasn't so bad. She could have hung her tooth-brush over anybody's sink. Snow White placed her panties in a row on the bed. Red, white, blue, yellow—a perfect harlequin of drawers. The blue ones lolled in furtive longing. She put them on—like breathing on a windowpane. She opened the door and peeped across the hall. The Queen was out. She tip-toed over; stood before the mirror. Said she, "Mirror, Mir-

(Continued on page 26)



## The Buc's Index

By George Riddle

Mothers! Fathers! Parents! Grandparents, Aunts, Uncles, Friends-of-the Family! Your duty calls you! Long have you complacently slumbered, while the forces of evil have crept into your very homes! Even the magazines, the books you read may be tainted! Will your children rush madly down the primrose path because of something they have read? No, say we! Purge for purity! Ban these books! As Mrs. Pettibone has declared, we "must grasp the bull by the tail and face the situation!" The bull must go!

We, of the BUCCANEER, are laboring to aid you. Here, we tell you, are the roots of the evil! Destroy them! These are the impure publications—these

are the weapons of the devil, constructed to betray our Youth. Purity can not live with these books! Puri—these books must go!

Webster's *Dictionary*, long considered a help to Youth, has been unmasked! Beneath its flowing style, its many characters, its elaborate plot there lurks a danger, long unsuspected. Examine the words! Upon one page—one page, mind you —(page 278 in *our* copy) are no less than twelve words beginning with d-e-v-i-l! Are these the words children should know? The answer is NO, a thousand times NO! The dictionary must go!

The time-honored belief that the *United States Constitution* is

sacred has recently been revealed as a sinister Republican plot. Still, many retain a copy, apparently unaware that it provides for a Vice-President! True, no one ever hears of him, but what if he should become important? Vice must go! The Constitution must go!

No less a menace to society is *Little Women*. Even the title makes one shudder. *Women!*—The cause of half the world's troubles. (Men cause the other half.—*Claire*.) Can we afford to start such thoughts in the minds of adolescents? Can we afford to start such thoughts in our *own* minds? Can we afford — (CENSORED) — *Women* must go! *Little Women* must go!

Somewhat similar to the Dictionary is Zimmermann's *World Resources and Industries*. Although the style is a little different, and the author uses fewer words, still, his use several times of the word d-a-m renders it unfit for household consumption. Profanity must go! *World*, etc., etc., must go!

A newcomer to the field is the magazine, *Esquire*. Devoted principally to art, it has proven a source of uplift to some, but this fact is outweighed by another consideration. From its pages, manufacturers brazenly and openly offer liquor for sale! This can not go on. Think of the children who will resort to stealing in order to purchase their wares! Crime must go! Liquor must go! *Esquire* must go!

As a last terrifying example of a constant danger is the mail-order catalogue. There have been complaints made concerning a page of pictures of limbs in a recent magazine; but what when there are pages upon pages of the same thing, in the stocking section? No! America will not stand for it! Pictures must go! Catalogs must go! We must GO!



# PUPPY LOVE

By CLARA CRUMPLER

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This story appeared in "The Spotlight," a magazine put out by the students of the high school in Edenton, North Carolina. I understand from Johnny Moore that the authoress of "Puppy Love" is around 13 or 14 years old. For freshness of style, Form and Content we offer it as a model to the class of Creative Writing conducted by Phillips Russell. The best of luck and success to you, Miss Crumpler!)

Ever since Ann's entrance into high school Jack had been her one and only. Now in her Junior year at school, it had been three and a half years since her Jack had found, or discovered her. Happy days were here for Ann once more. Jack was a complete contrast to dimpled, little, dark-headed, brown eyed Ann. He was tall, had blond hair, and light blue eyes.

Ann was seriously, repeatedly, and desperately in love, "puppy love." Her girl chums were neglected, there was only Jack. He was the very center of her existence. More than a year elapsed between Sunday night and the next Friday night in Ann's mind; she wasn't allowed to go out on school nights.

There was a long telephone conversation at exactly eight o'clock each night. Each day Jack walked to and from school morning and afternoon, as well as at lunch, with Ann. Whenever he rode by and whistled or blew four shorts and a long, many little thrills would go over Ann.

At last the time of the Junior-Senior Banquet was approaching and about a week before, Jack asked Ann if she would go with him. "Of course I'll go," she replied and soon the great night had come. Ann was all excitement with her new snowy white evening dress. Her mother's eyes were misty as she helped Ann get ready for the big event. Indeed it was a big thrill to see the little girl with the sparkling eyes awaiting her escort. Soon Jack arrived for Ann in his new roadster pre-

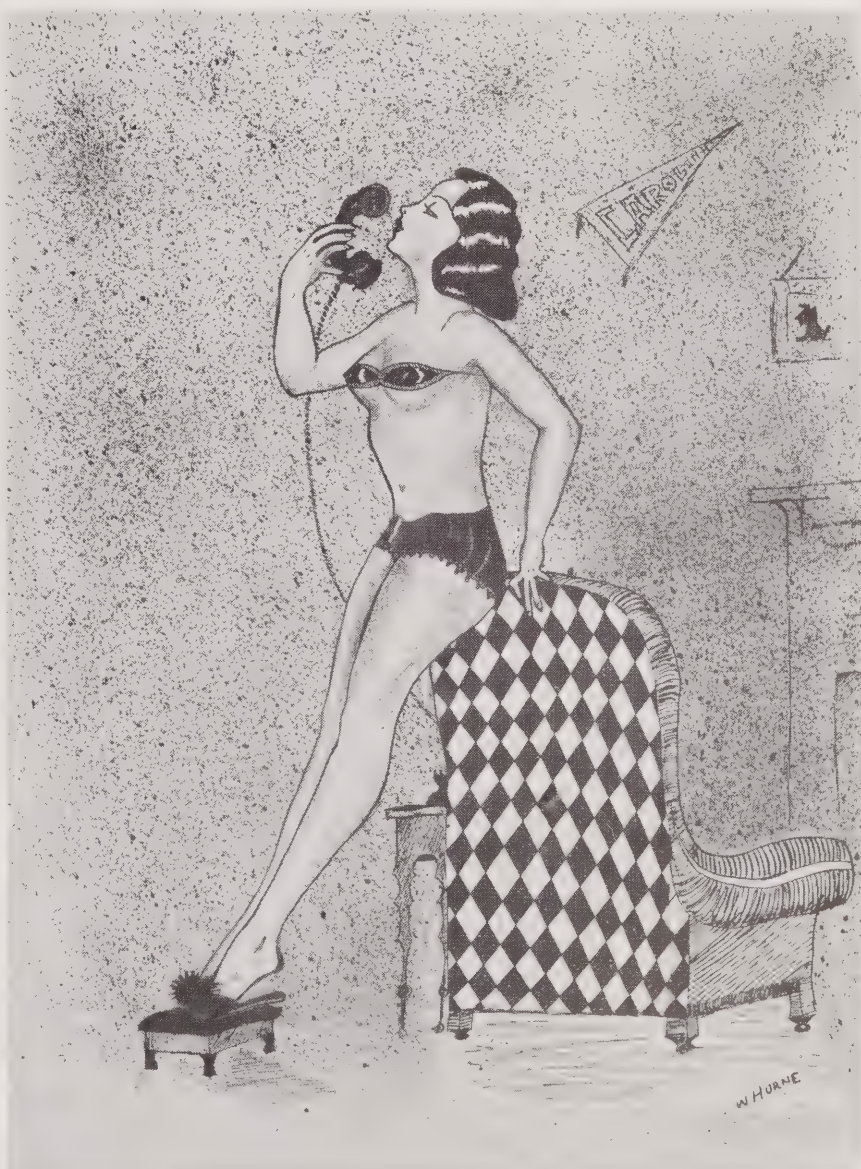
sented him for a sixteenth birthday present. Jack's own eyes were shining as he gazed upon this adorable mass of humanity. She was indeed the dearest girl a boy could have, he thought. They both had a marvelous time at the banquet.

From then on they celebrated many occasions and the night of

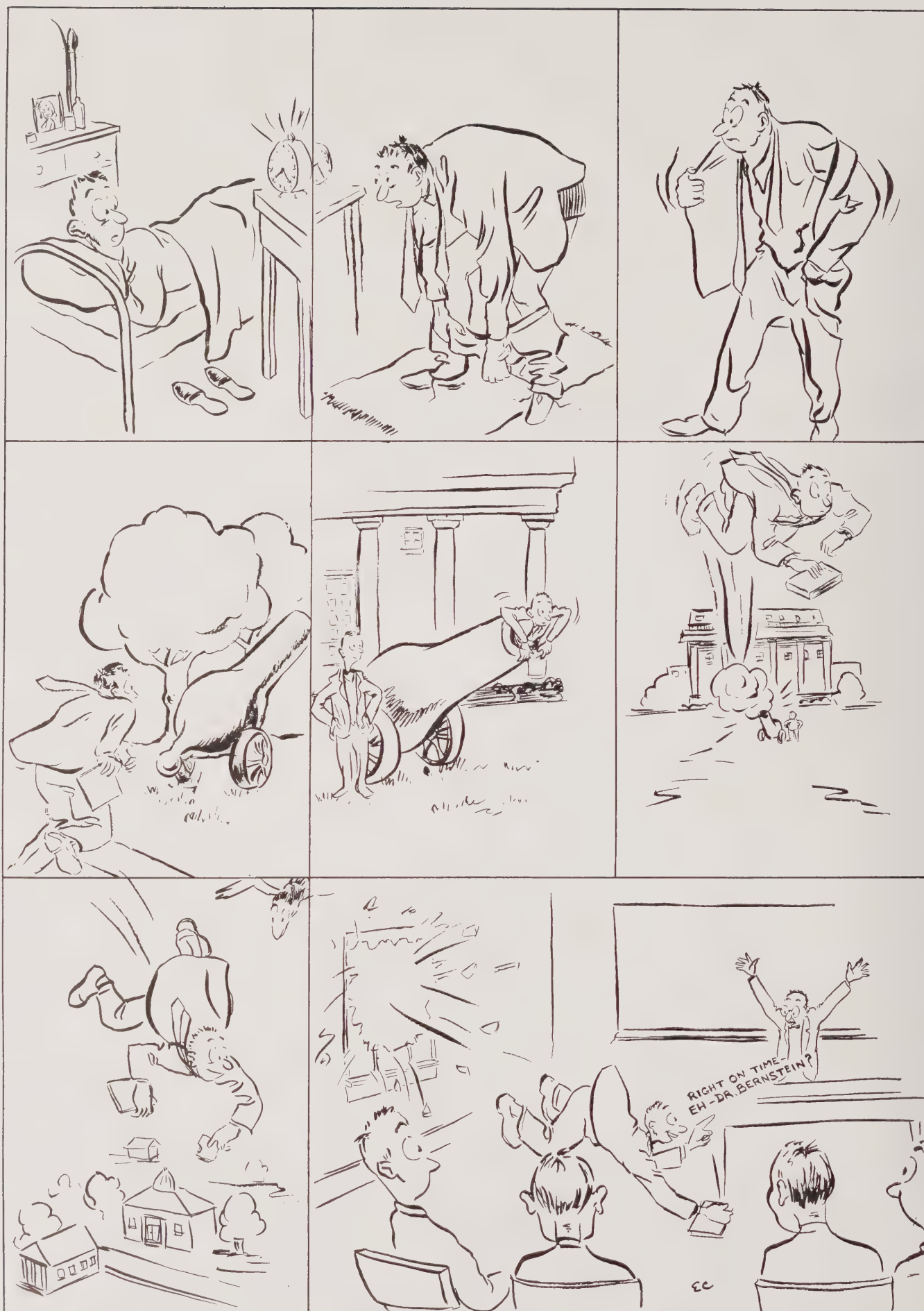
graduation was upon them. Again this time Ann was dressed in a white dress but this time it was a "more Grown up dress" than was worn by the maid of fifteen at the Junior-Senior banquet.

That night after the exercises, Ann cried softly on Jack's shoulder, for next year they would not be able to be together, as of old, for Ann was going off to school and Jack was going into partnership with his father.

The summer elapses with lit-  
(Continued on page 28)



"I can't go out tonight since the BUCCANEER has started its campaign."





# One Coed's One Experience

Thursday night—

Dearest, dearest Diary,

The most wonderful thing happened tonight. I am now sitting at my little desk in my comfortable blue bathrobe all ready and warm and cozy for bed, but before I go to sleep I want you to know everything that happened. I have already written Mama all the details of this wonderful evening — now, diary dear, it's your turn.

Well, diary dear, it all started at the Y. W. C. A. meeting last Monday. Lizzie Fluzy was there, and after the meeting, which was so enjoyable—we sang "Row, Row, Row the Boat," "Three Blind Mice," and other gay rounds—she asked me if I would have a date with a friend of a friend of hers. I said yes, that I would love to—and I fear that I was a little vain and frivolous, because you know, diary, a little thrill (Oh, ever so slight) ran up my spine at the very thought. Was that so very sinful, dear Diary?

After my meager lunch, I rolled up my hair, (feeling oh, so gay and giddy) I put in an extra little side-curl, too. Then I took a nap, so as to be sufficiently rested for the evening.

At five o'clock I began to get ready as my date was at eight o'clock. I took a nice warm bath—and—I blush when I think of it!—I used almost one-fourth of my new bottle of bath salts that Mama had put on the Christmas tree for me. (Dear, sweet Mama! She must have foreseen this heavenly night!)

I ate a light supper, and was ready for my date at seven-thirty. I spent the remaining half-hour re-reading my favorite chapter of *Pilgrim's Progress*.

At eight o'clock he arrived, and I took a deep breath to calm myself, and walked slowly down the stairs. I had on my blue

serge dress and my new 3-thread stockings. I had added a little perky yellow bow to the neck of my dress—it really lent quite an air to my entire ensemble. Lizzie had told me the young man had no car—I was secretly rather glad, because riding after night has fallen is dangerous—so I wore my sensible low-heeled brown oxfords so I would be enabled to take comfortable easy strides when I walked. The young man was not what one would call handsome, but I could tell at a glance that here was a boy of good character and high principles. His name was Oli-



ver Gilfoyle. He asked me to call him by his Christian name almost immediately—I stammered the first two or three times I said it, but soon became accustomed to this, what I fear might have been, undue familiarity.

We walked to the show not saying a great deal. I was silent because I just enjoyed walking along, breathing the night air and thinking how very lucky I was to be young and alive—and going to the show with such a nice young man.

The star of the show was Shirley Temple, whom I think is awfully sweet and appealing. Oliver (how naturally it comes now!) and I sat there in the dark show and every once in a while we would turn and smile at one another. I must 'fess up, diary. Once I dropped my purse on the floor, and Oliver stooped to pick it up the same time I did—in so doing he brushed my hand! . . . He started violently

and muttered an apology. It was the one disagreeable spot of the evening—and the only thing I regret. There! Now it's off my chest. I feel so much better now.

After the show was over, we went to the fraternity house where Oliver lived. The boys were having a round-table discussion of the Religion-in-Life conference which had just left Chapel Hill. Oliver and I sat down and listened attentively to what the boys said. When they would say something to which Oliver and I agreed, we would smile at each other. There were two or three strange young ladies there whom I had never seen before. They were beautiful, glamorous creatures, and really made me feel quite a cocoon in comparison to their lovely butterfly-like attractions. I thought of what Mama had often told me, however, that if ones character is pure, the inner beauty gained therefrom is reflected in some way on the outer features, and I felt cheered and comforted by my little philosophy. Oliver told me they were called "imports." He said the boys often invited them over for round-table discussions. I thought they were awfully sweet girls. I told Oliver so, and he nodded in smiling acquiescence.

At ten o'clock the discussion was over, and some of the boys served graham crackers and milk. I enjoyed it so very much.

Oliver and I then started home so as not to be late. All the way home we chatted and laughed gaily together because we were no longer shy with each other. I no longer felt strained in calling him Oliver—in fact, the name tripped off my tongue with joyous abandon.

At the door, Oliver did something which perhaps I shouldn't have allowed. Oh, diary! How

(Continued on page 27)



# P A R



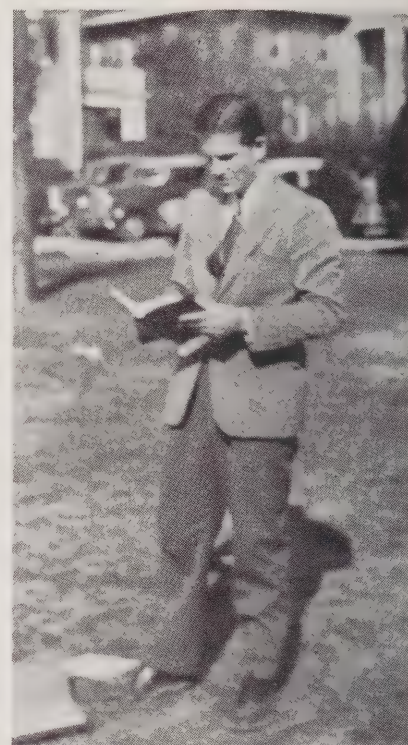
## He Will Smile—

Perhaps Reid Bahnson, president of the S.A.E.'s, is merely reminiscing about Mid-Winters or anticipating the new house the boys are going to build. But anyway, he's smiling—as always. Also in the picture is Sud Brown, talking to overcoated Foy Roberson.



## Look at the Birdie—

Fletch. (Bet you thought we were talking about you for a second.) Well, we were. This fellow needs no introduction, folks, I'm sure. For he's Fletcher Ferguson, a Chi Phi, who introduces the fistic matches, writes for the Tar Heel, goes with Ruth Howard, and who can swim like a fish. Oh yes, we almost forgot. He's also an associate editor of the BUC.



## Hamlet—

That's what Hank Abernethy—Sigma Nu, football player, motorcyclist and all-round swell guy—is probably reading; for it's his fondest dream to someday show Booth and Howard how the thing should be done. And believe us, that Hank is an actor.

## Late Comer—

Sam Hood, transfer from State and piano player of note (Note! Not notes) ignores us while doing a little mileage figuring. Note at the time this picture was taken Sam was down in South Carolina, but someone showed him the path.



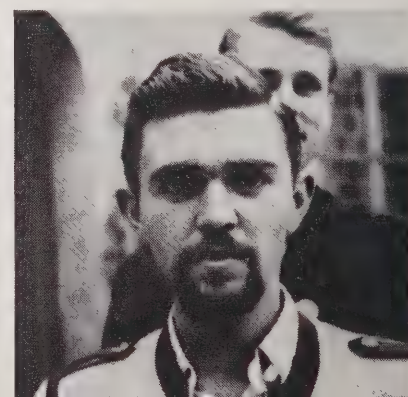
## Rest For The Weary—

In the Library, naturally, the weak flesh overcomes a willing spirit; but nobody seems worried—or even interested, as it happens every day.—Well, why are you looking at it?



## Fuzz-face—

No, children, this is not an Italian general, but St. Anthony's candid-cameraman Alan Calhoun as he looked while running around on the Continent last summer. A Yankee, this Calhoun, no relation to any of the "Warhawks."





# A D E



## Women—

And, since this is a purity issue, that's all we've got to say. No names. No nothing. Can't figure whether it's a quid of Brown Mule, toothache, or tongue-in-cheek. But wait until this campaign blows over, and we intend to find out.

## Safety First—

We don't blame Connor Feimster—prez of the Sigma Chis, Dance Committee, and one of the brighter party lights—for reaching to see if he still has his wallet. As a matter of fact, we did the same thing when we left.

## Simon Legree—

Sometimes we would like to have that belt of Chris Blackwell's knotted around his throat, for he's the business manager of your favorite publication. It's not that he isn't a nice chap, for he is. But have you ever seen a business manager who would sanction procrastination, our favorite occupation? Aw, maybe you don't understand.



## ??????—

You've got us here, too. We don't know the guy. We don't know what he's doing. We don't know at what he's looking. Nor do we know his intentions. See? We're just as dumb about the whole thing as you are. But he looked real pure and simple, so here he is.



## Isn't It Funny?—

Three of the boys around at the K.A. house get together to brag on the BUCCANEER. Pat Patterson, in the hat, is rumored to have given up chasing Queens and is now giving all his attention to Kings. Ray-rah-Pat!



## My Pipe and Thou—

Jack Apple of the Phi Gams meditates. The Phi Gams, if you remember, were accused last spring by "Donbo" McKee of harboring "The Fifteen Black Grains of Sand." Maybe that explains the chiaroscuro—(look it up). Anyway, here's Jack, his pipe and his thoughts.



## Do She Tick?—

Jack Atwood, leader of the Chipsis, seems to be having a little trouble. Maybe your brother, Bill Cole, has thrown a wrench in the works again. Why not call up "Bill Boni" and have him prognosticate? But perhaps that the trouble now, Jack; have you checked the alcohol?





## Poems by Jeffrey

Little man, why bother

With trifles such as love?  
You're wasting time by gazing  
At the moon and stars above,  
Each female is a nuisance,  
To be merely tolerated;  
Sex you'll find is boring,  
You'll be quickly satiated;  
Coeds have no intellect,  
They've all got ugly shapes,  
So spend your night as I do,  
friend  
—Munching sour grapes.

### A Toast to Claire

Wonder why those love affairs  
Don't occupy you now.  
Wonder if you found the one  
To whom your heart must  
bow.  
Anyway, here's Howe.

To V. L.

It's really paradoxical  
And yet it's very true  
That though your love, I'm cer-  
tain,  
Means an awful lot to you,  
As soon as some one mentions  
love,  
Then all you say's "Pugh."

To V. G.

People go to Florida  
To thaw out in the sun,  
To enjoy some social intercourse  
And have a little fun,  
But you've no place in Florida,  
It's warmth you should be-  
ware,  
God, you'd freeze a man to death  
—My perfect frigidaire.

To N. S.

Pioneers, O pioneers,  
Here's iceland to explore,  
It's hard to penetrate, but  
If you do, you'll come for  
more,  
Though the surface may be froz-  
en,  
Underneath there's heat ga-  
lore.

To B. H.

Men seldom pitch woo  
With girls who pursue.

To E. C.

Heaven might be dull to some  
But you never will be bored,  
I'm sure when you die,  
And ascend to the sky,  
You'll be trucking with St. Peter,  
Susy Q-ing with the Lord.



"She's been following me around ever since I got this damn job."



Chesterfields  
satisfy millions

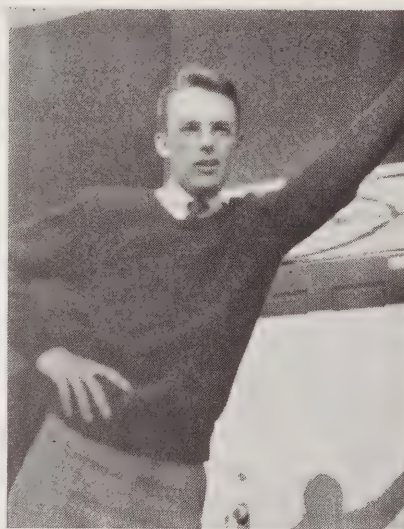


They'll give you  
**MORE PLEASURE**

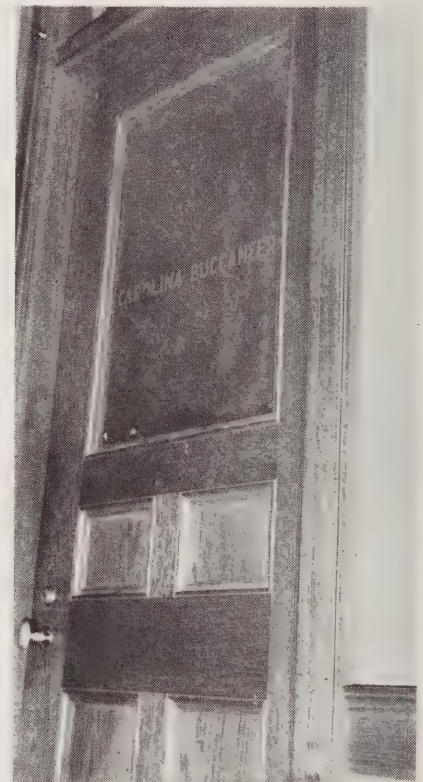




*Venus, that lady of many charms and charmers, makes a concession or so to the crusade for purity. —Is rumored to have told the Confederate Soldier, "Shoot, damn you, shoot!"*



*"His strength is as the strength of ten, because his heart is pure." Joe Boak, our standard-bearer, whose letter to the Tar Heel put the BUCCANEER back on the straight-and-narrow.*



*The very symbol of purity (See issue for February, 1938). We did think of padlocking the joint (page 2), but, after considering the service a change might render, we—*



# No Do, and Yes Do, Hers

By MORTON FELDMAN

Be a white lily;  
Don't be a red rose.

Steer clear of D. H. Lawrence and back away from Joyce;  
Back away from anarchists and back away from beer,  
Back away from surrealists and never get too near!

Never play with instincts and close you eyes to Freud;  
Close your eyes to artistic sots and close your eyes to sophisticates  
dear,  
Close you eyes to the Canterbury tales and crack no smile with the  
BUCCANEER!

Crack no smile with an Esquirian jibe and shun the thought of a  
Hemingway thought;  
Shun the thought of an ethereal puss and shun the thought of a  
moonstruck date,  
Shun the thought of a perfume ad and don't play tag with a nice  
clean slate!

Don't play tag with a hungry-eyed male and shy away from a  
Dreiser fate;  
Shy away from slinging woo and shy away from Rabelais,  
Shy away from esthetes fragile and keep your distance on Valen-  
tine Day!

Keep your distance from communists frail and treasure not the  
Calloway stomp;  
Treasure not a frater's dance and treasure not his pin,  
Treasure not a night Gimghouled and by all means keep away  
from a promiscuous sin!

By all means keep away from the Arboretum benches and mark  
not the words of Shaw;  
Mark not the words of a Hedonist and mark not the wares in a  
Senior's store,  
Mark not the words of an iconoclast and reveal no interest in the  
girl before!

Reveal no interest in those walks in the rain and insist on the es-  
says of Pope;  
Insist on the principles of the W. C. T. U. and insist on a room  
for one,  
Insist that the lights be never dimmed low and do be sure he's a  
senator's son!

Do be sure he's the follower of Emily Post and check up on the  
course of his life;  
Check up on the proof of his bachelorship and check up on the  
songs he would sing,  
Check up on the soap that he uses and demand that the library be  
a night's fling!

(Continued on page 22)

WHERE THERE'S  
SMOKE THERE  
MAY BE FIRING!



THE OLD BOY got a whiff of Joe's stinky pipe—swore that Joe was stealing ink erasers to fill it—and fired him like that!

THEN JOE SWITCHED TO THE  
BRAND OF GRAND AROMA



THE BOSS RELENTED, saying: "Any man with sense enough to find a burley blend that fragrant and mild can stay on my payroll forever. Get me a two-ounce tin!"

**PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN.** In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureau of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos at a majority of these colleges.

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday, 8:30 P. M., E.S.T., NBC Red Network.



99<sup>99</sup>/<sub>100</sub>% PURE

By BILL STAUBER

The rumor that the BUCCANEER was getting dirty was started by some freshman, (The reason I know it was a freshman is that they are the only ones that read the BUCCANEER) and over night the campus was thrown into a mild hurricane. When I first got wind of what had happened, I took it upon myself to see if it was true. Personally, I couldn't believe it. Therefore, I read the last issue from cover to cover, accomplishing something no one else has ever accomplished) and I

have yet to find anything that so much as suggests dirt.

I will admit there were a few legs and things and stuff in the last issue, but they certainly weren't dirty. I would be willing to go so far as to say that the owners of these legs take the utmost care of them. I know the southern girls wash theirs every Sat'dy, and I have no doubt but that the northern girls aren't almost as regular.

Anyway, it shouldn't make any difference if the BUC features legs, and the Tar Heel fea-

tures arms or *vice versa*. A leg is no dirtier than an arm, but why try to reason with you? You think the BUC is dirty and you are right. The customer is always right. It should be as you want it if such a thing is possible, and it will be—if I have anything to do with it.

Therefore, I am starting a drive to clean up, not only the BUC but, every publication and organization on the campus. I suppose this sounds silly to you. You don't realize it, but while you have been criticizing the BUC, large quantities of dirt have been settling under your very noses.

No doubt, you have all been up to the "Y" sometime or other and seen, lying anywhere they happened to fall, dazed students sipping "dopes." Have you ever stopped to think how this would look to visitors? No, I dare say not a one of you have. And there's the South Building. There's not a day passes but what you can find someone there handling large sums of "filthy lucre." And then there are numerous other things. For instance, Memorial Hall with its uncouth speakers (At times); class rooms with the profs telling old but nevertheless dirty jokes; Swain Hall with its greasy trays and greasier tables; the dormitories with its "bull sessions"; the fraternities and sororities with their secret meetings (They certainly aren't up to any good.); *The Carolina Magazine* with its risque stories; *The Daily Tar Heel* with its mushy pictures; the Infirmary dripping with human gore; and the coed dormitories with the shades up.

I could name many, many more such examples of filth, but I trust this will be sufficient to arouse your sense of decency. If you are willing to be a martyr to such a noble cause, then tear off the cover of this magazine, paste it on the wall, throw the rest in the waste basket (Don't



send it to your girl. She wouldn't be interested in such a crusade anyway), then tear a piece out of your bed spread, (a pillow slip will do.) sign your name, and send it to Muddy Hill 8-9933, or any other number that pops into your mind, and we will enroll you as a knight in the "Down with Filth Crusade." Furthermore, we will send you by return mail absolutely free of charge a sponge, a bucket, and three cakes of Lifebuoy soap.

We have no certain goal in mind, but we hope to persuade Will Hayes to accept the office of president. With him at the head, we feel that we can purify this campus 99 and 99/100%. We leave this 1/100%, because we feel it is hopeless to try to reform Charlie Gilmore.

And now as a final word, I would like to urge you to think at length over this call before turning it down. Wouldn't you like to be able in the future to say, "I was with the BUCCANEER in their victorious drive for cleanliness." You can't afford to miss this golden opportunity. "DIRTY CALLS!!!! ENLIST TODAY!!!!"



*Scott Hunter, YMCA pres, who is getting grey-headed trying to keep a couple thousand boys pure and unadulterated. Note the disapproving finger.*



First Class — "Hey, mister, give me an example of wasted energy."

4/c—"Yes sir: telling a hair-raising story to a bald-headed man."

—Navy Log.



Gwen: I had a date with the General last night.

Madge: Major-General?

Gwen: Not yet.

—Covered Wagon.



"Izzy, vere iss my glasses?"

"On your nose, fadder."

"Vy must you always be so indefinite, Izzy?"

—Pup.



**Typical!!!**

"I told Anne that each hour spent with her is like a pearl to me."

"And what did she say?"

"She told me to stop stringing her."

—MIT Voodoo.



*Daily clean-up — one of the Sigma Nu boys, doing his bit towards improving the looks of the campus.*

**Touched with the Magic of  
Parisian Couturier Styling**

**Fashioned in the Newest  
and Most Intriguing Colors  
and Fabrics**



**Priced with Incredible  
Moderation**



The new Apparel, Millinery  
and Accessories make their  
Spring Debut at the new

## Betty Lou Shoppe

*Durham's Foremost  
Women's Shop*

**When in Durham . . .**

We invite you to visit our lounge installed for your comfort and convenience — Make a date to meet your friends here — Play a game of cards, write a letter, hold a meeting, smoke a cigarette, or make any other use of this lounge.

**You Tell 'em, Lady**

"I don't mind going canoeing with young men as long as they mind their rowin' business."

**Strange Interlude—**

The puppets of Eugene O'Neill  
Are pale and wan and quite unreal,  
Yet we listen by the hour  
While they prate of sex gone sour.



*"As pure as the girl of your dreams." Time and motion study of Bob Frank inhaling a "Purity - and - Goodness" milkshake at a local ice-cream parlor.*

What'll we do tonight?

Let's think it over.

No, let's do something you can do, too.

—Die Woche.

**Dogs—All of Them**

Magician (sawing woman in half): Now, ladies and gentlemen, after the young lady is severed, her brains will be given to a medical college and the rest will be thrown to the dogs.

Gallery Gang: Woof, woof, woof!

—Rammer-Jammer.

**Spring Fever**

Hurrah! I have a girl! Her name is Mary and she sure is swell. For twenty years I have done what Mom told me but now I am grown up; it is spring and I have a girl. Last night she let me hold her hand. Gee, it was fun. I am going out again tonight and hold it some more.

My girl is kinda funny though, last night when I said goodnight on the porch she didn't even answer me. She just stood there with her eyes closed and an expression on her face like her feet hurt. I asked her if they did, but she got mad and said no. I wonder why she got mad—I didn't do anything.

My roommates say that I am in love; but I am not really. You see I don't believe in love. I am a modern youth—at least that's what father says—and know that love is all hooey. It sure is fun to have a girl, though. I believe in emancipation from sex. Sometime in the future there will be a fraternalism of sexes. It is up to us, the cream of American youth, to bring things about by our own far-sightedness and our intimate knowledge of human relations.

There I go again starting to preach like Mom says I always do. All I wanted to tell you was that I have a girl, her name is Mary and it is spring; but I am not in love.

—Columns.

**Impure Mice**

"Take your hands off my leg."

"Them ain't my hands. The damn mice must be out again."

—Penn State Froth.



"You look sweet enough to eat."

He whispered soft and low.

"I am," said she quite hungrily.

"Where do you want to go?"

—Ski-U-Mah.

**Take a Hint, U. N. C. Students!**

"I'm tired of this routine existence" exclaimed the fraternity brother to his roommate. "Let's do something extraordinary, startling, magnificent; something that will make our brains whirl, our pulses throb, and our hearts leap."

"Oke," replied the roommate. And so they studied.

—Kangaroo.



*Polly Pollock, leader of the girls' Y, who is having an even tougher time than Scott.*

At a band concert in the Philippines the band was playing the "Merry Widow Waltz."

A Chinese turned to a compatriot and asked, "How callum this piece music?"

The second replied, "Callum 'He Dead, She Glad'."

—Pointer.

**Nice Girl, Stella**

Preacher: "If there is anyone in the congregation who likes sin let him stand up—what Stella, you like sin?"

Stella: "Oh, excuse me, preacher, I thought you said gin."

—Exchange.



**Fie, Fie!**

Sultan: Bring me a girl.

Servant: Very good, sir.

Sultan: Not necessarily.

—*Yellow Jacket.*

"I hear your friend Wilson has a job."

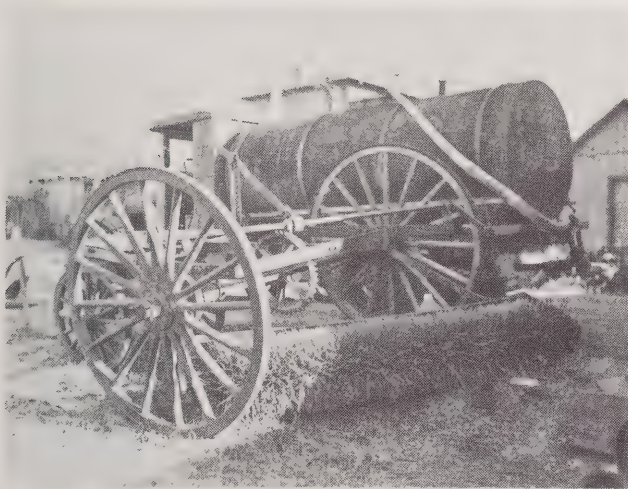
"Yeah. Ain't it a shame what some folks will do for money?"

—*Texas Ranger.*

Caller: "Is your mother engaged?"

Little Boy: "I think she's married."

—*Royal Gaboon.*



Chapel Hill's donation to the purity campaign; it not only sweeps the streets, but has purified the BUC of all street-cleaner jokes and cartoons.



Where quite a few more than seven drawers become snow-white. The Laundry, which seeks to eliminate dirty collars by eliminating all collars.

# TENNIS Rackets and Frames

Large Assortment

PRICES RANGE

from

**\$2.00 Up**

RESTRINGING SERVICE

GUARANTEED SATISFACTION

Tennis Balls

Racket Covers

Tennis Shirts

and

Shorts

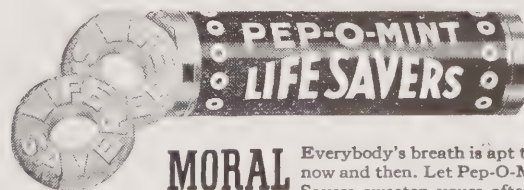
## The Book Exchange

Located in the Y. M. C. A. Bldg.



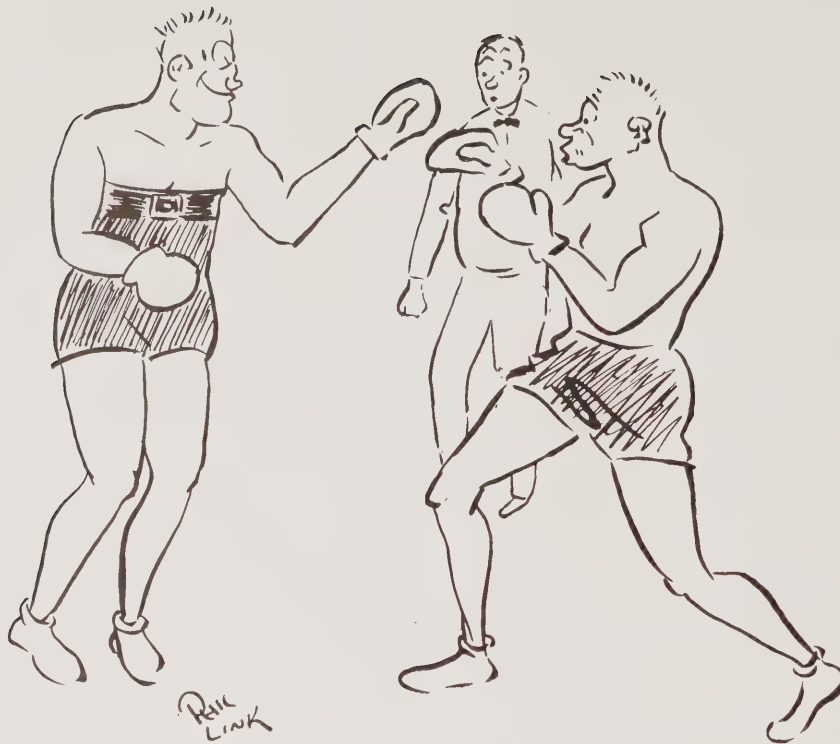
**HE:** Boy! Doesn't this take your breath away!

**SHE:** Here's something that'll really take your breath away. Try a Pep-O-Mint Life Saver!



**MORAL**

Everybody's breath is apt to offend, now and then. Let Pep-O-Mint Life Savers sweeten yours after eating, drinking or smoking.



### NO DO AND YES DO, HERS

(Continued from page 17)

Demand that he lists to a Longfellow chant and make sure that he joins the Y;  
 Make sure he's a member of a committee or two and make sure that his theories are Pink,  
 Make sure he subscribes to those magazines pure and contend there's no Missing Link!

Contend all the facts of the behavioristic school and keep up with the latest weather reports;  
 Keep up with the latest Parisian fads and keep up with the monthly Playmaker moo,  
 Keep up with each copy of the Herald Tribune and stand up for the rights of the Supreme Court crew!

Stand up for the advocates of a curfew hour and assure yourself of the boy friend's aim;  
 Assure yourself that he's never been tainted and assure yourself of the same,  
 Assure yourself that his feelings are staid and confirm that he's not one of BUCCANEER fame!

Confirm that he's not one of Shelley's sweet dreams and be prepared when he spills his Byronic beans;  
 Be prepared when he drives to a moonless lake and be prepared when he murmurs and coos,  
 Be prepared when his eyes get restless and wild and to him show your muscles when he forgets his P's and Q's!

Be a white lily;  
 Don't be a red rose—  
 Be austere and chilly;  
 Sock him on the nose!

### Petty Pictures

Leering boys grab *Esquire* madly,  
 Sometimes tearing pages badly;  
 Find the girl that they would gladly  
 Give their right arms for.

Old Gold cigs or Jantzen swim-suits  
 Glorified by nearly-nude beauts  
 Are the cause for savage war-whoops—  
 Longing eyes galore.

Legs too long and dresses flimsy,  
 Drawn to entertain man's whimsy,  
 Though we know they are a glimpse we  
 All have seen before.

Out-proportioned Petty pictures  
 Now in magazines are fixtures  
 For the men all like the mixtures—  
 Ads with umph don't bore.

—Tiger.



### No Sex Here

"My, you dance divinely."

He blushed furiously but did not reply.

"Am I holding you too tightly?"

He smiled and snuggled closer, as they went into an unorthodox hold. An arm around the waist began to squeeze just the tiniest bit, and his face immediately turned a bright red.

"The floor isn't so smooth this evening," he offered, attempting to make conversation.

"It's good enough," was the indifferent reply. Then, "Quite a crowd tonight, isn't there?" Here a plump leg was gently pressed to his.

"Yes," was the reply. "And seems they are all watching us."

"We should worry," he said reassuringly. "Don't mind them in the least."

"Oh, I don't." Suddenly they were rudely thrust apart.

"Hey, looka here, if you two hams don't start wrestlin', and quit stallin' around, I'm gonna disqualify ya both." The referee had spoken his piece.

—Yellow Jacket.



**Nice Start, Chum—**

I'm through with all women,  
they're fickle, untrue,  
They make you then break you  
and laugh when they're thru.  
They wreck and degrade you  
with motives most base,  
Then reward all your love with  
a slap in the face.

I'm done with all women, there's  
not one alive,  
Who's worth all the misery that  
men must survive,  
To win their black hearts where  
a flame seems to dwell,  
That is fed by the men that are  
under their spell.

I'm through with all women,  
they cheat and they lie,  
They prey on us males to the  
day that they die.  
They tease us, torment us and  
drive us to sin—  
Say, who is the blonde that just  
now came in?

—Puppet.

Burlesque is said to be the  
place where "Backfield in mo-  
tion" was originated.

—Mis-A-Sip.

Woman Hides \$75,000 in Bus-  
tle—Headline. That's a lot of  
money to leave behind.

—Yellow Jacket.

Here Comes Adam Again  
Whatever trouble Adam had  
No man in days of yore  
Could say, when Adam cracked  
a joke,

"I've heard that one before."

Sh-h-h!

Frosh: Transfer, please.

Conductor: Where to?

Frosh: Can't tell you. It's a  
surprise party.

—Caveman.

The Guy: I dreamed of you  
last night.

The Gal (coldly): Really!

The Guy: Yes; then I woke  
up, shut the window, and put an  
extra blanket on the bed.

—Kitty-Kat.

"I want to buy a petticoat."

"Yes, Miss; period costumes  
on the third floor."

**Long Live Virginity!**

Honest Henry Brown was re-  
turning answers based upon  
family history through the long  
list of questions furnished by  
the insurance company.

He gave his mother's death at  
43 of tuberculosis. At what age  
did his father die? A little past  
39. And of what? Of cancer.

"Bad family record," said the  
doc. "No use going further,"  
and tore up the entry blank.

Impressed by the lesson that  
one shouldn't make the same  
mistake twice, Henry Brown ap-  
plied for a \$10,000 policy in an-  
other company.

"What was your father's age  
at death?" he was asked.

"He was 96," asserted Henry.

"And of what did he die?"

"Father was thrown from a  
pony at a polo game."

"How old was your mother at  
death?"

"She was 94."

"Cause of death?"

"Child-birth."

—Bowdoin Growler.

"What's the charge officer?"

"Fragrancy, sire. He's been  
drinking perfume."

—Purple Parrot.

A Sultan at odds with his Harem  
Thought of a way he could  
scare 'em;

He caught a mouse

Which he freed in the house,  
Thus starting the first Harem  
Scarem.

—Urchin.

She: We're going to give the  
bride a shower.

Puritan: Count me in. I'll  
bring the soap.

Sigma Nu—"My hen lays  
eggs with no yolks."

Phi Gam—"Mighty white of  
her."

—Covered Wagon.

**Three Cheers**

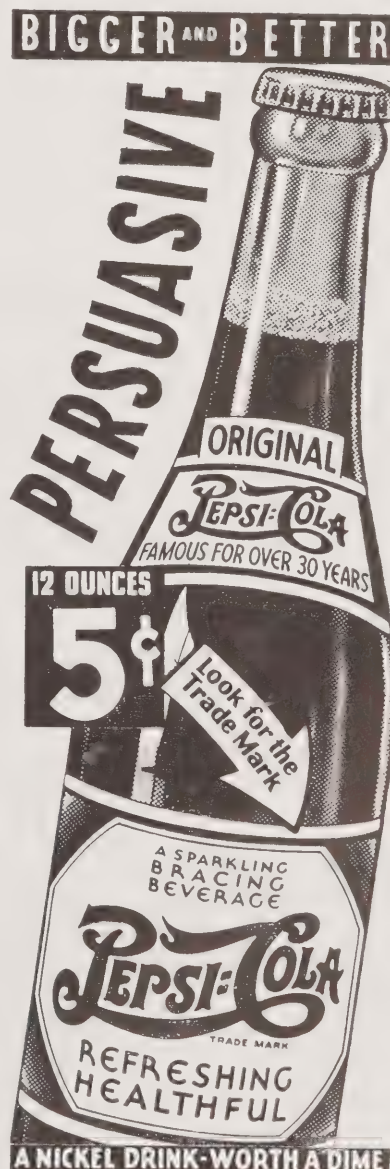
Burlesque reform has just  
reached a certain mid-western  
city. Recently a comedian there  
appeared on the stage and told  
that very proper traveling sales-  
man story. He got his laugh at  
the end by adding: "Not so  
funny, but Kleeeee!"

—Duke 'n' Duchess.

**Smith and Watts****DRY CLEANERS**

Phone  
3531

110  
N. Columbia



# SHROUDING THAT BODY DOWN

The shirt with the detachable collar is definitely the thing. Alarming as this may be, it was confirmed by the style moguls of the Hill, the clothiers of Franklin Street. By dint of great perseverance I worked the dark secret from them, rushed to my den of intrigue in Pittsboro Street, borrowed a copy of Esquire from my neighbor, and lo it was true! The solid color shirt with the detachable white collar continues to be the prevailing trend in shirts.

Most of these shirts are in solid colors, blue, gray, and maroon being the most popular. Some style magazines are also showing stripes for use with the white collar. These give an air of smartness but for a neat shirt without extravagance of color we think the solid patterns are better. This is in line with the current pattern style for shirts which has been toward conservative designs for several months and which will continue so in the spring.

Shirt-wearers are becoming more collar conscious than formerly. In detachable collars the Kent or almost any short pointed collar is used. And in this category rounded point collars are finding favor, too. For shirts with collars attached the tab collar is coming again into popularity. An innovation in this model is the tabless tab which has the same points as the regular model but with the tab omitted. It looks good too. The familiar button-down collar is losing popularity but is still good for use with tweeds.

The style prognosticators are indicating that the white shirt is going to be a strong number this spring in both attached and detachable collar models. We think that there are few shirts more satisfactory for all around utility than the solid white shirt in Oxford weave. Incidentally, the Oxford weave is much used at present. It has a neat appearance and in addition wears much better than broadcloth.



French cuffs (the type requiring cuff links) are popular with both tab models and detachables. For use with these cuffs Hickok has a new model link which combines good looks and the much desired quality of being easy to insert. The link has the conventional face on one end which is set on a "T" shaped shank. The bar of the "T" by a spring device folds into the shank of the link leaving a straight key which slips through the button holes of the cuff easily. Once through, the bar of the T springs back out of the shank and holds the cuff securely.

A new arrival on the campus is a hybrid shirt which combines polo shirt style (except that it has long sleeves) and beach shirt fabric is gaining popularity. This innovation has

appeared in heavy linen, airplane cloth, and also in corduroy. Most popular color seems to be tan. It is quite probable that the use of this shirt will increase in the spring as it is a sport garment made for comfort.

—Ernest King.



## Experiment No. 37

**Element:**

Woman.

**Origin:**

Found wherever man exists. Seldom found in a free state. With a few exceptions, found in a combined state.

**Physical Properties:**

All colors, shapes, and sizes. Usually in disguised condition. Face covered with a film of composite material. Boo-hoos at nothing and may freeze at any temperature; however melts when properly treated. Very bitter if not well used.

**Chemical Properties:**

Very active; possesses strong affinity for gold, silver, platinum, precious stones, in fact for anything that has value. Violent reaction when left alone. Undissolved by liquid, but activity greatly stimulated when treated with a spirited solution. Sometimes yields to pressure. Turns green when placed beside a more handsome specimen. Ages very rapidly, usually getting into a permanently fattened state. Fresh variety has great magnetic attraction.

**Caution:**

Highly explosive when used by inexperienced hands.

—Robert Weinberger.



## Style Trends on the Campus

Webster defines quintessence as the "pure concentrated essence of anything." No other word is as applicable to Sigma Chi's striding Tim Elliot and his immaculate attire. A dark blue, double-breasted, modified drape suit of the ambassador stripe type is fully accentuated by a white and blue vertical striped shirt. Harmony is further carried out by a dark maroon tie and corresponding cordovan shoes. Different but excellent is the accompanying white linen kerchief with just the correct amount showing. The accessories are a gray double-breasted herringbone topcoat of the raglan model and smooth finish gray mocha gloves.



### CAROLINA CO-OPERATIVE STORE

"Styles of Today with a Touch of Tomorrow"

## Vice Versus Virtue or Vice Versa

A vicious young villian named Vinnie  
Was a lad much addicted to vice;  
And of sweethearts he never had any  
Save a type that's considered not nice.  
He smoked and he drank and he gambled,  
Transgressions quite common to men—  
That is, he did these 'til he rambled  
Onto Prudence Prudential's ken.

*Refrain:*

*She married a rake to reform him—  
Alas for the gullible sex!  
With the love of a woman to warm him  
Of mankind she thought he'd be Rex.*

Now Prudence was one of those females  
Who thought that, if on the alert, you  
Could often drag poor, erring he-males  
From sin's thoroughfare back to virtue.  
And since she was beauteous as brainy,  
On Vinnie she got such a deadlock  
That he, the egregious zany,  
Was easily led into wedlock.

*Refrain:*

*She married a rake to reform him—*

*Alas, she believed he'd be steady.  
The love of a woman to warm him!  
She forgot he'd had forty already!*

But Vinnie developed a taste for  
The life in which Prudence had placed him;  
While Prue, in her turn, made great haste for  
Perdition's paths whence she had chased him.  
She haunts the gay night spots, besotted—  
The toast of the dance halls, the sinner!  
While Vinnie, his love bond still knotted,  
At home in his apron cooks dinner.

*Refrain:*

*She married a rake to reform him—  
Alas, what a sequel exotic!  
The rake has a fireplace to warm him,  
While Virtue finds pleasures erotic.*

*Envoi:*

Before I can close I must eke out  
A moral for this lengthy fable;  
If, sir, a true soulmate you'd seek out,  
Don't trust what you read on the label!

—Kitty Kat

## SNOW WHITE

(Continued from page 7)

ror, on the wall, who in this land is the fairest of all?"

"You, I ween, are the fairest —," said the mirror. It rattled violently. "Oh, my, yes," said the mirror, "No end. But definitely. Heh, heh. Why haven't you been in before. Do sit down." Snow White hid behind a September Morn impersonation. "Why, you lecherous old thing," said Snow White. The rattling continued. "Have a chair or two," said the mirror rather foolishly. "Have you read any good books lately. What did you say your name was?" Snow White scurried out and slammed the door. "Just a damn looking glass," said the mirror. It rattled again. The cord broke and it crashed to the floor.

Snow White dressed and went down stairs. She had been at the table only a few seconds when the King shifted his chair away from her. One of the servants snickered. Finally the King looked at her very nastily, got up, and left the table. The Queen smirked gleefully and followed. Somebody opened a window. When she had finished her meal Snow White went to her room. When her maid came in, she too seemed ill at ease. However, upon leaving she carelessly left a magazine open on the table. Snow White glanced at it. "Not even your best friend," it read, "The second day. Glux soap."

"Heh, heh, heh," said the wicked Queen as she came up stairs. "There is pink toothbrush, psoriasis, and gallstones; to say nothing of leprosy. And the red ones. And the green ones! Heh, heh, heh." She opened her door and saw the mirror. "Wooo," said the mirror. The pieces clinked on the floor. "Fairest of all," said the mirror, "Brief pause for station identification." "Land sakes," said the Queen, "What ever has happened." "U. S. steel up twenty seven," said the mirror, "July wheat, thirteen; and February has twenty-eight; just a damn looking glass." "Heavens," said the Queen, "the mirror is cracked!"

Came the dawn and Snow White again surveyed her panties. One, a wisp of scarlet, shimmered lustily, straining at the leash, champing the bit so to speak. She put them on. Suddenly she felt like carbonated-water tastes; like her foot was asleep all over. Shouldn't smoke before breakfast, thought she.

She dressed and went into the hall. A man was there with pipes and things. Snow White gave a yell and leaped upon him. She kissed him on the mustache. He hit her with a wrench and ran down stairs. She pursued him into the yard where she bumped into the ice man. She jumped for him but he screamed and fled. In rounding a corner of the house she snagged her dress on a nail. It ripped through and tore her pants off. Suddenly she felt very foolish. "Mercy me," said Snow White, "What can be the matter."

She went to her room and put on her green pants. She went down to breakfast but the sight of food made her very sick. Back to the room, she gazed wistfully out the window. Some children were playing on the lawn. How sweet, thought Snow White. With dreamy eyes she

went to a chest and found a ball of yarn. She sat down in the rocking chair and began to knit. A little stocking was almost finished when she became sleepy. She decided she would go to bed but she no sooner had the green pants off than she was wide awake again. "Horribles," said Snow White, "Am I going nuts. First I act like a wood nymph and then I get maternal. And when I take my drawers off I feel O.K. again. Pants off. Pants off! Why the stercorary scion of a slattern termite!" Snow White wrinkled her brow. "The blue ones yesterday. The red ones this morning. And these green — Suppose I had kept them on! Well, well," said Snow White, "So she changed into a panty salesman and sold me enchanted drawers. Ocult undies. Well snap my geestring!"

Snow White sat down and thought and thought and muttered to herself. Suddenly she jumped up, collected the panties, and sneaked across the hall to the Queen's room. The Queen was asleep. Snow White pulled down the cover and picked up a leg. The wicked Queen was a heavy sleeper. Snow White, one on top of the other, put all seven pants on the Queen. Something clinked on the floor. "Just a damn looking glass," said the mirror. Snow White softly left the room.

In the hall she met the man with the mustache and pipes and things. He turned pale but she persuaded him not to run away. He said he had come to

### Service for Your Car

Texaco Products, Firestone Tires  
Willard and Exide Batteries  
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### University Service Station

H. S. Pendergraft, Prop.

### It's Very Important!

For athletes to keep in trim  
And for personal  
appearance—

A Perfect Hair Trim

### The Tar Heel Barber Shop



fix the plumbing. The next day they found that the wicked Queen had disappeared. And Snow White married the plumber and lived happily ever after.



Some folks rate  
Ogden Nash as great  
But my opinion is how in the  
name of something or other  
*can* he miss,  
Using a meter like this?



Looking through a library  
copy of Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*  
the other day, we found this bit  
of sentiment inscribed in the  
margin of a page in Chapter XI  
which contained the description  
of a funeral:

When I die, don't bury me at all,  
Just send my body to Caldwell  
Hall,  
Put a couple of students at my  
head and feet  
With good sharp knives to whiddle  
my meat.



**And the Purple Milkman**  
I've never seen a purple cow,  
I never hope to see one,  
But by the purple milk we get,  
I'm sure that there must be one.  
—*Bull.*



**C'est Tout**  
"Qui 'etait la dame avec qui  
je vous ai vu la derniere nuit?"  
"Ca n'etait pas une dame,  
c'etait ma femme."  
—*Widow.*



### THE HOTTENTOT'S LAMENT

Iggle doogie bleggle squiggle,  
Squnkem bluggy foo;  
Iggle swishie bluby gugem,  
Bligel squggie boo.

Oggile woogy hudie dugle,  
Squnkem zoddle bog—  
Duddle dunkin ziselle unkie;  
Heigle squmpy gog.

—*Carl Pugh.*



He: Here's how.  
She: Say when—I know how.  
—*Rice Owl.*

### ONE COED'S ONE EXPERIENCE

(Continued from page 11)

can I tell you—Well, right or wrong, diary, he grasped my hand in his and looked me straight in the eyes. In the dark his large eyes gleamed lustreously through the thick lenses of his glasses. (I had to lower mine, dear diary, so great was my confusion!) He told me with all sincerity that he had enjoyed the evening so very much. I have forgotten (I was so confused with the excitement) what I replied, but I must have thanked him for a beautiful experience.

And so, here I am—very pleased and content with my little outing and ready to study my work diligently again because of my recreation.

Dear diary, good night—I go to my little pillow blissfully.



Thirty days hath September,  
June, July, and my uncle for  
speeding.

—*Red Cow.*



### Detour

A motorist was helping his extremely fat victim to rise. "Couldn't you have gone around me?" growled the victim.

"Sorry," said the motorist, sadly. "I wasn't sure whether I had enough gasoline."

—*Kitty-Kat.*



### Daffy Definition

Rubber is something which if your feet are dry you haven't walked in the snow without.

—*The Owl.*



He: "Let's get married?"  
She: "All right."  
(a long awkward silence)  
She: "Why don't you say something?"

He: "I've said too much already."

—*Urchin.*

### EDDY DUCHIN

(Continued from page 1)

When his fidelity to a promise took him back to college to complete his preparation for pharmacy, it was not to be the last that Reisman saw of him. Duchin, diligent in his studies, became president of the senior class and was graduated a Ph.G. Thereupon he rode again into New York and to the Central Park Casino and sat down grinning at the piano again in Reisman's orchestra.

When Reisman left the Casino, Eddy formed his own band and remained to establish himself in the prominence his mother anticipated and which he enjoys today. Now, as contrasted with a small group who danced to his tunes in New Hampshire a few years ago, a nation listens to his matured piano performances and the correspondingly free and forward-looking arrangements played by his band.

### Starlines

Eddy is five feet, eleven inches tall, has black hair and brown eyes. . . . Has his hands insured for \$100,000. . . . Rarely looks at a score while directing his band. . . . Learns a tune by hearing it once, but can't memorize a lyric. . . . Spends his leisure time listening to other bands on the radio . . . . Favors dancing as his recreation but never has time for it.

—*Roberts Jernigan, Jr.*



"Is she thin, Bill?"

"Why, she's so thin that when she drinks a glass of tomato juice she looks like a thermometer."



### In Naughty Movieland

Hollywood marriages, someone says,

Don't last as long as they should.

The stars may get married for better or worse,

But certainly not for good.

—*S. C. Wampus.*

## PUPPY LOVE

(Continued from page 9)

the variation from the two preceding summers. It was the time for Ann's departure to college. There is quite a crowd at the station. Jack was with Ann, making a manly effort to control his emotions. He tried to make the best of it, but it was hard for him, knowing that he couldn't see Ann until Christmas, three whole months. So with many goodbyes, Ann left for school in a new and lonely town.

It is now Christmas time and Ann has just arrived. She has not seen Jack yet and is anxiously awaiting his arrival. Soon what does Ann hear but four shorts and a long on the horn of the old roadster. She rushes out to meet him *but*, there is another person in the car, a blond girl. Ann kinda stops, hurt that anyone else should be brought to witness her homecoming. Jack just stooped and planted a friendly kiss on her cheek. "Oh!" thought Ann, "Could this person be Jack, my Jack?" He then turned and said coldly, "Oh yes, Ann, I would like you to meet my fiancée, Elaine Cooper, Miss Brown." "Your—oh, oh," she cried. "Er, I'm glad to know you. Won't you both come in?"

No thank you was of course the reply. "We are on our way to dinner at Lakeside Inn. Well, I'm real glad to see you back, Ann. Drop over some time and see mother. She'll be glad to see you."

"Thanks," said a down-hearted Ann. "Come back and I'm glad to have met you, Miss Cooper."

What a let down for Ann. She could hardly believe her own eyes. Her Jack with another girl!

They were to be married early in January and it was now the last of January. Poor Ann, she had many other friends but

they were not Jack. She left a day earlier than she was supposed to and entered school with a heart shattered in a million pieces.

She had gotten back at four o'clock in the afternoon and had gone to rest awhile after supper with a severe headache, when one of the maids knocked at the door and announced that she had a visitor downstairs.

Who did Ann find but a tired and sad looking Jack.

"Jack!"

"Ann, darling," was all he could say as he saw her.

## CAROLINA HEADQUARTERS

Authentic  
Drape Clothing

In Stock for Your  
Approval

New Gabardines, New Herringbones,  
in All Shades—

\$30 up

Miller-Bishop Co.

108 Corcoran St.

Durham, N. C.

"I love you and only you, not her," he said.

This goes to show that what is usually termed "puppy love" sometimes proves to be really true love.

(Editor's Note: the author wishes it make known that the characters in this story aren't supposed to resemble any particular person in name or character.)

"Bill shouldn't have married Irene. In less than a year she's made him a pauper."

"What is it, a boy or a girl?"

—Navy Log.

## 55% Pure

Coed (dreamily): Did you ever see the man in the moon?

Snake (absent-mindedly): No, but I've seen a lady in the sun.

—Rammer-Jammer.



## Good Advice

"Where does this inviting, shady lane lead to?" asked the motorist.

Without moving from his contented rest upon the fence, the farmer launched a jet of tobacco juice with deadly effect upon a grasshopper ten feet away, then scratched his stubbled chin thoughtfully.

"Well, stranger," he drawled, "it's led mor'n half the young folks around these parts into a right smart heap o' trouble."

—Dodo.



## Poor Advice

Oh, the joys of useful learning  
Is a thing oft hard to excel,  
And the one who earns a diploma  
Feels pride in having done well;  
But pause for some meditation,  
'Tis true this work comes to naught

If a gal needs consolation  
Because she's branded a pot,  
So hark to the words I tell you  
And stoop to a bit of advice  
For all can profit by knowledge  
If they stoop to a portion of vice  
So if in the future you picture  
Yourself as some Romeo's wife  
Let not your education  
Interfere with your college life.

—Puppet.



## Really Led a Pure Life

The quack was selling an elixir which he declared would make men live to a great age.

"Look at me," he shouted. "Hale and hearty, and I'm over 300 years old."

"Is he really as old as that?" asked Jaye Brower, of the youthful assistant.

"I can't say," replied the assistant. "I've only worked for him 100 years!"

—Lyre.



### **This Better?**

Mary had a football man  
Who had a tricky toe  
And everywhere that Mary went  
Her man was sure to go.

He followed her to class one day  
Though not against the rule,  
It surely made them laugh to see  
A football man in school.

—*Old Line.*



### **Admittance?**

We have just heard of a noble thing:  
A blind man has been supporting himself and his mother by refereeing Duke football games.

—*Duke n' Duchess*



### **Ray, Cabot!!**

A Bostonian sub-deb named Brooks,  
Whose hobby was reading sex books,  
Ensnared her a Cabot  
Who looked like a rabbit  
And deftly lived up to his looks.

—*Yale Record.*

### **Modesty to the Fore**

"Your dress is too short."  
"I don't think so."  
"Then you must be in it too far."

—*Widow.*



### **Nice Boy**

Jack got up the morning after the big dance in a very cheerful mood. He sang and whistled but suddenly at breakfast his sister noticed a sudden change. He appeared to be thinking very hard and frowned with clenched teeth. So she inquired, "What's the matter, Jack? Didn't you have a good time at the dance?"

"Well," he answered slowly, "I was just thinking. In the rumble seat last night the girl I was with said she was cold. So I put the auto robe over her. She was still cold and I lent her my coat. She didn't say anything after that but I just happened to think . . ."

—*Widow.*

Flattery is 90 per cent soap.  
And soap is 90 per cent lye.



Young and innocent, she lay close to him, utterly relaxed. He sighed, shifted slightly, and softly, gently, his arm crept around her. She stiffened, seemed about to make a protest, and then lay quiet again, her head against his chest. Her gown had somehow moved up above her knees, and a generous expanse of her smooth white legs was plainly visible, but of this she seemed absolutely unconscious. He moved again, pulled her even closer and buried his face in her fragrant hair.

At this moment, her father entered, accompanied by two strangers. "Yes," he said, "they're asleep now. Johnny there is just four years old, while his little sister is almost two."

—But, Boy, if this hadn't been a Purity Issue!

## **FREE! A Box of Life Savers for the Best Wisecrack!**

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

Won this month by  
W. McWHORTER COCHRANE  
Sutton Building

**Enjoy the Service  
and  
Excellent Meals**

of our

**Main Dining Room  
Carolina Inn**



## Her Throat Insured For \$50,000.

**DOLORES DEL RIO\*** tells why it's good business for her to smoke Luckies...

"That \$50,000 insurance is a studio precaution against my holding up a picture," says Miss Del Rio. "So I take no chances on an irritated throat. No matter how much I use my voice in acting, I always find Luckies gentle."

They will be gentle on *your* throat, too. Here's why... Luckies' exclusive "Toasting" process expels certain harsh irritants found in all tobacco. This makes Luckies' fine tobaccos even finer... a *light* smoke.

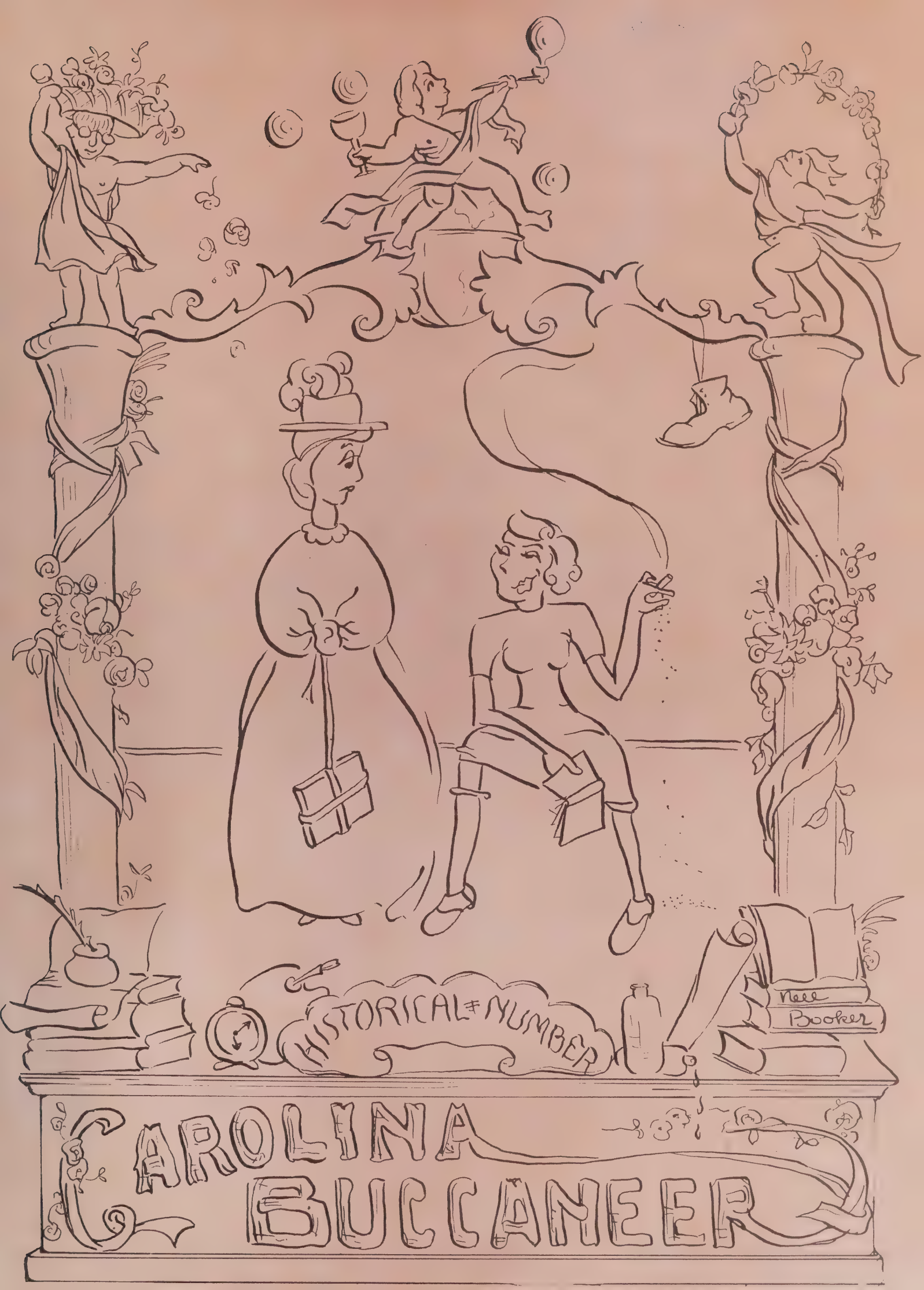
Sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts—men who know tobacco and its qualities—Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as all other cigarettes combined.

**WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST  
IT'S LUCKIES—2 TO 1**



**\*DOLORES DEL RIO**  
STARRING IN THE 20th CENTURY-FOX  
PICTURE, "SHANGHAI DEADLINE"





HISTORICAL NUMBER

CAROLINA  
BUCCANEER

Nellie  
Booker



# SHE RISKS HER LIFE FOR THE

# Movies



"I've noticed that you are a steady Camel smoker, Miss Reed. Do you have definite reasons for preferring them to other cigarettes?"

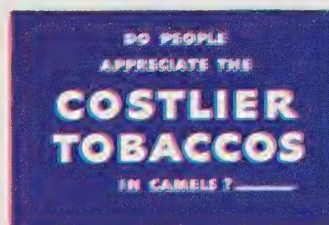
"Yes, indeed, I certainly have. They are distinctly different in so many ways. I smoke Camels all through the day, and my nerves don't feel the least bit frayed. And they are so gentle to my throat. After a meal, I enjoy a Camel 'for digestion's sake.' You see—in so many ways, Camels agree with me."

**OFTEN MISS REED** has to go through the same danger—the same strain—five or six times before the "take" is right. "I know what hard work is," she says. "Many a time I've been thankful for that cheery 'lift' that I get with a Camel."

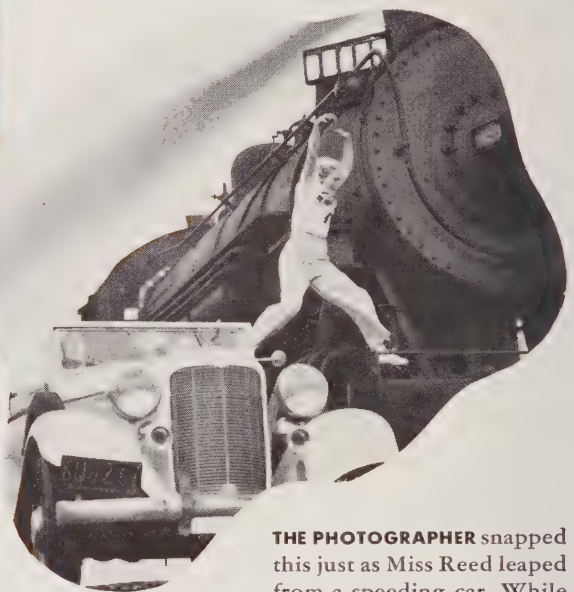


**FOR RECREATION** Miss Reed likes cooking...dancing...outdoor sports...and Camels! "On almost every movie lot, I notice that so many of the stars prefer Camels," she says.

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS**—Turkish and Domestic.



**THE PHOTOGRAPHER** snapped this just as Miss Reed leaped from a speeding car. While making pictures, Ione often has time for only quick snacks. "Smoking Camels always helps me to enjoy my meal more," she says. You'll find that those finer, more expensive tobaccos in Camels mean much to *your* smoking.



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ONE SMOKER  
TELLS ANOTHER...

*"Camels agree with me!"*



# MEET THE LOMBARDO GANG



*Guy, Carmen, Leibert, and Victor*

Shakespeare made famous the question: "What's in a name?" But Shakespeare lived at a time when there was no radio, so the bard can be forgiven for passing over the matter of "names" so lightly. Radio has made "names" mandatory insofar as "patronage appeal" is concerned, and four of the greatest and most popular are the LOMBARDO BROTHERS.

GUY LOMBARDO—His am-

bition is to sleep nights instead of days. . . . Is 36 years old and weighs 158 pounds. . . . Never has played his violin on the radio, he can't, as it cost only twelve dollars and has but one string. . . . Is a boating enthusiast, owning three crafts. . . . Likes to pull distant stations on his short-wave receiver. . . . Says no two couples dance alike. . . . Never forgets an appointment, but is invariably late. . . . Likes

to listen to others' and then do as he thinks. . . . Directs his rehearsals from the control room. . . . Would like to be a speedboat pilot, but his brothers won't let him.

CARMEN LOMBARDO — He is the second oldest brother. . . . Plays first saxophone, sings the solo numbers and composes song hits. . . . Proud of his backgammon ability. . . . Has written a

*(Continued on page 22)*

## Hits of the Month

"JUST LET ME LOOK AT YOU" and "YOU COULDN'T BE CUTER" — (Victor 25766) — Recorded by TOMMY DORSEY and his ORCHESTRA—A couple of tunes played in the unmistakable DORSEY swing arrangement.

"IT'S WONDERFUL" and "ALWAYS AND ALWAYS" — (Brunswick 8069) — Recorded by RED NORVO and his ORCHESTRA—The latest waxing by America's Mr. and Mrs. Swing—RED NORVO and MILDRED BAILEY.

"THE OLD APPLE TREE" and "IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF HEAVEN" — (Victor 25778) — Recorded by GUY LOMBARDO and his ROYAL CANADIANS — SWEET tunes played in the SWEET style of the CANADIANS.

"WHO ARE YOU TO SAY?" and "SHADOWS OF THE MOON" — (Bluebird B-7429) — Recorded by BLUE BARRON and his ORCHESTRA—The latest members of the "singing title" group—Music Of Yesterday And Today—Styled BLUE BARRON WAY.

"THE MOON OF MANAKOORA" and "LOVE WALKED IN" — (Victor 25790) — Recorded by LEO REISMAN and his ORCHESTRA—Romantic numbers waxed in the smooth manner of Waldorf-Astoria's popular maestro.

"MARTHA" and "I DREAMT I DWELT IN MARBLE HALLS" — (Victor 25789) — Recorded by LARRY CLINTON and his ORCHESTRA—Music arranged and played in a danceable tempo—not too fast—yet not too slow.





*I said he could hold my hand, but I didn't know he would take me liberally.*



# Leading a Double Life!



No, no! We don't  
Mean the gal!  
We wouldn't know  
About her.  
We're talking about  
Old Gold Cigarettes.  
You see,  
Old Golds are  
Double-mellow  
Because they're blended  
From double-fine  
Prize crop tobaccos.  
Really double-aged  
(3 years or more).  
And they're  
Double-delightful  
Because they're always  
Double-fresh . . .  
Kept that way  
By a  
Double-wrapping  
Of Cellophane.  
Two jackets  
Instead of one  
Double-guard  
O. G.'s freshness.  
You'll find  
Fresh Old Golds  
Double-rich  
In flavor,  
Double-pleasing  
To your taste.  
We'll bet  
You'll say . . .  
Old Gold's  
A sweetheart  
Like the gal!

Every pack wrapped in two jackets of Cellophane;  
the *OUTER* jacket opens from the *BOTTOM*.

**TUNE IN** on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, every Tuesday and Thursday night, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

For Finer, *FRESHER* Flavor . . . Smoke Double-Mellow Old Golds

# THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER

THE OFFICIAL HUMOR MAGAZINE OF THE CAROLINA PUBLICATIONS UNION  
OF THE

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## Time to Kill? Then Read This!

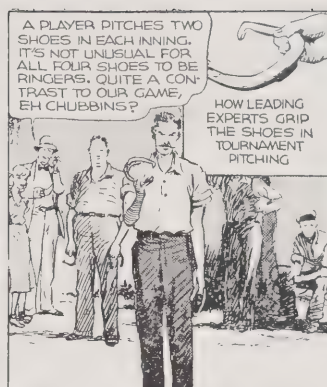
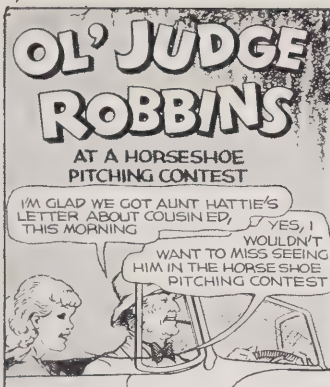
*Personally, I think it all goes back to the day I told the Editor some fool idea of his was LOUSY. He went away muttering something about revenge, but I thought no more of it. Then, one night last month, he came dashing into the room where I was studying, and said, "How about helping me a little?" "Okay," I replied, laying down my cards—I only had a low pair, anyhow—and picking up the scissors, "want me to WRITE something." "Nope," was the answer, "it's ideas I want, ideas."—So we went downstairs to think, and after the third beer, he leaned over confidentially and said, "How'd you like to edit the next "Buc?"*

*Well, that's the way it happened. I don't know yet whether it's reward or punishment, but I'm already beginning to have my suspicions; twenty-eight is a lot of pages.*

*Now, the last issue was dedicated to Purity, and the issue before that was not, so the staff and I decided to try one devoted to History—as you can see by examining the cover and the jokes—just to be different. Anyhow, it seemed like a good idea at the time, and the staff rallied 'round and stuff, and helped nobly, and we hope you like it.*

THE MANAGING EDITOR.

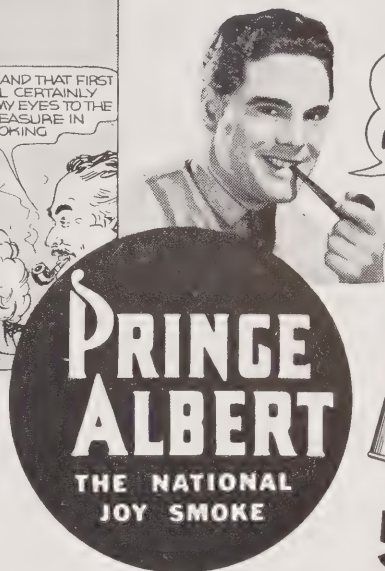




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**P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER.** Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



ALL MY PIPE TROUBLES ARE BEHIND ME. EVEN BREAKING IN A PIPE IS NO PROBLEM WITH MILD-SMOKING, GOOD-TASTING PRINCE ALBERT



**SO MILD!**

**THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN**

**50** pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

### Lament on a Saturday Night

Did all my work for Monday,  
Don't feel like going to bed,  
Nothing good on the radio,  
Fraternity house seems dead;  
Not in the mood for Durham,  
What else is worth thinking of?

Anything to fill up time—  
Guess I'll fall in love.

—Jeffrey.

Gently, he pushed her quivering shoulders back against the chair. She raised beseeching eyes in which faint hope and fear were struggling. From her parted lips, the breath came in short, wrenching gasps. Reassuringly he smiled at her.

Bzzzzz, went the dentist's drill.

—Widow.

Smarty dressed in coat of fur,  
Lounging against a cocktail bar,  
Baby, how I wish you were  
As naughty as you think you are.

—Lyre.

She: When we get married  
I'm going to cook, sew, darn  
your socks and lay out your pipe  
and slippers. What more can  
any man ask than that?

He: Nothing, unless he is evil-minded.

—Maroon Bee.

Junior: I just got a check  
from home.

Senior: Pay me the five dollars you owe me, then.

Junior: Wait till I tell you the rest of my dream.

—Tex Ranger.

Gentlemen may prefer blondes,  
but I think that the fact that  
blondes know what gentlemen  
prefer has a lot to do with it.

—Battalion.

"I say, Pete, your girl looked quite tempting in that sort of Biblical gown she was wearing last night."

"What do you mean, Biblical gown?"

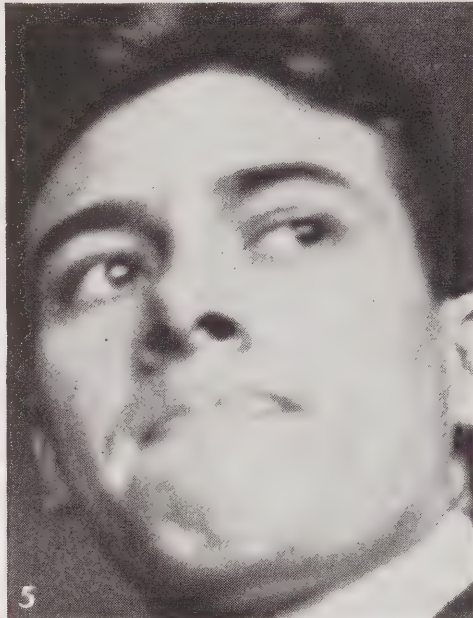
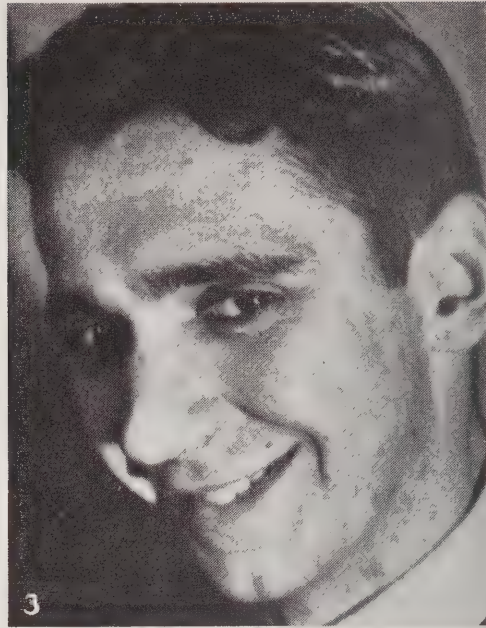
"Oh, you know. Sort of low and behold!"

### BREEZY

No sight more exhilarating than Carole Lombard in blue silk lounging pajamas, facing a California breeze.

—Greenwich (Conn.) Press.  
Always bragging about that climate. —Jack o' Lantern.







# The Carolina Buccaneer

University of North Carolina

VOLUME XIV

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NUMBER 6

## SKULLS AND BONES

The fellow who passed this one on to us is pretty reliable, but it still seems too good to be true. It seems that not so long ago, a Carolina student, hitch-hiking to Durham, thumb-ed a ride with a Carolina alumnus. The grad's young son was in the car, and, somehow, the conversation shifted around to child-management. "And how do you make your son behave, by spanking him?" inquired the student. "Nope," was the reply, "this way," and turning to his boy and pointing a finger at the kid, he said, "If you don't be good, now, I'm going to send you to Duke."—And the little fellow tuned up and began crying like all get-out!

what the trouble was. Carl patiently and gently explained that the tire was cut, and he was putting adhesive tape on the wound. The frosh, obviously an "A" Hygiene student, quietly looked at the other three, and then, apparently in all gravity and seriousness, inquired, "Did you ever try mercurochrome?"

Our whole-hearted sympathy goes to a certain Junior. Walking up to a crowd of comparative strangers, he blurted out, in a voice heavy with disgust, "It's a heck of a note when a guy can't even pass a Sociology quiz!"—No reflection on the Sociology Department.

ring up some excitement." Seizing on the idea—and their hats and coats—the whole crew went out, hired a car, drove over to Durham, rented a hotel room and *sat down and played poker until eight o'clock next morning!*

For a long time, now, Brooklyn has ranked along with Podunk and Van Buren, Ark., as a name humorous in itself, just why we don't know. Whatever the reason may be, however, the following headline, clipped by the *N. Y. U. Medley* from Father Divine's paper, *The Spoken Word*, should provide some measure of comfort to all good Brooklynites: GOD IN HIS INFINITE MERCY AGAIN ENTERS BROOKLYN.

Carl Pugh, of Manly, Graham Memorial and the Buccaneer, has a car. The car has a motor and a seat or two, but practically no tires. Not so long ago, as Pugh was industriously patching one of the tires, one of our freshmen—bless 'em all—wandered up and watched for several minutes. Finally, he gathered up nerve enough to inquire

We were sitting quietly, reading a paper and not bothering a soul in the world, when some fiend (Not a typographical error) came in and told this one.

It seems that a bunch of the boys were playing poker in one of the rooming houses down on Franklin Street, one night not so long ago. Some of the crowd tired of the game and broached the idea of going out and "stir-

Every time we get just a little conceited, something has to come along. We were thinking pretty well of the Buccaneer, and reflecting that others of the better college publications probably read us as eagerly as we read *them*, when in came an exchange addressed to the *Carolina Boll Weevil*.

On your left, Ladies and Gentlemen, a full page of better known campus faces, snapped in a wide variety of moods . . . By number and name . . . (1) Gladys Tripp, who keeps on appearing in our pages, catches up on her day-dreaming . . . (2) Bob Perkins, ace reporter for the *Tar Heel*, wonders what all the fuss is about . . . (3) Jack Clayton is happy about the whole thing . . . (4) Gene Bricklemeyer, of the "Y," has a pensive moment . . . (5) Charlie Reid, either giving someone

the razzberry or biting his lips, turns up his nose at us . . . (6) Bill McFadyen's cherubic smile denotes complete approval of the world in general . . . (7) The heat, or something, becomes terrific to Dan Parker . . . Incidentally, he flashes a swell flock of teeth . . . (8) Voit Gilmore, aspirant to Mac Smith's editorial throne, takes time out to resemble Joe Louis . . . (9) Nan Tinsley smiles us a smile what IS a smile . . . Pass the Pepso-dent.

# The Life and Functions of The Goon

By CARL PUGH

Sally crawled up on a rock and dangled her pseudopodia in the water. Amos jellied over and sat down beside her. He scratched his contractile vacuole. "Blubble guggle,"<sup>1</sup> said Amos. Amos was an amoeba. Sally was a mastigophora.<sup>2</sup> It was Paleozoic A. M. The Goon was born.

Man's dubious advancement from just one of the boys to zoo-keeper<sup>3</sup> has seen the Goon broaden in method and scope. But before I go into the intricacies of the subject perhaps a brief introduction would be elucidative. Goonism is characterized by an acute and often violent desire for companionship. The type has no distinguishing characteristics although in advanced stages hallucinations of friendship occur and the eyes assume a mackerel quality.<sup>4</sup> Noteworthy also is the tendency toward moochomania and it is often difficult to ascertain just where the Kibitzer ends and the Goon begins.

Dr. J. S. M. Whistlebottom<sup>5</sup> cites the case of subject Q, female, 28: "'At an early age I developed an overwhelming curiosity about others. I would follow people around and stare at them. I used to hide under the bed when my brother had a date. My mother says I have always been that way. She says I insisted upon going on her honeymoon. Once I followed a pawnbroker to New Zealand.'" Cases of this nature however are ex-

ceptional. Goonism usually adheres to the commonplace.

Of the genus Goon there are four predominate types. A detailed discussion and analysis of each with its many variations is beyond the scope of this work but of the four I shall give a brief resumé. Type one is the *Sitondateus*. Most vicious of all, they may be found anywhere that people go to be alone. Characteristic of this type is the old-friend-of-both attitude. He had a class with you once and he knew her last year. This naturally gives license to dally at will and amuse you with pleasantries till the moon goes down or she is out of the mood anyway. Many of this type are so adept that an unknowing observer could not differentiate between Gooner and Gooned. Authorities disagree on the best psychopathic treatment but the half nelson and the rabbit punch have been used successfully. As a last resort hara-kiri is suggested.<sup>6</sup> The *Sitondateus* however is best merely avoided. The approved method is to glance up at his approach, speak cordially, and continue your conversation, pretending you think he has passed on by. This is rather difficult however when after an hour or so he is still standing there.

The second type is somewhat a specialist. He usually prances up when you and your pal are plotting against the white women or picking some private cadaver. He never misses a beer party. He is called *Homogoonus*. This class is very prevalent. Upon appearance he either mon-

opolizes the conversation or, if he is new at the game, just drinks your beer and laughs in the middle of your jokes. He knows all your fraternity songs. The best procedure is to drink him under the table.<sup>7</sup> If you happen to be there already play possum. He will think you have passed out, drink the rest of your beer, and, barring acts of God, go agooning elsewhere.

Number three varies from the above in that he goons one at a time. This focus of attention makes him particularly vicious. He runs the gamut of goonism. This type is the *Chumogoonus*. He features an ungodly combination of kibitzism, moochism, and general rumpishness. He concocts conversation by the shovelful and doubtless could serve God only in an advisory capacity. For this class flight seems to be the only antidote.

The fourth and final species is the *Cramogoonus*. He lives by the theory that the early bird gets the book-worm<sup>8</sup> and rallies around at the first hint of a quiz. There is no record of one having ever bought a book or taken a note. Once one chased me all the way from physics lab and I barely beat him to the room. He went around and seeing the window was locked too, used a battering-ram on the door and studied with me. One kept a Phi Bete locked in his closet for two quarters. Another planned an ambush in front of the library. He died of exposure when his

<sup>1</sup> Amoebic. A literal translation gives: "My, but 'tis a lovely day and stuff."

<sup>2</sup> This was no reflection on her character however.

<sup>3</sup> Darwin, *From Ape to Man in Ten Easy Lessons*, Scribner, \$1.89.

<sup>4</sup> Freud, *Psycho-analysis and the Goon*, Chap xxi, pp. 346.

<sup>5</sup> Whistlebottom, *Defense of Antidisintarianism*, Vol. 9, pp. 68.

<sup>6</sup> Henry viii is reputed to have found crucifixion, vivisection, and strangulation most effective.

<sup>7</sup> Mickey Finn—1 jigger Scotch, ½ lemon, ½ jigger croton oil, 2 dash bitters; stir gently, serve, and climb a tree.

<sup>8</sup> OK, OK.

(Continued on page 28)



# How It Really Happened

By BILL STAUBER

(NOTE—All names of characters and places in this article are fictitious, and any similarity to present-day names is a very, very strange coincidence.—*The Editor.*)

"So that's the Davie Poplar they're always bragging about." My roommate snorted.

"Yes, that's her alright." A little old bearded man, who had up until this time been unnoticed, replied.

"Well, I don't see anything so wonderful about it. It'd be doing a lot more good if it were made into benches to be used at registration."

"Ah, my son, you wouldn't say such things if you knew the history behind that old tree."

"Gosh, that's all I've heard since I've been here."

"Yes, you're right, but it wasn't the true version. Come sit down by me, and I will tell you the real history. I don't suppose you have anything to do but study anyway, and personally, I've never found that necessary."

"You don't go to school, do you?"

"Never mind about that. Do you want to hear this story?"

My roommate turned to me. "Do you wanta?"

"Yeah," I agreed. "We might as well." So we seated ourselves on the soft and restful stone bench under the old Poplar. The aged gentleman, his voice crackling from overuse, began slowly.

"It all started back in 1792 when some senator was making a speech in the legislature. He closed it something like this. '—and in order to make this state safe for the Democrats, we must have a place to confine all radicals. As for the Republicans,

they are absolutely harmless. Therefore, gentlemen, I propose we establish a state university to attract these rare creatures. In conclusion, I move we call for volunteers from among our great commonwealth to go out and search for a site suitable for such a school.' "

"The motion was voted and passed on in short order, and a call for volunteers was issued.

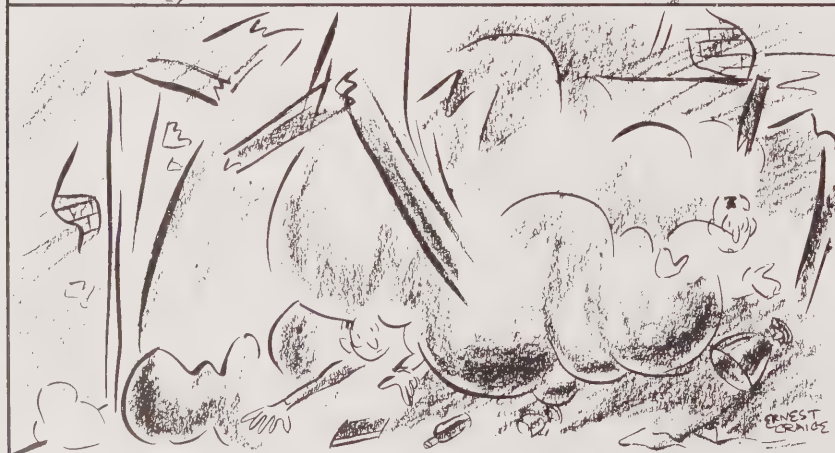
From near and far they came, hundreds of them, all willing to risk their necks for this noble cause, and I, having nothing else to do, joined them."

"Wait a minute!" my roommate shouted. "Do you mean to say you were one of the volunteers?"

"Yes, yes, yes, that's what I said, but don't interrupt. To  
(Continued on page 26)



"Yankees a-coming, Suh?"  
"No, Suh—An eight-thirty, Suh."



### MOMENTARY BLISS

One day, as I lay on my pillow,  
I was lonely and filled with de-  
spair.

I wanted a loving companion,  
Someone who really could care;  
Someone to kiss and caress me,  
To tell me of dreams coming

true;  
Someone who dislikes *big* par-  
ties;  
Someone who wants—"just we  
two."

Then—suddenly—a sound from  
the doorway—  
I was startled and too stunned  
to turn.

Then—there in the mirror I saw  
her—

My gosh, she had beauty to burn.

I turned and I gazed at her  
beauty—

From her head to her little pink  
toes

Her body was rounded and  
shapely;

Her lips like the bud of a rose.

As she neared me she smiled and  
then started—

To take off her clinging red  
dress!

I gazed at her maddening beau-  
ty

As her covering swiftly grew  
less.

But then I calmly turned over,  
And quietly went back to sleep;  
I wasn't even intrigued enough  
To venture another peep.

I guess that you're curious, Mis-  
ter,

But I'm really not crazy—You  
see,

I'm only the homely kid sister  
Of the world-famous Gypsy  
Rose Lee!

—Dan Carter, Jr.



# Henry VIII and/or the Hashish Hangover

By BILL COCHRANE

"Holy smoke," I mutter, "Who in the world is that?"

I am walking alone in the arboretum, when I see a guy in a short dress with a dagger and a red beard hanging by his side. I mean the dagger is by his side, not the beard.

I am scared for a minute, but then I'm relieved. It's probably just a Playmaker on the loose again.

But it isn't.

"Howdy do," I say tentatively, and the guy cocks his head and says, "Ods Bodkins, what strange dress you wear!"

Well, whatta you know about that? The nerve of this guy, and I tells him so. He don't get mad. He gets real democratic and introduces himself.

"I'm Henry Tudor," he says, "King of England and Defender of the Faith."

"Not Henry the VIII!" I exclaim, proving at one fell stroke that I know my geography.

"By the papal bull, yes," quoth he. "I just came up from the lower regions for the week end. In truth, I've heard much down there concerning this merry seat of learning. Show me the town!"

So I and Mister Tudor agree to team up for the week-end.

"Come on, Henry old fellow," I says, "Let's go over to the dorm and meet the boys."

The boys are playing poker. (This is before the Student Council warning last month, see?)

Hank and I walk in, and he shakes hands all around. One of the fellows asks him to join the game, so he sits down.

Henry doesn't know how at first, but it isn't long before he has ye olde royal flush. He wins all there is, but he's suspicious about the greenbacks. He says he's heard they're worth only 59 cents on the dollar.

After the game, Henry and I start toward the line at Swain.

On the way we pass New West and the YMCA.

"By the wings of the horsefly," he says, "I feel right at home here. Yon piles are as ugly as some buildings I had in merry England."

"And what do they do in that monstrosity?" he asks, pointing back to New West.

"That's the psychology building," I tell him, "where they let mice run around in mazes to test their learning capacity, and where they study the knee-jerk."

"Friend," he muses, "it's sad the way man has sunk. In my day I was concerned with more interesting things than mice."

"So I've heard," I say quickly. "You were quite a ladies man, weren't you?"

"Gad, yes," he exclaims, warming up to the subject. "When I got tired of a lass, off came her head."

"We've got a better way to-day," I inform him. "We have Reno to get rid of our wives."

"Never heard of it," quoth he. "Reno? What is it, a new kind of axe?"

"What do you think of Hitler?" I ask him quickly, by way of changing the subject.

"That novice!" he shouts, getting angry. "By the nose of my jackass, he's small fry. The idea of a blasted house-painter try-

(Continued on page 23)



—CARL PUGH—



# Chapel LAND

"By These Shall



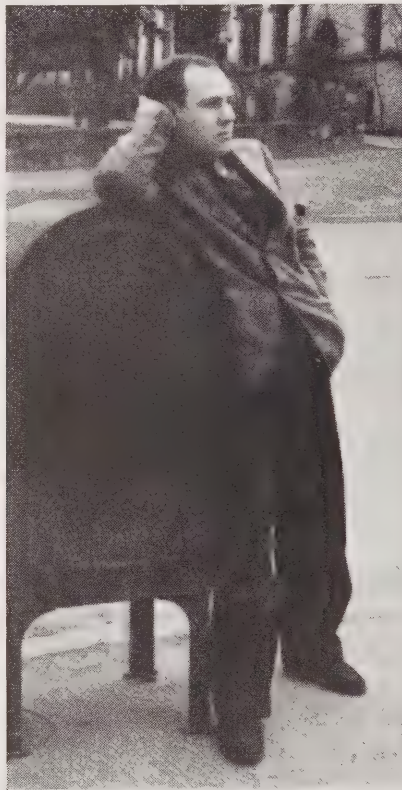
Tombstone?—

Or Monument? Anyhow, it's right smack behind the Infirmary and has caused quite a bit of wonder.



*E Pluribus Unum—*

Just another of Chapel Hill's multitudinous canines. . . . Not dead, merely snatching forty winks between classes.



"Ab"—

Abernethy, of the bookshop, moves westward half a block, to watch the work on the new post-office.



Versatile—

Dr. Archibald Henderson, who writes of George Bernard Shaw, understands the Einstein Theory, teaches math, gives monster barbecues and carries an umbrella every cloudy day.



Minnie—

Of the drugstore, who will sell you a stamp, laugh at your jokes or sympathize over your troubles, as you wish. Her last name is Parker, but 3,000 students know her as "Minnie."

Intellectual—

Lane Barksdale, Botany grad, writer and photographer for the Magazine. Mildly Socialist, but definitely not a "parlor pink." Manages to hear of almost everything that goes on about the campus.





# Hill MARKS

"We Know It"



*Philosopher—*

George Washington, Davie Hall janitor. As one of those who "also serve," observation of many generations of Carolina students has given him a philosophy all his own.



*Omen?—*

Above a bowl filled with trash and stagnant water is carved this inscription: "The waters of Truth flow freely. Drink when and where you may."

*Ritchie—*

—Of the Book Ex. Invariably either smiling or deadly serious—never neither. Also, always accommodating.



*Carolina's Billy Rose—*

Impresario Pete Ivey, the little man who changed Graham Memorial from a good place to sleep to a center of campus activity.



*Custodian—*

—Of athletic equipment, "Sarge" Kellar, who hands it out and takes it in down at Emerson Stadium.



*Playmaker Number One—*

Known simply as "Prof," Director Frederick H. Koch is as much an institution as the Playmakers' Theatre. Is never seen without his pipe.



## Poems by Jeffrey

TO E. W.

Here's a problem  
That's bothered us some.  
If a girl's not beautiful,  
Why is she dumb?

TO B. N.

Keep your books and knowledge.  
It's for *this* we came to college.

TO B. R.

There's been a recent rumor that  
You actually have said  
A pleasant word to some poor  
male,  
Who instantly dropped dead.  
Now, dear, you musn't do such  
things.  
You're under obligation  
To be your usual sour self.  
Remember your reputation.

TO M. L. S.

I could, if I would, but I won't.

TO S. S.

There was a young lady from  
Pittsboro Street  
Whose curves of distribution  
were really a treat.  
For they indented here,  
Then came out in the rear,  
And she never was able to make  
both ends meet.

TO M. T. H.

Though you possess a face and  
figure  
That would make most hearts  
rejoice,  
Though you could get a man who  
had  
A penthouse, etchings, and  
Rolls Royce,  
Your wants in men seem very  
few—  
A Hunter is your favorite  
choice.

TO L. J. H.

You look as if you're just the  
type  
For experts to discuss.  
You make one think of debu-  
tantes,  
Sophistication plus.  
You're awfully easy on the  
eyes,  
You're built the proper way.  
In fact, you seem so stunning  
That it really hurts to say,  
You raise such great anticipa-  
tions,  
Then don't come up to expecta-  
tions.

—Jeffrey.

TO G. T.

You may not believe in evolu-  
tion,  
But this should make you  
think.  
There must be someone in whose  
chain of bliss  
You're the missing link.



"Why didn't you tell me that a lawyer lives here?"



*Follow  
this pack*

*for* MORE  
PLEASURE



**Chesterfield**  
*They Satisfy*



*"That was some fellow named Humphries — wants me to pose for him."*

LIBE—L

Co-ed: Where is Elsie?

House Mother: I don't know; she went to the library."

—Purple Parrot.



Citizen: Is it too late for me to register to vote?

Registrar: What party?

—Frosh.

Ye Ancient Bille Collector: Sire, I have come to collect for that last suit of armor.

Ye Olde Knightie: Ods Bodkins, knave! How did you get across the moat and into my castle?

Ye Ancient Bille Collector: 'Twas easy, sire. I caught the gate guard with his bridges down.

—Covered Wagon.

## Gets-the-Bird Address

Nine score and seven days ago, a father brought forth upon this campus a student, conceived in humility, who was positive proof that all men are not created equal.

Soon he was engaged in a great mental war, testing whether that freshman, or any other freshman so deceived and so over-rated, should join a fraternity. He met many boys on the frat-houses of that war. Finally he dedicated a portion of his allowance as dues so that his chosen fraternity might live. It was altogether necessary and expensive that he should do this.

But in a larger sense, he could only dedicate—he was not consecrated—he was not hallowed—he was a pledge. The many humble pledges, living and dead, who struggled there made it far above his own poor power to add or detract. The actives little noted nor long remembered what he said there, but they never forgot when he did wrong there. It was for them, the actives, to dedicate his spare time to the unfinished work which they so often began. In March he was advanced to the level of those formerly before him—and from this exalted position he gave increased devotion to the co-eds to whom his brothers had given their last full measure of devotion; then he saw that his pledgeship was not in vain; that this freshman, under-rated, had a new birth of freedom; and that government of the brothers, for the brothers, and by the brothers, has not perished from the face of this earth.

—Thad Moser.



The seven ages of a woman—the infant, the little girl, the miss, the young woman, the young woman, the young woman.

—Awwgan.



You sing a little song or two;  
And you have a little chat;  
You make a little candy fudge,  
And then you take your hat.  
You hold her hand and say good-  
night,  
As sweetly as you can;  
Ain't that a hell of an evening  
For a great, big, healthy man?  
—*Pelican.*

Most who this read, it in look for  
dirt,  
Say we to friends, to not feel-  
ings hurt.  
This keep we clean, unheard-of  
most feat,  
And give friend censor unexpect-  
ed most treat.  
—*Punch Bowl.*

Tar Heel Poll victim: Do co-  
eds really like conceited men  
better than others?  
Spencerite: What others?

"Now," she asked, "is there  
any man in the audience who  
would let his wife be slandered  
and say nothing? If so stand  
up."

A meek little man rose to his  
feet.

The lecturer glared at him.

"Do you mean to say you  
would let your wife be slandered  
and say nothing about it?" she  
cried.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he apolo-  
gized. "I thought you said  
slaughtered."

Junior: Let's teach that dumb  
blonde the difference between  
right and wrong.

Senior: You teach her what's  
right.  
—*Pell Mell.*

First Window Washer: Look  
at that guy in there kissing an-  
other man's wife. Let's go in af-  
ter the big bum!

Second Window Washer: All  
right, how soon do you think  
he'll leave?  
—*Tips.*

"It's easy to write a play.  
First act, boy meets girl; second  
act, they hold hands; third act,  
they kiss."

"That's how I got arrested."

"What do you mean?"

"I wrote a five-act play."

—*Siren.*

John, dear, I wouldn't let any-  
one else kiss me like that.

My name isn't John, lady.

—*Log.*

Hula Maid: Gee, I'm just  
wild about that handsome ship-  
wrecked guy.

Second H. M.: So'm I; let's  
shake for him.

—*Pell Mell.*

This is the first one we've  
heard from art school in a long  
time. We were over there wait-  
ing for a certain lovely charmer  
when we overheard, simply  
couldn't help it, a couple of very  
arty (yes arty) looking chaps—  
strictly Bohemian and all that.  
One said rather mournfully,  
"We're painting this picture in  
record time." The other not  
noticing his tone beamed back,  
"That's because you have a very,  
very *good* model." "Exactly,"  
sighed back the first.

—*Red Cat.*

He: I hear they're going to  
fight the battle of Bunker Hill  
over again."

Him: Why?

He: It wasn't fought on the  
level.  
—*Lyre.*

Lydia had four children and  
named them Eenie, Meenie,  
Minie, and Edgar; because she  
didn't want no Moe.

He: Do you know the differ-  
ence between being good and be-  
ing bad?

She: What's the difference?

He: That's what I say.

—*Octopus.*

## CHEESE IT! HERE COMES FATHER!

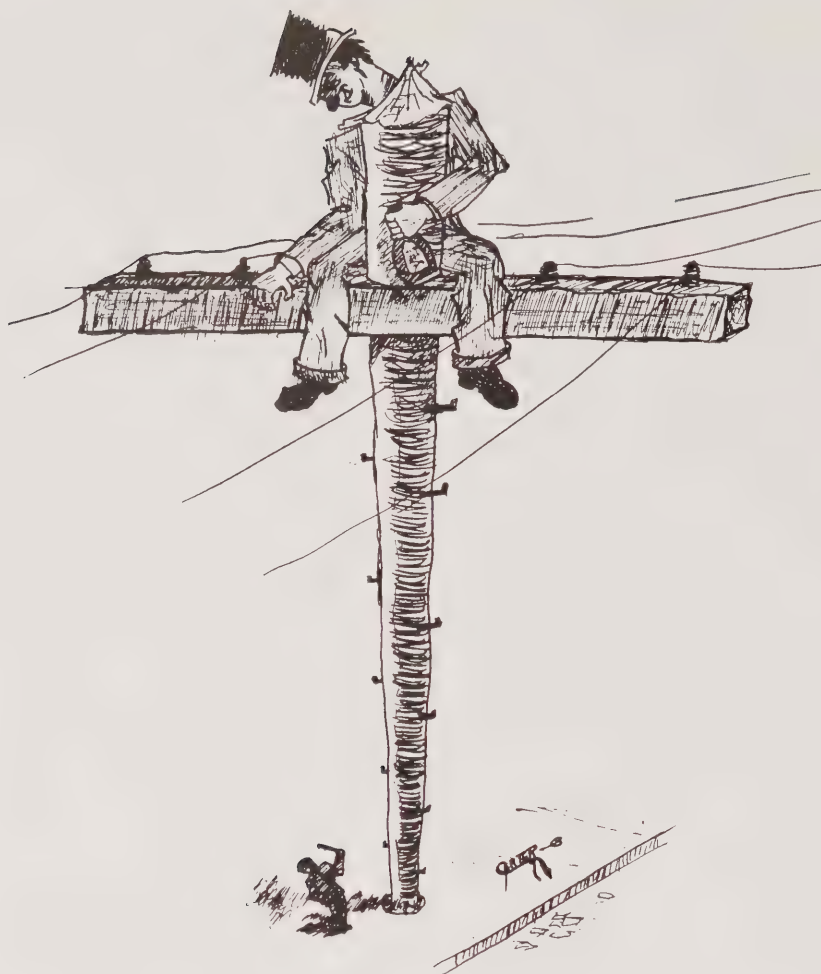
WHAT A SMELLY PIPE! Mother tried a dozen times to make dad throw it out. But Uncle Ted had a more reasonable suggestion. He said to clean it well, and—

### SWITCH TO THE BRAND OF GRAND AROMA

NOW WE ALL WEAR GRINS. Father says it's the world's mildest blend of tasty burleys. Even mother likes that sweet-and-lovely aroma. Try a two-ounce tin today!

**PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN.** In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureaus of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos at a majority of these colleges.

**TUNE IN** Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday, 8:30 P. M., E.S.T., NBC Red Network



*"All I want ish one apple — jush one apple."*

## Classes for the Masses

"Good morning folks, this is the eight o'clock educational program of the University of Podunk brought to you by the courtesy of the Webindem Book Company. The purpose of this program is to let the public in on how university classes are actually conducted. This morning's eight o'clock program promises to be a very interesting one as Professor Swigg has a campus-wide reputation for tough questions. While the professor is checking attendance, let that wordy illustrator, Hal Lelulyah, give you a verbal description of the setting. Take it away, Hal."

"Thank you, Pete. Well, here we are in Professor Swigg's class and I must say that the seats are a riot of color this morning. Red ties to match their

noses, plaid scarfs, wild drooping socks, and I even see one co-ed with black circles on her blouse to match those under her eyes. Even the prof himself is a colorful figure as he peers over the class, dressed in his shiny blue serge, brown shoes, white shirt and a harmonious yellow tie surrounding his goiter. The prof goes to the post an odds-on favorite to cop this morning's quiz section bout with the students. Here and there students are placing crib sheets in handy places and turning the pages of books hastily. The professor clears his throat and adjusts his spectacles and it looks like the recitation will start any minute now. Yes, there goes the first question and it was a beauty. Swigg just looked down at his paper and then quickly said,

'Who signed the treaty of Versailles?' pointing at a student in the front row. The poor guy, flustered, said 'I didn't, honest.'

"Swigg just glares and says 'I wouldn't put it past you!' The class roars.

"Oh, oh, the prof pulled a fast one then. He looked up quickly and said, 'Mr. Jones, who was called the father of his country?' But Jones comes right back with a honey, saying, 'Papa Dionne.' It looks bad now, folks. The prof just had a wise-crack pulled on him and that old fighting gleam is filling his eye.

\* \* \* \*

"Well folks, here it is, two minutes before the class ends and Swigg is still going strong. His wind is good and his hair isn't even mussed. Part of that is due to the fact that he's bald. The students have been taking a terrific beating, and they show it. Half of them are slouched halfway down in their seats from sheer exhaustion, and the other half are nervously glancing at their watches and trying to avoid the professor's eye. But he pounces again upon a blue-eyed sophomoric miss. 'Miss Gordon,' Swigg uses strategy here by selecting his victim and then keeping her squirming while he chooses a question for her. 'What did Mark Antony and Julius Caesar have in common?'

"Well, I'll be darned, folks. Something has just happened here which I thought had gone out with the horse and buggy. It's a blush! And it's on the cheeks of Miss Gordon as she shyly answer, 'Cleopatra.'

"Swigg had his hand called that time but he comes back savagely with 'Mr. Jupp, name the outstanding events which led to the Civil War.' Jupp counters neatly with, 'Where do you want me to begin?' He's obviously stalling for time, but he doesn't have to. Just as he opens his mouth, the bell rings. Swigg grimaces but it's too late, the bell saved Jupp.



"Now back to our station announcer. Take it away, Pete."

"Okay, Hal. Wow, what a class that was. And remember folks, that this misplay-by-misplay battle of wits was brought to you through the courtesy of the Webindem Book Company, whose slogan is 'easy to look thru a Webindem Book.' We hope that you have enjoyed this morning's presentation and that you won't forget to tune in tomorrow at the same time for one thrilling hour of chemistry lecture with genial Hal Leluyah again bringing the best brains of the university into your very household."

—Vanderbilt Masquerader.



They're telling this of Lord Beaverbrook and a visiting Yankee actress. In a game of hypothetical questions Beaverbrook asked the lady: "Would you live with a stranger if he paid you 1,000,000 pounds?" She answered, "Yes." "And if he paid you 5 pounds?" The irate lady fumed: "5 pounds? What do you think I am?" Beaverbrook replied: "We've established that. Now we're trying to determine the degree."

—Post.



### PROGRESS

"I shall address your club on 'Nietzsche and his Influence'."

—Professor Morgan.

"He will speak on 'Nietzsche and contemporary political philosophy'."

—Philosophy Club announcement.

"Morgan talks on 'Nietzsche and the Nazi's'."

—Tar Heel.

Connect 20,000 volts across a pint. If the current jumps it, the product is poor.

If the current causes a precipitation of lye, tin, arsenic, iron slag and alum, the whiskey is fair.

If the liquor chases the current back to the generator, you've got good whiskey.

—Ranger.

Little Willie, with his gat,  
Shot his sister rat-tat-tat  
Then said sister, as she laughed,  
"Will, I think I feel a draft."

Little Willie, in a daze,  
Took a pill to clear the haze  
"I guess," he bragged, "I'm in  
the know—  
Now instead of fog, it's snow."

—Bored Walk.



"Then she said, 'Oh, he won't be back until Monday'."

Why newspapers are like women:

1. They are thinner than they used to be.
2. There is a bold face type.
3. Back numbers are not in demand.
4. They have a great deal of influence.
5. Every man should have one of his own and not chase after his neighbor's.

—Punch Bowl.

Ruth rode in my cycle car  
In a seat in back of me.  
I took a bump at fifty,  
And rode on Ruthlessly.

—Log.



HOW WAS THAT AGAIN?  
DEPT.

It's most too hot for whiskey  
straight

The saddest of the year!  
The melancholy days are here—  
And most too cold for beer.

—Colorado U. Dodo.



*"It just keeps on playing 'Marching Through Georgia'."*

For long hours, the worthy Reverend Smith had turned and tossed in his comfortable bed. He had composed his sermon for the next day, all of it, except that one small quotation that was needed to round it out, to bring it to perfection. "What was that line?" he wondered. Where had he read it? How did it begin? In what book had he found it? Tormented by his thoughts, he sank back, nearly exhausted. Then, like a flash, it came to him! He sat bolt upright, hopped to the floor, dashed to a nearby table, snatched up a book of poetry and feverishly turned the pages.

—Just another example of how quickly a man can go from bed to verse.

#### SEVEN AGES

Infancy: Ye-e-Oooooow blub!

Puerility: Mama, tin I have some more wawa?

Puberty: Jamey, buy me a soda.

Adolescence: Chollie, I'd love a coke.

Young Womanhood: Another shot of gin!

Maturity: Whisky, and make it straight.

Senility: Giv'er a double shot of embalming fluid, Spider; the funeral's at four o'clock.

—Voo Doo



I wish I were a kangaroo,  
Despite his funny stances:  
I'd have a place to put the junk  
My girl brings to dances.

—Panther.

"Oh, what a funny looking cow," the chic young thing from New York told the farmer. "But why hasn't it any horns?"

"There are many reasons," the farmer replied, "why a cow does not have horns. Some are born without horns, and some do not have them until late years in life. Others are dehorned, while still other breeds are not supposed to have horns. There are many reasons why a cow does not have horns. But the chief reason this particular cow does not have horns is that it is not a cow at all, but a horse."

—Exchange.



"Are you going to the dance stag, or sober?"

—Yellow Jacket.



English Instructor: Are you smoking back there, Mr. Sprat?

Sprat: No, sir. That's just the fog I'm in.

—Yellow Jacket.

"Where ya been?"

"To the river."

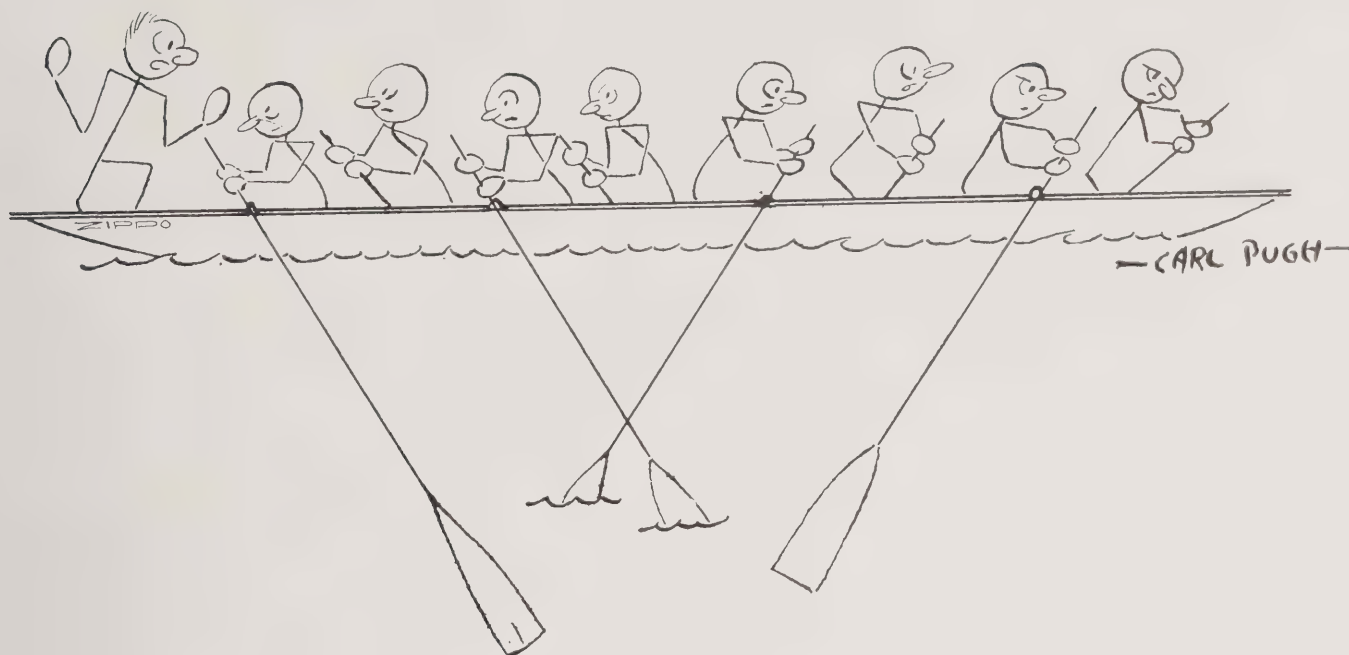
"What fer?"

"Hadda spit."

—Froth.

My girl drives me nuts when she tells me about their cow back home that drank some purple ink, and mood indigo.

—Octopus.



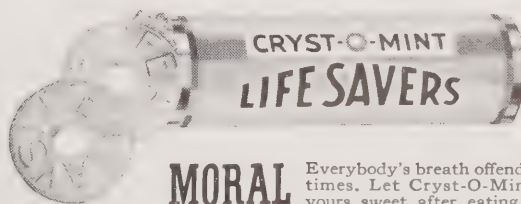
*It's mutiny, that's what it is! Mutiny!*

### Sonnet

OH, little A, where dost thou slink,  
In some sequestered spot?  
The other day I came to think,  
I have achieved thee not.  
Though ninety days and ninety nights  
I labored with a will,  
And mastered Math in, God!  
what fights!  
My net results were nil.  
And so, my friend, take this advice,  
Which I so blithesome give:  
With wine and song thy mood entice,  
In joyous wassail live.  
—For he who works, and works  
in vain,  
Pretends to be, but is not, sane.  
—Herb Wolf.



**SHE:** Have you tried the Big Apple? It's really breath-taking!  
**HE:** Say, when I want to take my breath away, I eat LIFE SAVERS!



**MORAL**

Everybody's breath offends sometimes. Let Cryst-O-Mint keep yours sweet after eating, drinking or smoking.

A freshman is a person who wishes he were a sophomore who wishes he were a junior who wishes he were a senior who wishes he knew what he wished.

—Old Maid.

Professor of Economics: You boys of today want to make too much money. Why, do you know what I was getting when I got married?

Voice from Rear: No, and I'll bet you didn't either.

—Tiger.

Prof: All right, Jones, give your impromptu speech.

Jones: I'm not prepared, sir.  
—Syracusan.

Sam'l: What's the matter with that wheel-barrow?

Zeke: Broke.

Sam'l: Who broke it?

Zeke: Hired man.

Sam'l: Same hired man who got your daughter in trouble last fall?

Zeke: Yup. Clumsy, ain't he?  
—Puppet.



"I told you those crosshes did'n' mean kisshes, Aggie."

"I want to come in," roared Schmidt as he pounded on the door of the hotel room he thought occupied by his wife.

"Well, you can't," replied the flapper who opened the door, "unless there's some one you want to see in here."

Schmidt was slightly taken back, but quickly recovered. "Vell," he grinned, "I'd like to see Schmidt in dere!"

THANKS

You kissed and told,  
But that's all right—  
The man you told  
Called up last night.

—Sagehen.

Professor: Are you doing anything this evening, Miss Riffle?

Clara (hopefully): No, not a thing.

Professor: Then try to be on time to class tomorrow morning.  
—Exchange.

Feudal Lord—Son, I understand you were misbehaving while I was away.

Son: In what manor, sire? In what manor?  
—Owl.

"Then you're not angry because I'm sharing my love with your beautiful roommate?"

"Not at all. It's been fun halving you."  
—Red Cat.

## THE LOMBARDOS

(Continued from page 1)

book on the game. . . . Is an all-around athlete. . . . Likes to ask questions to enhance his learning on matters. . . . Holds a seat on the grain exchange. . . . His compositions include: "Boo Hoo," "Sailboat in the Moonlight" and "Coquette." . . . He and Guy argue at rehearsals but always shake hands before leaving the studio. . . . Is short, husky, dark and handsome.

LEIBERT LOMBARDO—The third of the Lombardo tribe. . . . Jean Goldkette once offered Guy two trumpet players and a saxophonist in exchange for Leibert. . . . The third brother is an amateur movie operator. . . . built his own home apparatus that embodies color and sound. . . . Gives regular shows for friends. . . . Once, his machine exploded and burnt his apartment when he was showing newsreels of a fire department in action. . . . Used to play the drums before Guy convinced him the trumpet was more necessary to their band. . . . Is a good singer, but a bashful one. . . . Has his own boat and races Guy. . . . His ambition is to be a Hollywood cameraman.

VICTOR LOMBARDO — The youngest of the quartet. . . . He's twenty-eight and a pappy. . . . Plays the baritone saxophone. . . . Is the newest member of the band, having joined eight years ago. . . . Once directed band known as Lombardo, Jr. Orchestra. . . . So Guy sent for him to avoid competition in name. . . . Has a favorite movie actress, but refuses to tell her name. . . . Resembles Guy. . . . At home he never wears coat, vest, tie or shirt. . . . Is the most quiet of the brothers. . . . His brothers used to call him "Useless," but they don't any more. . . . He proved himself more than useful.

English department: Chamber of commas.



## HENRY VIII

*(Continued from page 11)*

ing to change the map of Europe with a left-handed salute—why I changed the religion of half the world one time when I changed wives!”

Finally we get through the line and into Swain hall.

“There’s a likely looking wench,” Henry enthuses as he looks at one of the waitresses serving him. “I wonder how she’d like to be a queen, for, say, six months or so?”

We sit down to eat. Henry doesn’t bother with his fork, but he seems to be very handy with his fingers.

“By the ears of the Pope,” he says suddenly, “this place is as noisy as Parliament, nay, even more so! Faith, I don’t see how a scholar could study in this infernal town!”

“Oh, but we do,” I tell him. “Why tomorrow the seniors all take their comprehensive.”

“And what, prithee, might that be?” the King asks.

I explain it to him.

“Oho, by the tail of the muskrat, now I know!” he exclaims. “We had ’em in my day too, only we called it the Inquisition, and it was more civilized.”

I marvel at how quick he catches on, but I don’t question him further. We leave.

On the way to the room, we stop by the library to kill two hours waiting for a book which turns out not to be in at the time.

While hanging around that place, Henry is a problem. He tries to flirt with every co-ed who comes by, and finally I have to tell him that just isn’t done at Carolina.

“By the horns of the devil himself,” Henry exclaims, “you promised to show me some royal entertainment. I don’t believe this village is all it’s cracked up to be.”

“All right,” quoth I, “I’ll take you to the dance tonight.”

So I do.

Henry is a little worried at first, especially after a couple of Little Applers almost knock him down.

“By the mud of the Thames itself,” he observes, “they wiggle like a heretic burning at the stake!”

“Yeah,” I answer, “they swing it.”

“Now and then we let our heretics swing too,” he says, “but we found we got better results from the burning. More action, see? Everybody had a hot time!”

“Come on, Mister Tudor,” I says, tired of listening to him brag, “let me introduce you around.”

“Break, please? Miss Smith, may I present Henry the VIII?”

Old Hank learns fast. In no time at all he is Little Appling, trucking, Susy-Q-ing, and sa-shaying with the best of them.

Somebody takes him out and he meets King Corn.

When he comes back, he says he’s leaving. I follow him up town, and the last I see of him he is thumbing a ride to Durham.



## LOVE

Sometimes I think love is like Spring

Or (if you prefer it) a sloe-gin Fizz

But more often I think it is just a headache

And an 8:20 Quiz.

—Punch Bowl.



Mary had a little watch

She swallowed it

It’s gone

Now everytime that Mary walks, Time marches on.

—The Student.



“Was his bankruptcy due to a lack of brains?”

“Yes, a lack and a lass.”

—Exchange.

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DURHAM

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## Men

I think that I shall never scan  
A worm so lowly as a man,  
A man who crawls along this  
earth,  
Reminding us all of his worth;  
A man who counts the heart-  
aches naught  
When he for foolish pleasure  
sought;

A man who may in joy wear  
A smile of deceiving care,  
Then writes the cruel, bitter  
things  
That only grief to others bring.  
Lovers are made for fools like  
me,  
But thank my stars—I still am  
free!

—A University Co-ed.

## Spring

—Clothes

—Shoes

—Accessories

The  
Franklin Shop

# SHROUDING THAT BODY DOWN

With Spring holidays in the offing and the prospect of warm spring days not so far away comes the time for careful consideration of the problem of clothes for those balmy days ahead. If you haven't purchased that new suit yet you should be interested in this bit of research and if you have, perhaps you'd like to compare notes as to your ideas and ours. At any rate, here goes.

Suits for spring abound in herringbones, tweeds, gabardines and a few sharkskins. During the early part of the season, it will be tweeds and herringbones but tweeds are warm clothes and it is probable that later in the year gabardines will be very popular because the fabric is not too heavy and in addition it wears very satisfactorily. Herringbones will be very strong (prediction) through most of the season.

These fabrics are appearing in colorful patterns this time, and green (which makes a neat suit in herringbone and tweed) is giving indications of being one of the most used colors. In gabardine pleasing patterns are replacing the earlier plain cloth, though the latter is still much used. If you are interested in a suit for dress wear only, the pin stripe and the chalk stripe may be found in several soft weaves. For the conservative person, one of the smartest suits we've seen is a single breasted model in light weight gray sharkskin with a subdued blue stripe.

The three button coat is more than holding its own in popu-

larity and indications are that it will be one of the best sellers this year. Introduced last fall after an absence of several years this style coat has again taken hold and seems on the way to a complete comeback. Two button coats will also be good and for persons of short stature are neater in appearance than the three button model. The double breasted suit won't be left out of the picture by any means, but the other two models mentioned are better for warm weather use because they are cooler.

Coats to the spring suits are just a little longer than they have been and are cut somewhat looser. They resemble very much the Brooks coat which was a very loose affair, popular with the men of a preceding college generation. The new models are semi-fitted though they do resemble the older coat in many ways. Belts and pleats and other devices to remove the fancied monotony of the back of the coat are disappearing, especially in dress clothes, leaving the back plain.

Pants represent no radical change, merely carrying on the gradual process which has been making them smaller at the bottom and wider at the knee. They continue in the best tradition of the English drape.

For a sport coat this spring the model is one of camel's hair in the natural color. This coat first appeared without the belted back though that feature is becoming more used and will probably be popular despite the fact that we think the plain back

model is much better. Whether you like plain or belted back you'll find it hard to get a smarter coat for wear with slacks, especially gray flannels.

—*Ernest King.*



## THIS

This is not very interesting  
But if  
You have read this far already  
You will  
Probably  
Read as far as this:  
And still  
Not really accomplishing  
Anything at all  
You might  
Even read on  
As far as this,  
Which brings you to  
The line you are reading now  
And after all that you are still  
Probably dumb enough to keep  
right  
on  
Making  
A dope  
Out of yourself  
By reading  
As far down  
The page  
As  
This.

—*Princeton Tiger.*



In days of old  
When knights were bold,  
And sheet-iron trousers wore.  
They lived in peace;  
For then a crease  
Would last ten years or more.  
In those old days  
They had the craze  
For cast-iron shirts — and  
wore 'em  
And there was bliss  
Enough in this—  
The laundry never tore 'em.  
—*"Claw."*





*. . . Stripes will be predominant with the better-dressed man this Fall.*

"I always laugh at my professor's jokes."

"They must be cleverer than usual."

"No, I am."

—Exchange.



"Worrying can't help you," asserts a philosopher. That makes it mutual, we can't help worrying.

—Log.



A. "You'll have to hand it to Venus De Milo when it comes to eating."

B. "Why?"

A. "How else could she eat?"

—Pointer.

Mr. Fineberger, dealer in new and used suits, was attempting to sell a mighty fine English drape which in the course of its life had come rather too near a skunk.

"Dis is a suit, a fine one you couldn't get it batter on Main Stritt. Feel de goots. A poifect feet," said Mr. Finebreg.

"Yes," said the customer, sniffing, "that's a fine suit. But what's the funny smell?"

"Dat's me. Ain't I a stinking son of a gun?"

—Exchange.



Prof: What color is best for a bride?

Stude: I'd prefer a white one.

—Pointer.

"What do you think would go well with my new purple and green golf sox?"

"Hip boots." —Humbug.



Joe: Have you got a picture of yourself?

Roommate: Yeah.

Joe: Then let me use that mirror. I want to shave.

—Wataugan.



"I been window shopping."

"Whaddayamean, window shopping?"

"I been looking in windows."

"What for? Nobody's in bed this time of night."

—Wampus.



## HOW IT HAPPENED

(Continued from page 9)

continue my story, the next thing they did was to give us a thorough examination. You see, they wanted to be sure they didn't select any athletes. If such a thing had happened, our state would have been dropped from the union for subsidization. Well, as I was saying, they gave us an examination, and believe it or not, the chosen few were none other than 'Sarge' Bellow, Harchibald Penderson, 'Hoss' Bill, Doc Britchard, Binnie (the cashier at Button's Drug), and myself."

On hearing this my bunky started to walk away, but the old man called him back and continued his fantastic tale.

"They offered us two horses as a means of travel, but it was impossible to take both of them since 'Sarge' was the only one that knew how to drive. Our only instructions were not to return until we had accomplished our mission."

"We held a meeting that night to elect a leader for our group. Everyone was in favor of 'Sarge' except Harchibald, and he wanted to be it himself. Therefore, he put on a Huey Long and conducted a filibuster by himself. We all finally promised him a lifetime teaching job in the school if he would give over, and he readily consented."

"After the meeting, I asked Binnie why she chose to go on such a dangerous mission. She said she was going just for the ride. I told her that six on a horse wouldn't be much of a ride, but she said she didn't mind because she was a rumble seat rider of long standing."

"The next morning we mounted our steed and with a command from 'Sarge' headed due east. We arrived in Rocky Mount in time for breakfast. Thirty minutes later we were headed towards Wilmington," he said with a sob.

"What are you crying for?" I asked.

"I was just thinking." He stutted, as he wiped away a tear. "That's the last time I've seen my home town. But I must continue my story. Searching diligently all the way, we arrived at Wilmington with nothing but twelve blood-shot eyes. This was due to the terrific speed of our nag against the wind. This forced us to stop and buy goggles.

better company, he decided to try it with us again."

"By three o'clock we had reached Asheville with still no site in sight. With a coca-cola under our belts (and sash), 'Sarge' ordered we turn northeast. Coming down Black Mountain proved very difficult because Harchibald's feet, which had heretofore been used for brakes, were hanging around the horse's neck. We broke all speed records coasting into Winston-Salem."

"On nearing Greensboro, Binnie surprised the group by pulling out a picnic lunch. We ate hurriedly on what is now the campus of the Women's College. In fact, Doc remarked that it would be an excellent place for a school, but that it was too near town for boys. Therefore, we remounted our depreciated beast and rode on."

"Darkness was settling on us as we rode into Orange County. The woods became thicker and thicker. Finally, it became necessary for everyone but Binnie to get off so that the nag could get between the trees. When it seemed we could go no farther, Binnie fainting from utter exhaustion, fell from his horse. 'Sarge,' on seeing this, shouted, 'We will go no farther. If we can't get out of here, the students can't either.' 'Sarge,' the old man pointed out, "was standing right over there when he said it."

"It was decided that we camp here for the night. Not having the Playmaker theatre to put our trusty steed in, Harchibald decided to tie him to the Poplar, but when he turned around to get him, the old plug dropped dead. We were just about to bury him where the Old Well now stands, when someone shouted for us to stop. It was a lad from down in the valley by the name of Froggy Villson who had a mania for dissecting animals and wanted the nag's carcass. We gave it to him and returned to find that 'Hoss' had revived Binnie by throwing a derby full of



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Herringbones

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"After this brief pause, we turned west towards Charlotte. On arriving at Charlotte, 'Sarge' suggested we stop for lunch. 'Hoss' was impatient to move on so we had to compromise by eating pretzels as we rode. This didn't work either because we had to ride much slower to keep the crumbs from blowing in 'Hoss' ' face. Doc, disgusted with such slow riding, decided to take to the air, and the next thing we knew he was as high as a kite."

"We found him about an hour later sitting on the side of the road talking to a pig. When the pig saw us, he slowly walked away. Since Doc could find no



water on her. I built a fire in an hour's time, and everyone had recovered from the long trip."

"Then came my first bull session. We began plans for establishing the new school. 'Sarge' called for suggestions as to what to name the place. Binnie, not interested in a name and just like a woman, broke into the conversation by asking if students would be required to go to chapel. Harchibald said that they would by all means, but Doc, knowing what a bore chapel was, cried out, 'Chapel's Hell!' 'Hoss,' who had been dozing for the past few minutes, leaped to his feet. 'Gosh, that's swell!'"

"'What's swell?' we all asked."

"'Why, the name you just mentioned!' he shouted. 'Doc, how on earth did you think up such a name.'"

"Doc shook his head. 'This has got me. What name?'"

"'Why, the name Chapel Hill.'"

"'I thought Doc said Hell,' Harchibald cut in."

"'Why, Harchie, you know Doc doesn't curse,' Binnie sighed in her very best sigh."

"'Well, I reckon you're right, but before I'll consent to using that name, everyone will have to agree to having chapel.'"

"We all gave a disgusted grunt."

"'And concerning 8:30's,' Harchibald continued."

"'Aw, dry up,' 'Sarge' shouted, and we all turned over and went to sleep. And that, my boys, is the real history of the selection of the site and name for this university."

With these words, the old man began to wobble off towards Graham Memorial.

"Hey, wait a minute," my roommate yelled. "Who are you?"

The old man turned around. "Why surely, you're heard of me," he said plaintively. "I'm Pete Ivey, and I hope to graduate in a couple more years."

(I received a letter from my

roommate the other day. He is now at Morganton, and he thinks he will be out before long.'

Crafty Gertie, full of dope,  
Put ground glass in roomie's soap,  
Roomie said, "I thank you, Gert—  
This bar really cuts the dirt."  
—Bored Walk.

Brunette: I'm Mr. Jones' wife!  
Blonde: I'm Mr. Jones' secretary.  
Brunette (icily): Oh, were you?  
—Red Cat.

Father: Say, it's two o'clock.  
Do you think you can stay all night?

Suitor: I'll have to telephone home first. —Columbia Jester.

Little Willie six-year ripe  
Picked up Papa's trusty pipe,  
He took one puff and on his pan  
Was the expression:  
Today, I am a man.

He: How's your companionate marriage coming on?

Him: Not so good. I lost my wife's address.

—C. C. N. Y. Mercury.

You look broken up. What's the matter?

I wrote home for money for a study lamp.

So what?

They sent me a lamp.

—Medley.

THANKS

Customer: Give me some cashews.

Dumb Store Clerk: What's that, sir?

Customer: Cashews! Cashews!  
D. S. C.: Gesundheit.

—Froth.

Little Audrey, mad as h—  
Pushed her sister in the well.  
Said her mother, drawing water,  
Gee, it's hard to raise a daughter."  
—Parrot.

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## THE GOON

(Continued from page 8)  
victim escaped by a rear window.

Thus is the Goon. The types mentioned however are rarely found in the pure form, tendencies toward versatility being the rule with classification relying on specialties. I recall one case in which the four principal types were all exhibited to a marked degree plus symptoms of *Group-goonus*, an extremely rare form featuring mass propinquity and multiple pervasion. He came in town one morning and by nightfall had formed a dictatorship of the Baptist Church, usurped the Odd Fellows, and subjugated the D. A. R. Thus is the Goon.



## BIOGRAPHY

I used to eat wheaties for breakfast every morning. I'd split open the top of the package with a bread knife, sprinkle a quantity of the cereal in an ordinary oatmeal dish, pour in just enough cream, and coat the mixture with some plain white sugar. It wasn't so bad when grasping the edge of the bed to pull myself out mornings I'd tear it to bits under me. I didn't mind particularly when the steering wheel of my car crumpled under my hands and we turned over three times into the ditch. I thought it was a good joke when I banged the door of my fraternity house and it fell to the ground. But when I tried to kiss the only girl I ever loved and broke her neck, I went back to grapenuts.

—Gargoyle.



"Grammaw, where'd I come from?"

"The stork brought you, dear."

"Mama! Mama! Grandma's in her second childhood!"

—Kitty Kat.

He: Do you know that you look like Helen Brown?

She: Well, I look even worse in red.

—The Scope.



Two mosquitoes once lit on the features

Of two fair and peroxidized creatures.

When asked by what right,

They replied, "We're not tight,

We're just seeing the game from the bleachers."

—Pelican.

## CAROLINA HEADQUARTERS



## Berg Hats

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## Miller-Bishop Co.

108 Corcoran St. Durham, N. C.

Heard at a Jr. Prom, 1904:  
Stop! I'll call the chaperon.

Heard at a Jr. Prom, 1938:  
Stop! Wait'll the chaperon passes by.

—Punch Bowl.



Salesman (showing customer some sport stockings): Just the thing for you. Worth double the money. Latest pattern, fast colors, holeproof, won't shrink, and it's a good yarn.

Customer (politely): Very well told, too.

—Claw.

## Dillydallies

The secret of originality is a good memory and the nerve to hope other people haven't.

\* \* \*

A good politician finds out which way the crowd is going and jumps in front of it.

\* \* \*

Love is inversely proportionate to the distance between the lovers.

\* \* \*

Roosevelt has a great future behind him.

\* \* \*

The principal agricultural problem seems to be at which end of the plow to place the farmer.

\* \* \*

Perhaps the G men should look into the coed's practice of using the males to defraud.

\* \* \*

Success is standing up for what the people fall for.

\* \* \*

Not to be born at all would be a good thing but hardly one man in a thousand is so fortunate.

—Partially Purloined by Pugh.



They sat on the beach. Her hair caressed his face. Her head rested on his shoulders. Her lips looked down on his. Finally she murmured, "Why don't you kiss me?"

"I can't," he said, "some sand got in my mouth."

"Swallow it, boy, swallow it," she said, "if any one ever had need of sand, you certainly are the guy." —Covered Wagon.



Judge: Where is your husband?

Defendant: I ain't got no husband. He been dead nigh onto ten years.

Judge: Are those all your children?

Defendant: Yes, suh. Dey's mine.

Judge: But I thought you said your husband is dead!

Defendant: Yes, suh; he's dead, but I ain't.



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Excellent Meals

of our

Main Dining Room  
Carolina Inn

For Your

## Spring Suit

Distinctive Patterns—Latest Styles

Tweeds  
Shetlands  
Herringbone  
Worsteds  
Camel Hair



From  
\$25.00

THAMES  
CLOTHING SHOP

### FREE! A Box of Life Savers for the Best Wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard  
on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may  
wisecrack yourself into a free prize box  
of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each  
month by one of the students, there will  
be a free award of an attractive cello-  
phane-wrapped assortment of all the  
Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of  
this publication. The right to publish  
any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions  
of the editors will be final. The win-  
ning wisecrack will be published the  
following month along with the lucky  
winner's name.

Won this month by  
J. W. LONG  
Sutton Building

## Craftsmanship

P  
R  
I  
N  
T  
I  
N  
G



The Orange Printshop  
CHAPEL HILL . . . NORTH CAROLINA

CLAUDETTE COLBERT  
Co-starring in Paramount's  
"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"



## From Laughs to Tears in 30 Seconds



CLAUDETTE COLBERT tells how the  
throat-strain of emotional acting led her to Luckies

"Emoting to order" is a real strain on the throat. That's why an actress thinks twice before choosing a cigarette. Miss Colbert says: "After experimenting, I'm convinced that my throat is safest with Luckies."

Ask a tobacco expert why Luckies are so easy on the throat. He'll undoubtedly explain that the choice tobacco Lucky Strike buys, makes

for a light smoke. And he may add that the exclusive "Toasting" process takes out certain irritants found in *all* tobacco.

Here's the experts' actual verdict... Sworn records show that, among independent tobacco experts not connected with *any* cigarette manufacturer, Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as all other brands combined.

*Sworn Records  
Show That...*

**WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST- IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**

Copyright 1938, The American Tobacco Company



# THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER





With Independent Tobacco Experts..  
WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST

*It's Luckies  
2 to 1*



**H**ERE ARE THE FACTS! Sworn records show that among *independent* tobacco experts, Lucky Strike has *twice* as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes put together. These men are auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen. They deal with all, but are not connected with any manufacturer. They *know* tobacco and they smoke Luckies... 2 to 1!

Remember, too, the throat protection of the exclusive process, "It's Toasted." This process removes certain harsh irritants present in all tobacco, and makes Lucky Strike a light smoke—easy on your throat.



Have You Heard  
the Chant of the  
Tobacco Auctioneer

Copyright 1939, The American Tobacco Company



## May Frolics Sway-- Taught Kay Kyser's Way

The attention of U. N. C. once again turns to May Frolics and the "MAKE YOU WANT TO DANCE MUSIC" of it's own Professor Kay Kyser. This year Kay comes to the campus not as just another orchestra leader but as PROFESSOR of the Lucky Strike, "School Of The Air," program which travels over the airplanes every Wednesday night.

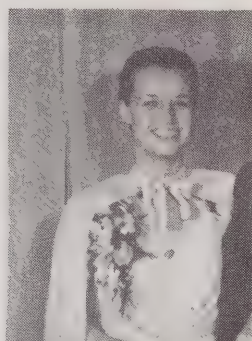
Professor Kyser will bring with him Virginia Sims, Harry Babbitt and Sully Mason, three of the most entertaining students radio has produced in several years. Also in the Kyser Bus will be radio's famous Phi Beta Kappa boy, Ish Kabibble, who is good for a laugh every time one looks in his direction. (All in fun President Hinkle.)

### KAY KYSER

Professor Kyser was born in Rocky Mount, N. C., June 18, 1906. He received his education at the University of North Carolina where he received his Batchelor of Arts Degree in 1928. It was during a very colorful college career that Professor Kyser in 1926 organized his orchestra of which several of the present members are original boys.

Before organizing his band Kay was considered an outstanding leader at U. N. C. He was a member of the Sigma Nu Fraternity, The Grail, Golden Fleece and was acclaimed the best organiz-

*(Continued on page 20)*



*Four very attractive May Frolic sponsors. (Left to Right) Miss Julia Paschall, Wilson, N. C., with Clark Rodman. Oh for the life of a D. K. E.; Miss Marge Stewart, Daytona Beach, Fla., with Connor Feimster. Why, of course that is not Sigma Chi Feimster with Miss Stewart; Miss*

*Margaret Jamieson, Oxford, N. C., with Bob Ray. When it comes to selecting sponsors, we salute you Bob; Miss Eleanor Davis, Melbourne, Fla., with Jim Richards. Betas are noted for their lovely girls. It would be easy to guess that Jim is a Beta.*

### I Go Greek

"Mama," I say one day,  
"I are Pi Pi Pi."

She look  
She think I stutter,  
If not I speak bad English  
For why then I go college  
I explain.  
I are Pi Pi Pi.  
She say I are nuts  
Go call doctor  
College may be make me sick  
But I tell her  
It are Greek Club  
Frat  
She say for why I join Greek club  
I are American  
She say college are funny place.

Next day  
I come home in underwear  
For why I do such thing  
Ask mama  
Maybe Greeks borrow my clothes  
I tell her I am initiated  
I need \$100  
To become brother  
Mother tells me I are brother  
Have two sisters  
She no understand.

I bring \$100  
I are president of frat  
We make membership campaign  
We dig hole for trap  
Find seven new members;  
A dachshund  
A 1922 Dodge  
A Campus Cop  
And four freshmen  
We rush  
We kill dachshund  
Wound two frosh  
Make big smoker  
Trade Dodge in for \$41.19  
It are make president to replace  
me.

—Missouri Show Me.

"Whoopee, I own Hell!"  
"How come?"  
"The Dean just gave it to me."  
—Dodo.

"Why does a clock run?"  
"You would too if you had ticks."  
—Penn State Froth.

Dear Dad:

I hope you are well.  
" " mother is "  
" " sister " "  
" " John " "  
" wish you were here.  
" " mother was "  
" " sister " "  
" " John " "  
" " you would send me some  
money.

Jim.

—Penn Punch-Bowl.

"I can read you minds like a  
book," said the lecturer. "I can  
tell what each one of you is  
thinking."

"Then why don't you go  
there?" called a voice from the  
back.

—Drexerd.

From the Chemistry Department comes this little story. It seems that after the lone feminine member of a "Quant" class had made a low mark in an exam she went to see the instructor after class.

"Do you grade on curves?" asked the young maid demurely.

"I do not," sputtered the prof. "I grade on what you put down on your paper."

—Yellow Jacket.

"You admit you drove over this man with a loaded truck?"

"Yes, your honor."

"And what have you to say in your defense?"

"I didn't know it was loaded."

—Showme.



"He gets that added lift with a bowl of Cornies."



# ... a Young Man's Fancy turns



In fact,  
In the Spring  
The young man  
*Himself* turns  
Not lightly,  
But lovingly  
To the gal . . .  
Or the cigarette  
That's blessed with  
Fresh charm.  
Today's  
Man-turningest  
Cigarette is  
Double-mellow  
Old Gold.  
Its rich  
Prize crop tobaccos  
Are chaperoned  
Right to *you*  
By a stale-proof  
Package . . .  
Double-Cellophane  
Double-sealed.  
Every Old Gold  
You light  
Is exactly  
As fresh,  
Full-flavored  
And double-mellow  
As the minute  
It was made.  
Temptingly fresh  
As a debutante's  
Lips!  
Yeah, man!  
Spring *is*  
Here!

↑  
Every pack wrapped in two jackets  
of Cellophane; the *OUTER* jacket  
opens from the *BOTTOM*.

**TUNE IN** on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, every Tuesday and Thursday night, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

For Finer, *FRESHER* Flavor . . . Smoke Double-Mellow Old Golds

# THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER

THE OFFICIAL HUMOR MAGAZINE OF THE CAROLINA PUBLICATIONS UNION  
OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME XIV

APRIL, 1938

NUMBER 7

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## Time to Kill? Then Read This!

*One poppable question is that concerning the identity of the typical professor. Who is he? What does he do? Is the typical professor of today absentminded, drowned in books, dressed in bags, shocked by speed, flushed with reason? Or is the typical professor of today streamlined: a bridge hound, a golf fiend, a movie goer, a football fan, a campus King, a man ever ready to meet anything new?*

*We're devoting this issue to the Faculty. We hope it will answer the question.*

*On no sure footing is our method. This is a humor magazine. How can we be humorous? Simply by entertaining in a light fashion, and that light fashion takes in no so called belly-laughs.*

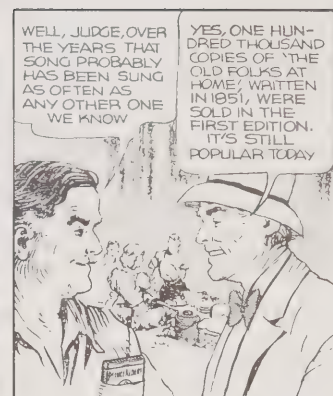
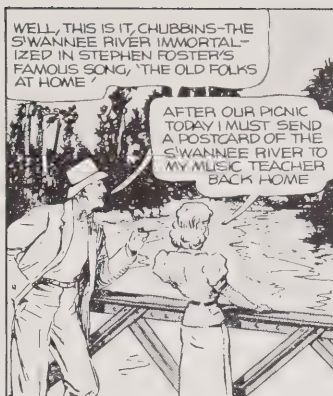
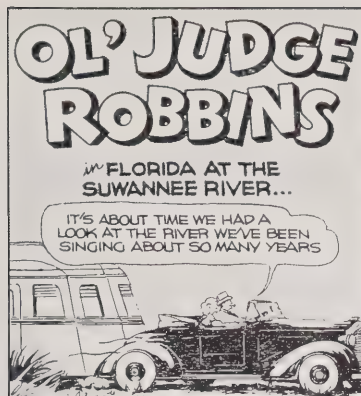
*Our intention is not to be funny.*

*Our intention is not to be tragic.*

*We want to entertain, to be, in the parlance of Time, smileworthy.*

THIS ISSUE'S EDITOR.





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**P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER.** Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

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**PRINCE ALBERT**  
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

**SO MILD!**

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**50** pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

"Darling," he said, feelingly, "this is our first date together for six months. It's been a long time. I envy you your European trip, of course, but I was certainly a lonely man."

"Well, sweet," she said, "it doesn't matter. Nothing matters but that we're back together again."

"Right you are. We'll make this a big night."

"What first?"

"First? Well, darling, I'd like to kiss you."

"Glob nox ke wop?" she asked.

"Gelakie," he said.

"O bte lat nov pop kek nok!" she cried.

"Non pek lam nom schmoz?"

"Gallootie!"

"Wif make saz koz loo!"

"Galytte!"

"Kop ke hoot!"

"Galockie nock!"

"Well, I guess I may as well take you home, then."

—Wataugan.



Reporter—"I've got a perfect news story."

City Editor—"The man bite the dog?"

Reporter—"Naw, a bull threw a Congressman."

—Filched.

It was the first date.

"Cigarette?"

"No, thank you. I don't smoke."

"Let's go down to sip a few."

"I'd rather not. I never touch liquor."

"Well, let's go out on the heights for a while."

"No, please don't. I want to go out and do something exciting, something new."

"OK. Let's go to the dairy building and milk the hell out of a couple of cows."

—Pell Mell.



In Psych. class, Dr. Jones pointed out the best years of fertility in a woman's life was the span between 18 and 28 years. And from the back of the room came the audible remark in disgusted tones: "Shucks! I've wasted two years already."

—Red Cat.



Alice: "What's your father's occupation, Bill?"

Bill: "My father's a cop, but I'm no flop."

Alice: "Well, my father's a baker, but I'm no Quaker."

Fred: "Huh! My father's a chauffeur, but I'm no loafer."

Helen: "Er, ah, my father's a surgeon."

—Ohioan.



*This STILL is a Faculty Issue*



# The Carolina Buccaneer

University of North Carolina

VOLUME XIV

APRIL, 1938

NUMBER 7

## VARIATIONS ON A THEME

### ● *Mustache:*

Story telling is as closely associated with Historian Wallace Caldwell as folk lore is with Romanticist A. P. Hudson, as co-operatives are with Moneyman King Lear, as "mythical beastie" is with Inferiority Complex Expert English Bagby, as terrier "Rust" is with Grammarian A. C. Howell, as Shaw and umbrellas are with Scholar Archibald Henderson, as Koch is with Emoter Frederick Koch, as crib courses are with Student Entertainer Woodhouse.

Caldwell was talking of Greek history the other day, appropriately enough in his class in Greek history. He turned to Greek characters, narrowed down to Greek mustaches, digressed about the necessity of mustaches.

Cracked he: "A kiss without a mustache is like an egg without salt."

### ● *Similarity:*

This occurred some time ago, but we think it's worth telling. In one of Richmond Bond's classes, a rather absentminded student addressed the English professor as Mr. Boggs, who is a member of the Spanish faculty staff. Quite pained, Bond told the student that he was not Boggs, that the only thing they had in common was BO.

### ● *Hats:*

One striking thing the professors and the American Student Union have in common is hats. It is difficult to see a professor

wearing a hat that has some foundation of normalcy attached to it. We tend to suspect that it comes under the heading of professional rights, just as no reporter is a reporter without a cigaret indolently dangling from his lips, just as no actress is an actress without a pair of dark glasses screening her eyes, just as no musician is a musician without a head of hair that is a head of hair, just as no co-ed is a co-ed without saddleshoe-ankletssweaterskirt, just as no dog is a dog unless it has slept in Chapel Hill.

The hats either don't fit or are of such a resplendent design as to be called stylistic. For the former we ask you to stand near the postoffice between one and two. We ask you to regard the headgear as it mounts the steps, as it opens the PO box, as it slits open the mail. Of the latter, we refer you to the Theatre's Little Men and Little Women.

### ● *Dissimilarity:*

Many professors in most English literature departments are boring, lustreless, cures for insomnia. They teach a Shelley Ode or a Swinburne Sonnet as the chemist teaches the physical properties of the isomeric dihydroxybenzenes and trihydroxybenzenes. They chop up the Ode or the Sonnet into small pieces, each piece reserved as a subject for a critical essay.

In short, they are pedagogical implements. Instead of having been placed at the head of a

classroom of students, they just as well could have been put on the library shelf.

One sure exception is Shakespearean Student George Taylor. Spry, electric, as fresh and as young as a bubble, Taylor loves Shakespeare and when he discusses one of the Bard's plays you know he loves Shakespeare.

He never saves superlatives. Typically, he throws out a finger, croaks: "Macbeth is the greatest tragic figure ever to appear on the stage." Two weeks later, he will say the same of Hamlet, and a few days later the same of Othello. His favorite demand is: "Show me something any one said, that Shakespeare didn't say." Try it sometimes. It's fun for a while.

At times, his love for Shakespeare has queer results. A while ago, Taylor, with his small son, Edmund, left for South Carolina. A week later he returned home, kissed his wife, prepared to retire. "Where's Edmund?" Mrs. Taylor asked.

Taylor again left for South Carolina.

### ● *Wealth:*

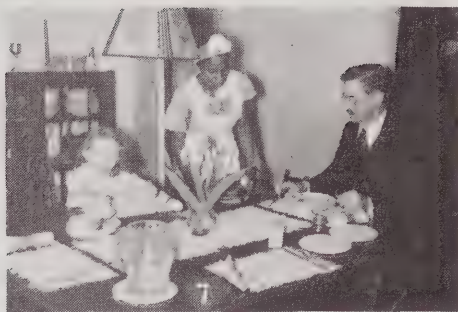
All professors remember the famous Chapel Hill depression of three and four years ago. Their salaries were cut about 33%, and everyone had his chance to "smile in the face of misfortune."

No one smiled more than French Professor Leon Wiley. One of the campus organizations put on Aristophanes' play, PLUTUS. He played the part of *Wealth*.





## His Day





# The Botanist Hits High C

By G. MULL

"And don't just draw the plant to show its characteristics, keep your eyes open and get a record of its sex life . . . and remember to get these plants you've got to have fresh dung . . . every kind of dung: cow dung, sheep dung, horse dung, rabbit dung . . . etc." The little man gathered up his little notes on the little plants and with a "that'll be all for today" left the room.

Miss Berwanger's ears were red. Her head swam. Over and over the sound came: dung, dung dung . . . ding dong . . . She had not realized what being a graduate student in Botany entailed. She couldn't, she just wouldn't go out to gather the plagued stuff. Rabbit dung! Where on earth would she find it? Maybe some of the men in the class would attend the matter. She looked at them. They were smiling . . . they were enjoying her embarrassment. Such eroticism. In a nettled heat she made her way to the women's room.

The pasture was a long low one and through it there crooked a sluggish little stream. The day was fresh, the air was fresh, her mind was fresh, and in her was

instilled the value of freshness. She watched. Like an English sparrow she perused the posterior of bovine after bovine. Everything but she, the day, and the air seemed old . . . stale . . . sec. At last it came, slow and beautiful. She gathered it up and joyously hurried on her way. She had for the first time in her life felt the joy of the seeker who has found the much sought for. She had become a part of the pastoral. Beauty in simple things. "Oh life, oh love, oh joy of time." She whistled . . . she walked more rapidly. She broke into a trot. Breathless she came into the laboratory. It was empty . . . as empty as a dry well and as echoey. No one to show her finds to. She sensed a great lossfeeling. Dejectedly she placed her collection in a large fingerbowl. Outside the bells were playing *I Love You Truly*. She prepared to go to supper.

Two days later at the break of day, Sophia Berwanger was in the lab. studying her cow dung culture. Hers at the outset. Hers from the beginning. What a thrill was hers at this glowy time of day. Here and there over the great mass of cul-

ture were growing, like so many bottles on an eroded hillside, great plants of the One Gun Fungus (*Pilobolus*). She could hardly believe her eyes . . . here on this simple pastoral piece of matter were growing the most beautiful organisms she had ever seen. She looked out upon the rising sun with its many colors and then back to the little wonder of nature that was her own and into her bosom there crept a catch and from her eye was emitted a tear. Like an oyster that is receiving its first bath, she was flooded with a salinity of good will and mankindlove. Wasn't nature grand? . . . into her soul went a fear of ever leaving this great world. "Oh, life, oh love, oh joy of time." She whistled her way to Swain Hall. She was a changed woman from the lady of two days ago: no longer did the flap jacks suggest to her anything but flap-jacks . . . and the same for all of the other good breakfast foods. She even dreamed at breakfast of seeing a rabbit. She would ask the Janitor to visit the sheep colony over in the med. building. The world was full of infinite possibility . . . and she

(Continued on page 26)

*On the previous page is a photographic essay of the typical professor's typical day.*

1. He has an eight thirty too . . .
2. "Adams, Bloodworth, Carter, Denning . . ."
3. "Sorry I was late," says co-ed Elizabeth Moulion, "What is the assignment for tomorrow?"
4. Across the campus he walks. No class until twelve.
5. He, too, drinks a ten thirty coca cola; listens to Ancient History Graduate Student Arnold Borden.
6. Office routine offers no routine when pretty scintillant co-eds like Molly Albritton call to confer.
7. Lunch with daughter Martha Belle, as serv-

*ing maid Lavinia planks down roast.*

8. The afternoon is a busy one. This picture shows him practicing up on his putting, readying himself for the Saturday morning foursome.
9. Chats with professor George Taylor, doesn't seem to like what he's saying.
10. Or he might be going out to hunt birds, with son Red and dog Friskie.
11. Or he might spend the afternoon with daughter Martha Belle and dog Bozo, frolicking on the front lawn.
12. After supper, Professor Wallace Caldwell will play bridge, or chat with neighbors, or listen to Charlie McCarthy, or read up a bit on his next day's lecture, or, as in the picture, play piano.





## The Faculty Dedicates the Gym

*Starting on the bottom row, from left to right, we see one frog escaping from one frog mangler, namely Zoologist Robert Coker, while, over a splash or two Colonel House sits pretty on a rubber tube, about to play on his harmonica. Up a row, Professor Zimmerman strives to break the hundred yard dash, and Public Speaker Wild Bill Olsen is about to put an end to Colonel House's rubber tube.*

*The third row, again left to right, shows Mackie's smile, Hobbs' feet, Rubino's head, Philosophy Emerij's concentration on the clock. In the last row we have Phillips Russell showing perfect form (Action, Back-ground, Development, Climax, End), Dean Hobbs (smiling as ever), a*

*surrealistic picture of Art Building's Russell Smith, and Economics Bernstein's concentration on the clock.*

*Around the edge of the swimming pool we sight Professor Caldwell. Over a bit is Archibald Henderson, umbrella, hat and all. And notice the emergency umbrella! Student-Faculty Day King Woodhouse seems to be taking his position seriously, and we imagine Playmaker Koch is asking if anyone has seen his belt. Lawyer Van Hecke is next in line, and finally we see French Teacher Dey, whose turn to swim will arrive when the clock's alarm rings.*

# FLEEING THE FLUNK

By L. MENTOR

On May 16, 1543, the day of his graduation, Giovanni De Snazzo, a distant cousin of Jacopo De Snazzo, whose works are still extant, entered the chambers of his tutor, bound him to a bedpost, and forced from him a signed statement concerning the excellency of his scholarship. He then cut his throat and proceeded to the exercises where he received his diploma and graduated with honors.

The solution of scholastic difficulties with present day youth however is not so simple. Not only has convention since come to frown upon this method but the state has of necessity enacted a closed season to keep the

aptitude and fearing an undermining of the foundation upon which their position and reputation rests, the restraint of truth and the promulgation of misinformation, sought to curb the practice by an ingenious system of decimate-denunciation. Under this system a grade of A+ would automatically become a C-, etc. with all under B doomed to the fiendish "Flunk." The Flunk, an instrument represented by a symbol such as the two-pronged bar with parallel handle, has long been the chief weapon of their warring tribes and, although attempts to ban its use by international law have been often, it remains the scourge of youth.

Anyway, seeing that the prime function of the crib was doomed, the scholars, *en masse*, prohibited its use except in self defense and the professors, thinking the victory theirs, cut another notch on their red pencil.

This method, when banned, however naturally threw the entire system into disorder. An immediate substitute became necessary. In the crusade against professorship it has long been known that there were only three possible alternatives: One may (1) crib, one may (2) judas, or one may (3) study. The last mentioned, necessitating an admission of defeat, is of course preposterous and is

(Continued on page 28)





*Hot Licks—*

No caption needed, except to note that the trombonist is not Sentimental Swingster Tommy Dorsey, but Victorian Age Scholar John Booker.

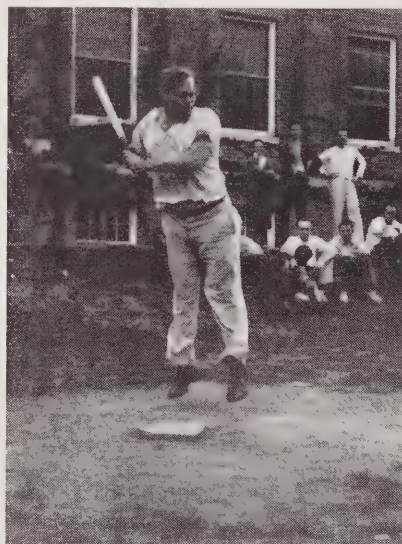


*Wheeeeeeee—*

And no play acting is this, as Play Director Howard Bailey embraces Play Actress Mrs. Howard Bailey, this being no part of no Play Maker Production, no special action of no scene of no act of no drama.

*Surrounded—*

By ready co-ed conversationalists is Historian Hugh Lefler, seated in the rear at the right of the window. At his left is Pi Phi's hostess-smiling Virginia Bowers, and at his right, two girls away, is Chi O's seemingly bored Rosalyn Tindel. Up front, in white sweater, is Chi O's Nancy Lyons, and, seated next to her, is Chi O's eyes on Nancy Mississippian Memrie Gary. The scene is Spencer Dorm; the reason, Student Faculty Day lunch hour.



*Up in the air—*

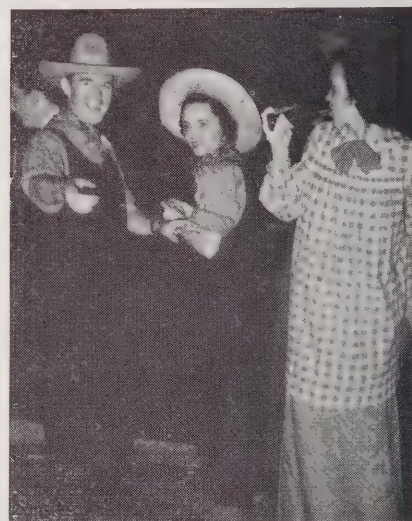
Is Head of the Chemistry Department Edward Mack, participating in Student Faculty Day Athletic Events. Fencebuster Mack didn't seem to like the pitched ball, and he leaped plenty away in order to miss it.

# STUDENTS. HOB



*Kingly, queenly—*

Are regally robed Edward Woodhouse and succinctly adorned Jane Hunter. Coronated ten in the morning. Found among the audience of Princeton trackmen, Dartmouth ballhawkers, and Yale racqueteers, were some Carolina students.

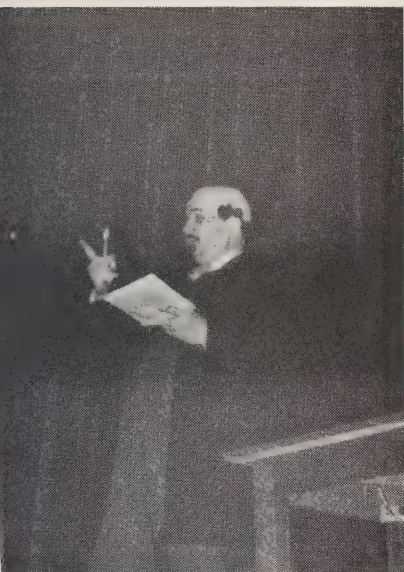


*Present—*

At the Victory Ball were buf-foons, bugaboos, stompers, and those desirous of making the Victory Ball a part of Student-Faculty Day. Among the latter we noticed fingerpointing John Umstead, just Miss Sally, and dope dunker Ida Winstead.



# FACULTY NOB



*The Jamboree—*

Was made complete with the presence of French Professor Tolmes, who read a story in dialect, spat stage tobacco, received applause. His efforts were followed by those of the Glee Club, who lent to the air of festivity by singing Annie Laurie.



*Again the Jamboree—*

Strip Artist Wally Dunham refuses no one, gives every one a laugh as he impersonates a sinister furtively undressing sloppily reveling in cool ocean water.



*Two Presidents—*

One, Student's Bob Magill, from behind the stage curtain, watches as other leader, University's Frank Graham, juggles stick for audience of 2,000 Student-Faculty Day fans.



*Arm in arm—*

Stroll Browneyed Student Ida-liza Dunn and Satorically Impressive Physicist Otto Stuhlman.

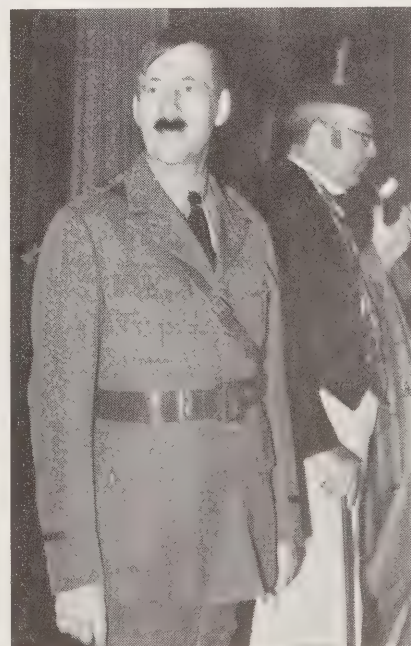


*Three Men on a Horse—*

The Men: uninterested and poetry lover Harry Russell, interested and mathematician Ernest Mackie, explainer and logician Louis Kattsoff. The Horse: the Student-Faculty Day Committee.

*Adolf Hitler—*

Shows up at the Victory Ball, is not cheered, booed, molested, or caressed when credentials are shown, identity proven to be that of Dean Francis Bradshaw, uniform discovered to be that of the United States Army. Behind him is Prizewinner A. M. Jordan, delicately dressed in a costume of the mild nineteenth century.





# PURR ALL, ONE GAURKS

By TED FREUDENHEIM

"Come on, folks, all gather round;  
See the hundred yard dash for the poetry crown;  
See the race of the century, an epic of sport.  
The glamorous writers of verse, in short,  
Will run for glory; the judge shall be Fate,  
And the victor will be crowned poet laureate."  
The voice of the barker ran on and on,  
Attempting to attract the passing throng.

## CANTO 2

The poets have gathered and the track is cleared;  
They prepare to take their marks, are loudly  
cheered.

An illustrious assemblage it was, such as never  
Had been seen, or will ever again be seen together.  
They have come to lend their poetic feet  
To find a champ from among the elite.  
Betting was brisk with Shelley favored,  
And his determination seemed to savor  
Of victory. But still, he was only a 6-5 shot  
For the rest of the field was mighty hot.  
The odds kept shifting from runner to runner,  
Proving that sentiment was split asunder.  
Keats looked flashy; Byron was afire,  
Shrieking to the gallery his invectives dire.  
Wordsworth and Tennyson lightly were prancing.  
Warming up with some Big Apple dancing.  
Shakespeare and Milton were taking it easy,  
Watching the rest with confidence breezy.  
And who is that striding with leaky, gawky pen?  
By God, it's yawping, Kosmotie, war-whooping  
Whitman.

Beating his chest, pounding it sore,  
He advanced upon them with a Tarzanian roar.  
The odds did not shift, just laughter began  
For this poet whose lines couldn't be scanned.  
Whitman was a mudder, and so he did not have  
a show—

The odds were all against him unless a storm did  
blow.

But the weather is clear, the track is fast.  
The Muses say the die is cast.  
Erato raises the starter's gun;  
A shot is heard—the race has begun.

## CANTO 3

Byron's leading Coleridge by three iambic feet;  
They're heading for that finish line like hounds  
on scent of meat.  
There suddenly came a spurt from the back—

Wordsworth to the fore with a bitter attack  
On machines. He followed this with an ode to  
Nature,  
And hissed as he passed, "I'll surely beat yur."  
But Shelley tossed a sonnet and Wordsworth was  
stopped.

Then Coleridge hurled a metric line which Shel-  
ley had to hop.

Ballads, odes, lyrics, sonnets, were tossed about  
at random;

Spenserian stanzas flew thick and fast to please  
the poets' fandom.

Allegories, similes, and metaphors in flocks,  
Were conscripted into battle from old and dusty  
stocks.

West Wind odes and skylark verses,  
Shepherd ballads, vain beauty searches,  
Bucolic pleasures, and rustic song,  
Were sent by Muses to help along.

Fading beauty, nostalgic regret,  
The day is done; the sun is set.

Immortality takes a hand  
And somehow aids the weary band.

Byron was there with a Don Juan chorus;  
Southey was cussing—he had lost his thesaurus.

Milton was throwing a bombastic epic,  
Moralized with a pencil septic.

Elegies and monologues, hymns of every type,  
Went roaring down the cinder track with the other  
tripe.

Pentameter and tetrameter were limping by this  
time;

The poets had exhausted every orthodox rhyme.  
But who is that surging to the front with a roar  
and a tongue of fire,

Flinging octameters to the winds upon inflated  
tires?

It's Whitman—it's Whitman, and he's out to be  
laureate,

Swinging into the finish at the wheel of a Ford  
V-8.

Singing of man, democratic soul, with a lilac in  
one hand and a cradle in the other,

He lumbers on in his ponderous way, calling every  
man a brother.

Whitman's out to win—win he did;  
Across the finish line he slid.

He goes back for the crown, looks around, then  
laughs;

For the Muses were writing their own epitaphs.



*Look this way*  
for **MORE**  
**PLEASURE**



*Three things that add up  
to more smoking pleasure...*

Chesterfield's refreshing mildness...  
good taste... and appetizing aroma

*They Satisfy*  
..millions

# Shakespeare Is Bacon Is Shakespeare

By MORTON FELDMAN

A drama in two acts, having no affiliation with any festivals; having no claims on any patents; having no need for directors, assistant directors, assistant directors' assistants, directors' secretaries, assistant directors' secretaries, assistant directors' assistants' secretaries; possessing no sources, no Latin references, no Greek references, no Biblical references, no footnotes, no bibliography, no marginal notes by wives or spinster sisters or sons or daughter-in-laws, no index, no Latin references to Greek references, no sources of sources which contain references to a learned volume of quotations by a learned quoter of the sixteenth century, no cf., no ibid., no cf. ibid., no cf. ibid. op cit., no ergos.

The setting is the We Want

No Plans Stadium in which an innumerable amount of professors, all garbed in Phi Beta Kappa keys, blackboard erasers, and ponderous foreheads, have met for the sixth annual contest to determine who would come closest to answering the question: Who Wrote Shakespeare if Shakespeare Didn't Write Shakespeare? The audience, consisting of graduate students, lab instructors, auditors, vice-presidents, sophisticated communists, and pale, frigid co-eds, anxiously await the start of proceedings. In order to fill up the time one graduate student has started a discussion on Polybius' influence on Dryden's conception of biblical manifestations; and as the curtain rises on the first act we hear:

GRADUATE STUDENT (*speaking*

*in an American bred English accent*). Polybius, no doubt, quoting Sir Arthur Somerover, cf. page 46, A STUDY OF THE PROBLEMS PRESENTED BY THE GREEK HISTORIANS, granting his affiliations with later satirical writers of this Restoration period we speak of, granting the correlation between the Grecian attitude toward Biblical co-ordinations and the attitude of said later above, to return to Sir Arthur, we find that he insists . . . .

(*He is drowned out by the cheers of the audience which greet the coming of the judges—said judges consisting of Almighty God and the Board of Trustees.*)

BOARD CHAIRMAN (*to the professors*). Ahem.

(*The professors bow or make curtsy, usually depending on their sex, one professor reciting in his best recitation manner a Pindaric Ode, consisting of six strophes and six antistrophes, of his own invention entitled: The Board of Trustees: An Ode [not to be confused with An Ode to the Board of Trustees].*)

PROFESSOR WEST: I believe sir, I am first, sir.

BOARD CHAIRMAN: Qualifications?

PROFESSOR WEST: BA at Columbia, sir, MA at Brown, sir, Ph D at Carolina, sir. Ten years in Britain, sir, during which, sir, . . . .

BOARD CHAIRMAN: Cut out the "sirs." I'm no publisher.

PROFESSOR WEST: Yes, sir. Ten years in Great Britain, as I have said, during which I purposefully visited and formally noticed the abbeys, groves, lakes, mountains, roads, fences, leas by which Wordsworth penned; I made an intense study of the actual bed sheets on which Keats had occasion to sleep; through a



"Well, you win, it wasn't a cloud."



friend, I had a geological survey made of some preserved footsteps of Lord Tennyson; I have photographed the desk, the closet, the bed, the floor, the walls, the nails, the windows, and the chairs contained in the room in which Milton devoutly thought. Through investigation I have discovered the real reason why Lady Byron divorced her husband. I have made a collection of Elizabethan rugs, especially those rugs on which, it has been definitely proved, through contemporaneous comment, Spenser, Raleigh, and Essex treaded. In the past ten to fifteen years I have made many lecture tours, speaking to such distinguished organizations as the W. C. T. U., D. A. R., D. C. U., L. R. O., N. S. U., and others as favorably recognized by recognized community centers. Especially has it been my honor to speak six times at the conclaves held at our own Cow's Head.

BOARD CHAIRMAN: Accepted. What of Shakespeare?

PROFESSOR WEST: Shakspeare, spelled S-h-a-k-s-p-e-a-r-e, is NOT Shakspeare, spelled S-h-a-k-s-p-e-a-r-e. Neither is the former Shakespeare Shakspere, spelled S-h-a-k-s-p-e-r-e. Shakespeare, spelled S-h-a-k-e-s-p-e-a-r-e, after much due deliberation, and after a survey of many dependable references, mainly Professor Vladimir Jefferson Elepjgtrastwi's tome: SHAKESPEARE'S T'S, CROSSED AND UNCROSSED, was an imposter, had nothing to do with the real Shakspeare, spelled S-h-a-k-s-p-e-a-r-e, wrote nothing but three letters in all his life. Shakspeare, spelled S-h-a-k-s-p-e-a-r-e, Shakspere, spelled S-h-a-k-s-p-e-r-e, and still another Sheakspere, spelled S-h-e-a-k-s-p-e-r-e, were THREE DIFFERENT MEN!

(Wild cheers and applause from the audience. One enthusiast, in wild hysteria, throws a bouquet of dissertations at Professor West.)

PROFESSOR WEST: Shakspeare, spelled S-h-a-k-s-p-e-a-r-e, as I have shown in my latest book, A DIAGNOSIS OF THE SHAKSPEARE SHAKSPERE SHEAKSPERE FEMININE ENDING, was the author of the tragedies, while Shakspere, spelled S-h-a-k-s-p-e-r-e, wrote the comedies, and Sheakspere, spelled S-h-e-a-k-s-p-e-r-e, penned the historical dramas. We might wonder who was Ann Hathaway's husband. The answer is obvious. Shakspere, of course.

What it all tends to prove is this: Shakspere, spelled, S-h-a-k-s-p-e-r-e, not being either Shakespeare, spelled S-h-a-k-e-s-p-e-r-e, or Sheakspere, spelled S-h-e-a-k-s-p-e-r-e, and of course we have already disclosed the identity of Shakespeare, spelled S-h-a-k-e-s-p-e-a-r-e, could not have been Sheakspere, spelled S-h-e-a-k-s-p-e-r-e, and definitely not the tragic Shakspeare, spelled S-h-a-k-s-p-e-a-r-e, which all tends to re-inforce the idea that the three Shakespeares, each spelled in their various ways, could not have written all the plays, thus manifesting the realization that the idealizing of one homo sapiens is indeed not on the level with intellectual research of course considering that Shakspere, spelled S-h-a-k-s-p-e-r-e, is not Shakespeare, spelled S-h-a-k-e-s-p-e-r-e, is no Sheakspere, spelled S-h-e-a-k-s-p-e-r-e!

AUDIENCE: Bravo, bravo! Bis, bis! Superb, superb!

(Professor West retires, receives correctly attired congratulations from the other professors. The audience has quieted down and await the next talk. A vender enters and walks among the applause granters.)

VENDER (carrying a box on his arm, singing out in a frankfurter, peanut, scorecard tone of voice). Here you are! Here you are! Hot from the press! Hot from the press! Latest text books, latest dissertations, latest

## OLD KING COLE WAS A SOUR OLD SOUL!



**HIS STINKO PIPE MIXTURE** knocked out everyone but the court jester, who pleaded: "Just clean that pipe of yours and switch to the Brand of Grand Aroma."



"IT DOES SMELL GOOD!" the king agreed, after he puffed those mild, ripe burleys in Sir Walter. "Give this man half my kingdom, and get me another 2-ounce tin!"

**SWITCH TO THE BRAND  
OF GRAND AROMA**



**PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN.** In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureaus of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos at a majority of these colleges.

**TUNE IN** Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday, 8:30 P. M., E. S. T., NBC Red Network.

treatises. Hot from the press! Here you are! Hundred and forty page thesis on Blake's use of the semi-colon. Two hundred, not hundred sixty, not hundred eighty, not hundred ninety-five, but two hundred, two hundred good pages on the allegorical implications of Spenser's MUIO-POTMOS.

Get your dissertations! Get your dissertations! Can't do without one if you wanna enjoy the show. Here's the manuscript copy of Professor Stetson's latest discovery. Have a treatise on the Cenozoic Man's effect on Schopenhauer's Treatment of Will. Two fifty and up.

Hot from the press. And as a special offer, free, mind you, free, not one American copper, a program of today's events. All names and numbers listed, and special space provided to keep score. Can't do without your score card.

*(The vender soon disappears, his wares gobbled up, and the voice of an Announcer is heard.)*

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE: While we await the arrival of Professor Stetson, we would like to make a few announcements. Next week the Geology Club, in conjunction with the Janitor's Association, will present a play entitled the THE DURHAM BASIN. During the intermission the editor of the daily college publication will lecture on the subject: MAKE-UP, AND HOW I APPLY IT. In collaboration with the Y. M. C. A., the American Student Union will serve tea and butter patties in the main lounge of Graham Hall this evening, during which time questions will be thrown at a wax figure of Tom Mercer Girdler. That is all. We have just been notified that Professor Stetson will be with us any moment. While we await him, we will be entertained by Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra playing *Song of India*.

*(the curtain falls)*

## SECOND ACT

FIRST AUDITOR *(in high squeaky voice)*. Did you hear Mozart's Symphony last night?

SECOND AUDITOR *(in high squeaky voice)*. O yes. I think it's beautiful, don't you?

FIRST AUDITOR. Isn't it beautiful, though?

THIRD AUDITOR *(In high squeaky voice)*. Mozart wrote some beautiful music, didn't he?

FIRST GRADUATE STUDENT *(who comes upon the scene)*. Pardon me, but are you talking about Mozart's Symphony? I think it is so beautiful?

SECOND GRADUATE STUDENT *(who comes upon the scene)*. I heard that Mozart Symphony last night. Isn't it the most beautiful work? But something is going down there.

*(Professor Halted has approached the Board of Trustees and addresses them.)*

PROFESSOR HALTED. Why this babble and bubble about Shakespeare? Why this desire to mechanize beauty until it has merely become a target for scholars and escape mechanists and ballyhood artists to shoot at?

VOICES FROM THE AUDIENCE. Boo! Boo! Throw the communist out! We don't want any fascists around here!

Throw him out! Send him back to Russia where he belongs!

PROFESSOR HALTED. Wait! Hear me out. What difference does it make who wrote HAMLET and AS YOU LIKE IT and OTHELLO and KING LEAR and THE MERCHANT OF VENICE? Does it change the meaning of the lines any? Beauty is universal and permanent and need not be touched by mere pedantry.

VOICE FROM THE AUDIENCE. Why doesn't he read Dale Carnegie's HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE?

ANOTHER VOICE. Throw the anarchist out! Send him back to Russia!

PROFESSOR HALTED. Does it make any real difference whether Beethoven or Joe Smith wrote the Choral Symphony? We have the intrinsic. Does the extrinsic aid any? Does it help much in our understanding of Milton's PARADISE LOST if we read a well documented paper on the possibilities of Milton having had a bad case of the grippe January 16, 1643? Does it . . .

*(He is interrupted, drowned out by a college band of one hundred instruments and the glee club of one hundred voices, both organizations suddenly marching into the Stadium. Accompanied by the band, and to the tune of Gershwin's OF THEE I SING, the glee club gives vent to the following):*

Of thee I sing, Bacon:  
Winter, autumn, summer, spring,  
It's you, Bacon.

Shakespeare couldn't have done it,

Too low and willed was he;  
You're the man of reason,  
You're the man for me.

Of thee I sing, Bacon.  
Falstaff, Hamlet, Macbeth, and  
you, Bacon,

Henry and King John and Gaunt,  
Of Shakespeare, 'tis no use,  
avaunt,  
Of thee I sing.

*(As they finish the last words, the rumbling of an aeroplane's motor is heard.)*

A VOICE IN THE AUDIENCE. Gosh, an aeroplane. Look! It's writing on the sky. Look! S-T-A-R-T C-H-E-E-R-I-N-G F-O-R B-A-C-O-N. S-H-A-K-E-S-P-E-A-R-E W-A-S F-A-K-I-N'.

*(Three cheerleaders suddenly appear on the scene and lead a cheer for Bacon.)*

AUDIENCE. Rah, rah, rah!

Rah, rah, rah!

Bacon, Bacon, Bacon!

*(The aeroplane is seen approaching the stadium and is heard landing on the field.)*

*(Professor Stetson marches onto the stage.)*



PROFESSOR STETSON (*aside to his press representative*). Is the press here? Is my biographer here? Did you get a stenographer to take down my words? And the photographers? Did you set up the applause-determinants? (*The Publicity Man nods continually.*) Did you send the Columbia professor his train fare?

(*To the audience.*) Brothers and sisters of Chapel Hill, in this unsophisticated, untouched by modern faults, quiet town of ours we are soon to hear of the discovery of the ages. To gain the information for my latest book—the contents of which I will soon divulge—I have traveled to and spent days in such places as Chuginadak Island in Alaska, Hindu Kush in Afghanistan, Brooklyn in New York, Xerokhori in Australia. I wish to express my thanks to the Breakfast Muffin Company, to Sinn and Company, and to the

Starper and Go Company for the privilege of extracting quotations from their publications; to the librarians of an innumerable amount of libraries for the use of a number of books which they had long considered inarasi-batiable; to Miss Celia Van Bruten for typing the first half; to Miss Frances Larrimore for typing the first quarter of the second half; to Miss Estelle La Belle for typing the second quarter of the second half; to Miss Florence Steele of Brown University for retyping the corrected for grammatical errors first quarter of the first typed copy; to Miss Euthasia Sintern of Vassar for retyping the corrected for grammatical errors second and third quarter of the first typed copy; to Mrs. R. T. Wilkins for retyping the corrected for grammatical errors last quarter of the first typed copy; to my esteemed colleague Professor R. Arthur Arnold for his

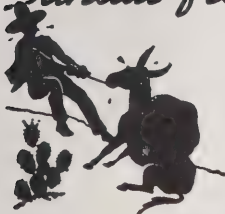
invaluable aid in correcting the proof of the text proper; to my esteemed colleague Professor L. Lansfield Sarnold for his invaluable aid in alphabetically arranging and indexing my especially prepared set of footnotes; to graduate students Philip R. Thomas and Sidney L. Philips for their aid in preparing the bibliography; and especially to Professor George Washington Ferndale for his sharp critical judgment which has led to endless improvement.

(*And on and on goes the Professor, who, through the most accepted routes — with added twists — shows the way to the proof of the learned Bacon's authorship of the plays rather than the blacksmith's apprentice's authorship. What is the prize? I believe it was a pass to the Carolina Theatre. But I'm not sure. It might have been two.*)

THE END



## The Famous Handwoven Sandal from OLD MEXICO



Here's the latest thing on ANY campus. Smart, practical, different. The Authentic Huarache, woven by Indian Huaracheros of natural color steerhide or pure white leather (Both types pictured above.) Ideal for campus wear, sports, hiking or just loafing, indoors or out. Soft pliable leather, low heels and loose heel straps make this the most comfortable sandal you have ever worn.

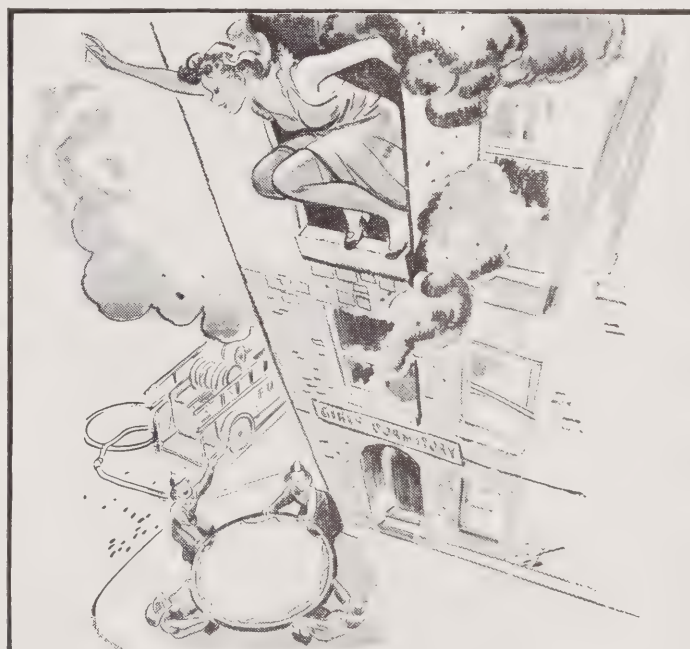
Why not enjoy their smart originality this summer?

ONLY \$3.75 PER PAIR

DELIVERED IMMEDIATELY  
NEATLY BOXED—POSTPAID

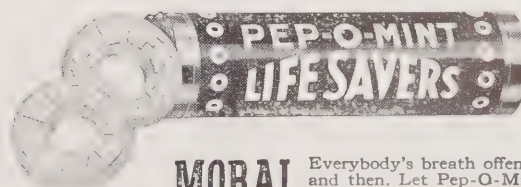
The OLD MEXICO SHOP  
SANTA FE -- NEW MEXICO

To Order  
send an outline of  
the foot and men-  
tion shoe size.  
Specify your  
choice, WHITE  
or STEERHIDE



FIREMAN: Just hold your breath and jump, miss.

GIRL: I don't have to hold my breath! I eat LIFE SAVERS.



MORAL

Everybody's breath offends now and then. Let Pep-O-Mint Life Savers keep yours sweet after eating, drinking or smoking.

## MAY FROLICS

(Continued from page 1)

er of cheering and school spirit the University ever had.

Although a lover of music, when entering school, Kay had no idea of becoming an orchestra leader, in fact he was all set to be a Lawyer, but in the fall of 1926, the campus unexpectedly found itself without a dance orchestra. Thus, Kay started his band, with the idea of giving it up at the completion of his college work, but much to the then disappointment and humiliation of his family, Kay's avocation became his vocation.

## MAY FROLICS

The tenth annual May Frolics, one of the outstanding college dance sets of the south, will be held on April 22nd. and 23rd. in the Tin Can. Sponsored each year by seven fraternities of the University, Sigma Nu, Zeta Psi, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Sigma Chi, Delta Kappa Epsilon, Kappa Sigma and Beta Theta Pi, May Frolics will be the

social event of the spring. The set will include five dances. The first, an informal tea dance Friday afternoon followed by a formal dance that night. Saturday's luncheon dance will be held at the Washington Duke Hotel in Durham. The Tin Can will be the scene of the second tea dance Saturday afternoon with another formal dance concluding the series Saturday night.

Officers and leaders of May Frolics will include Connor Feimster, Sigma Chi, President, with Miss Marge Stewart, Daytona Beach, Fla.; Bill Hollingsworth, Sigma Nu, Vice President, with Miss Molly Lewis, Richmond, Va.; Bob Ray, Zeta Psi, Sec. and Treas., with Miss Margaret Jamieson, Oxford, N. C.; Jim Richards, Beta Theta Pi, Asst. Sec. and Treas., with Miss Eleanor Davis, Melbourne, Fla.; Clark Rodman, D. K. E., Leader, with Miss Julia Paschall, Wilson, N. C.; Marvin Allen, Kappa Sigma, First Asst. Leader, with Miss Molly Albritton, Hopkinsville, Ky.; Tom Myers, S. A. E., Second Asst. Leader, with Miss Betty Norcross, Smithfield, N. C.

—Roberts Jernigan, Jr.

## Hits of the Month

by

JERNIGAN

"YOU'RE AN EDUCATION" and "JEZEBEL"—(Decca 1713)—Recorded by BOB CROSBY and his ORCHESTRA—THE latest of BOB'S waxings—A perfect example of the best in swing.

"T-I-P-I-T-I-N" and "A SHACK IN THE BACK OF THE HILLS"—(Brunswick 8078)—Recorded by HORACE HEIDT and his ALEMITE BRIGADIERS—The number one song hit played by the number one band—What more could anyone wish?

"PLEASE BE KIND" and "MOMENTS LIKE THIS"—(Victor 25802)—Recorded by MAXINE SULLIVAN with CLAUDE THORNHILL and his ORCHESTRA—The "Rhythm Vocalist" at her best.

"SISSY" and "SHALIMAR"—(Bluebird B-7491)—Recorded by FRANK DAILY and his STOP AND GO ORCHESTRA—A new style in



"This is one day I thought sure he'd give us a grat."

music that is making quite a hit—Leave it to DAILY to start something unusual.

"HOME TOWN" and "IN MY LITTLE RED BOOK"—(Victor 25798)—Recorded by GUY LOMBARDO and his ROYAL CANADIANS—A couple of sweet swing numbers styled in the ever popular

manner of the CANADIANS.

"SOMETHING TELLS ME" and "BEWILDERED"—(Bluebird B-7490)—Recorded by JAN SAVITT and his TOP HATTERS—A new organization waxing a couple of new tunes—Both the band and the tunes are good and should become hits.



# *Ho! for* The Tavern

**Washington Duke Hotel**

**Durham, N. C.**

The meeting place for college students

—Also—

**Private Dining Room**

For small or large parties

Come over and enjoy a real treat

## **FREE! A Box of Life Savers for the Best Wisecrack!**

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

Won this month by  
J. B. CROW  
127 Mallette St.

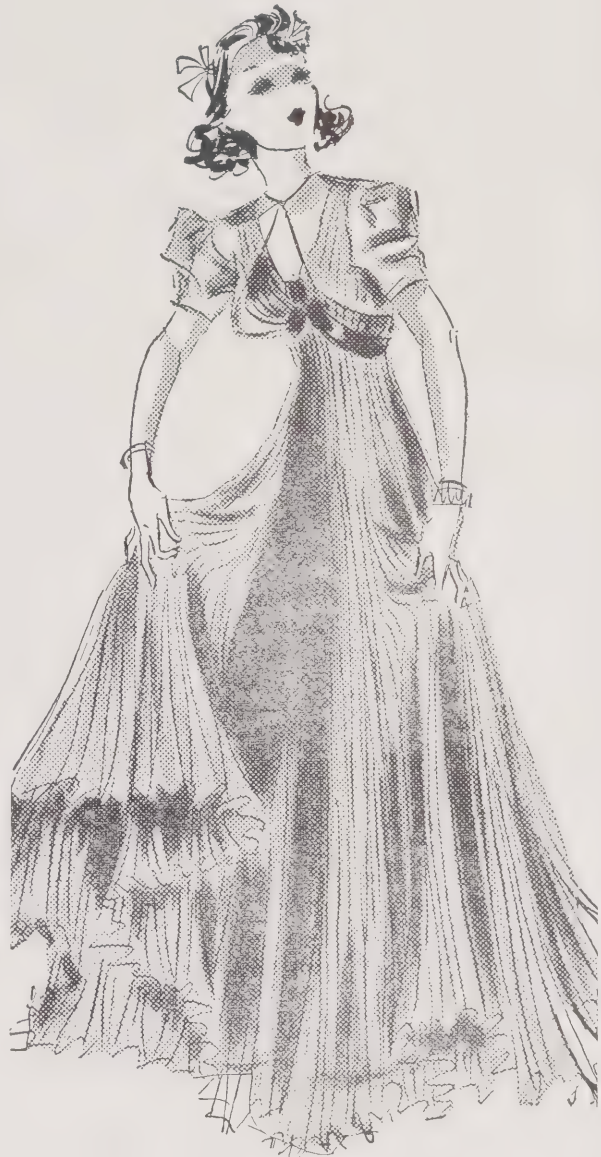
**Style Protection**

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First in Style

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First in the Hearts of College Girls



## **Dance Frocks Our Specialty**

Get that Well Dressed Feeling

Learn why day after day—more and more—the modern Miss is patronizing the

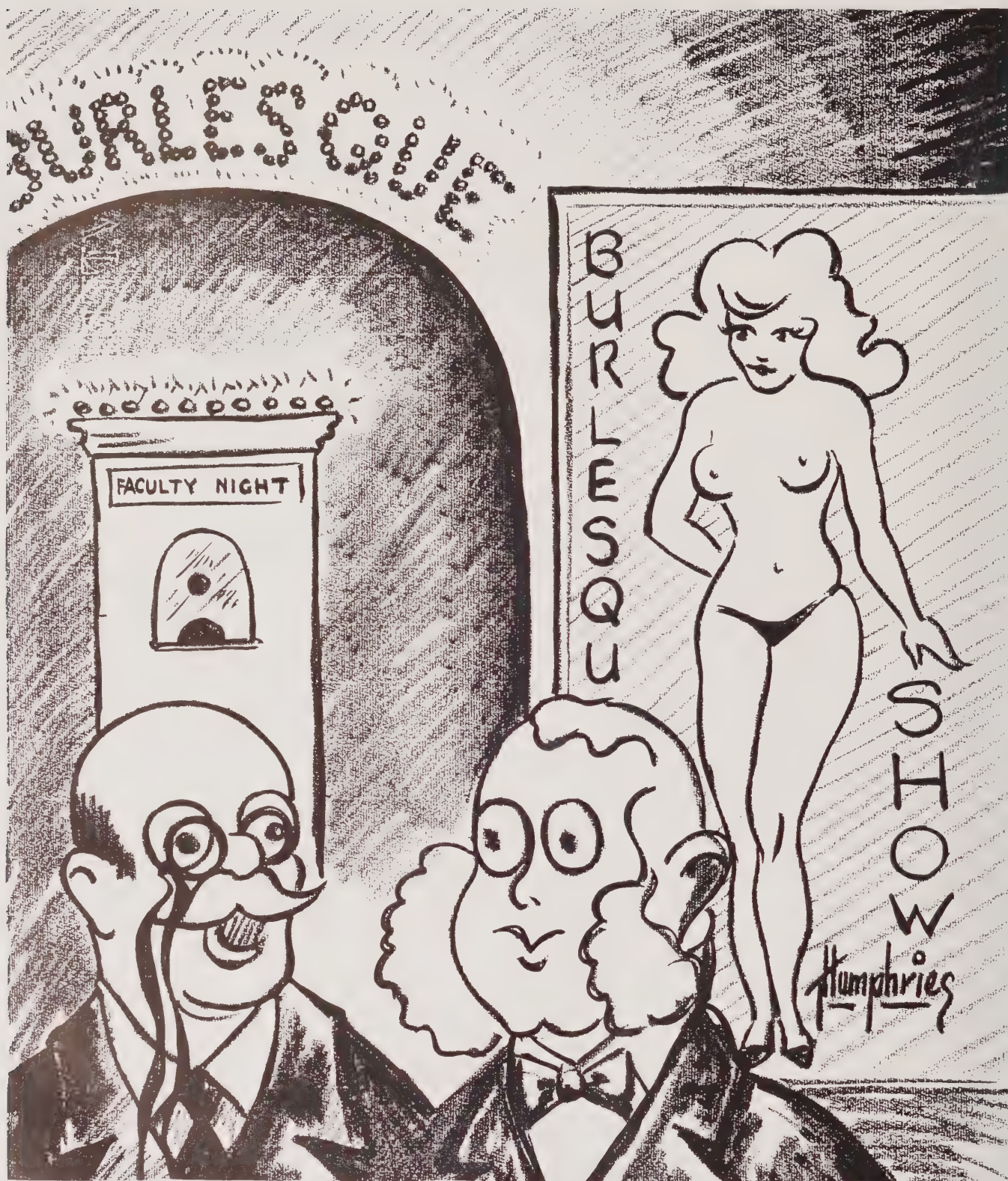
## **Betty Lou Shoppe**

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**Apparel—Millinery—Accessories**





*"I didn't like that show very much, Dr. Flunkem—the shorts were too long."*



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in short,

everything you need these  
spring days!

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Easy Chairs—Tables—Lamps  
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**IT'S SPRING**

Let us service your car for  
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**PEDANTIC  
ANTICS**

The eminent J. R. Endless was lecturing to his class one morning when he received a telegram that his wife had been rushed to the hospital and was expecting a blessed event. Palpitating with excitement, he hurriedly dismissed his class and rushed to his office, informing his surprised secretary:

"I am now going down town. If, by any chance, I happen to return during my absence, keep me here until I get back."

Only a ph.d. could make such an enlightening statement.

Before his flustered secretary could reply, he went downstairs, got into his car, and forgetting that his wife had been taken to the hospital drove home at a furious pace. Then, with the intelligence displayed by almost every member of the teaching fraternity, he got out of his car, looked into his private garage, and, with a gasp, leaped back into the car and hastily drove to the police station.

"Sergeant," he groaned. "My car has been stolen!"

No, he wasn't absent-minded; he was a ph.d. and he was outside his classroom. He was like a boat without a tiller, Damon without Pythias, ham without eggs. Yet, in the safe retreat of his classroom, in that domain where his regal authority held sway, Professor Endless had absolute command of his faculties, and could even, as in the following instance, display the superiority of his intellect, to the disadvantage of his students, on some occasions.

A certain freshman in his 8:30 class constantly irritated him by coming in late almost every day. One morning he de-

*(Continued on page 27)*

Select Your  
**Spring Suit  
NOW**



- Gabardines
- Herringbones
- Tweeds

Authentically tailored in our  
famous University models  
—Moderately priced from—

**\$25 to \$35**

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Shop**

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Carolina Headquarters

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Chapel Hill

# SHROUDING THAT BODY DOWN

We have a confession to make. It is true that in past articles we may have catered to the students too much and that in trying to please students we may have neglected the interests of the faculty. Be assured that such oversight was not intentional. In the present article an attempt is made to correct the error of our ways.

Formerly the height of professorial style for spring was the conservative black cutaway coat. Styles this spring have definitely changed. Professors are tending more toward conventional business suits, and these

in any shade of gray and several degrees of black are the newest thing for this time of the year. As far as material is concerned there are many individual differences of opinion, although the general idea seems to be that this is an unimportant matter with which only students and a few incorrigible playboys are concerned.

The three button coat has not yet become popular among the faculty, though it is thought that probably by fall it will be conservative enough for pedagogic wear. Strangely enough for such a conservative group

(there may be those who differ with me here) the plain back coat is very popular in both single breasted and double breasted models. We could find no clear cut trend as to number of buttons on the cuffs though many faculty members prefer to have at least one button missing.

In regard to pants there is much opposition to the introduction of pleats, many men feeling that these do not enhance professorial dignity. In this connection we would like to suggest that pleats would be very popular if the teaching fraternity

*(Continued on next page)*



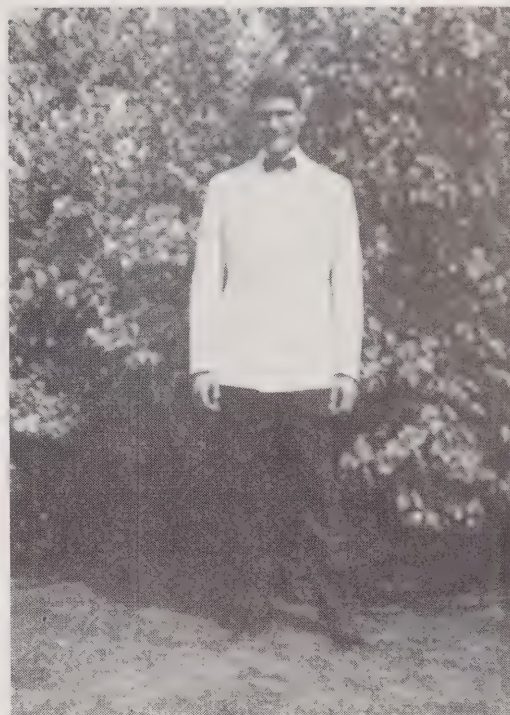
"Aw g'wan, offisha, I'm a Ph.D!"



## Style Trends on the Campus

Chapel Hill is just about the finest place in the world in the Spring. Besides beautiful weather, there are always a lot of smooth girls here for the dances. And speaking of dances, what are you going to wear for formal this Spring?

The outfit that "Benny" Hunter is wearing is the latest thing in smart style. His white double breasted dinner jacket is full-cut, which makes it comfortable for warm nights; then too it accents his natural build. "Benny's" pants are made of midnight blue and are of the slack variety. Matching accessories of midnight blue make this outfit complete. You too would make a hit in attire like this.



## THAMES CLOTHING SHOP

would only try them, since baggy pants look very much more baggy if they have generous pleats. There is a widespread tendency to boycott cleaners and pressers which shows up in both pants and coats; in the former by wrinkled shoulders and elbows; in the latter by baggy knees and run-down cuffs.

Pedagogues are using combinations of coats and separate, unmatched trousers also. Disregarding the conservative practices of students in wearing brown coats and gray slacks, brown coats and green slacks, or blue coats and gray slacks, the faculty has introduced the combination of a gray coat with slacks of a different shade of gray, a black coat with slacks of some hybrid black or gray. The result is, to say the least, different.

Certain shirt patterns are also distinctive. Plain white shirts

are most generally used and will be very popular for spring. Used to some extent will be models in assorted dark blue checks and models in tan figures. The newest fad is to wear the first shirt one comes across with the first suit one touches in the morning, both acts being done with eyes closed. This fashion is carried over into the use of ties too, where dark wool cravats in assorted blue and brown and green are the general rule. A popular combination is a dark green figured tie with a tan shirt and a dark gray suit.

—Ernest King.

### To "A University Co-ed"

You think that you shall never scan

A worm so lowly as a man.

You thank your stars that you are free,

But you try your damndest not to be!

—Darry.

### To a Virtuous Young Lady

You seem to think your virtue Gives you license to be smug.

Come now—get off your high horse—

Don't you ever kiss or hug?

You say that you're old fashioned,

Life's facts you're never faced. Well, O. K. Toots, but keep in mind,

*Chaste women are seldom chased!*

—Darry.

History Prof.: "How can you explain the great increase in population which occurred after the industrial revolution?"

History Shark: "Everybody went to town."

—Red Cat.

More water is used for making oceans than anything else.

—Exchange.

## IT'S PERFECTION

For your Easter Flowers  
and for dances too, you'll  
find our flowers . . .

P E R F E C T

### Lane Flower Shop

## All Set for Spring

We understand the College  
man's need for well-styled  
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See our new  
GABARDINES  
\$35 to \$50

Griffon and Society Brand  
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Arrow Shirts in newest  
woven Madras

Dobbs Hats

Resilio Ties

### Vanstory Clothing Co.

Jefferson Standard Building  
Greensboro

## THE BOTANIST

(Continued from page 9)

was discovering entrances to the great pathways of science.

When the prof. came she showed him her culture. He smiled at her possessive pleasure and suggested to her that she make a mount of some of the material under the microscope. This she did and what do you suppose she found? A PARASITE! Right smack on the One Gun Fungus was growing a parasite which in turn was a fungus. She called over the professor. "Yes, Sophie, you've got something there that I've never seen before in my life. Probably a new species. Maybe a new genus . . . get to work on it . . . run some tests. See if its walls are of cellulose. Try to get it in pure culture. Try to get the sexual phases. Girl if you work this out you'll be a made woman. Here's a masters thesis just ready to be snatched. Let's see what's this growing on? Cow dung. Um hum. Collect it yourself? Fine. You try to isolate some of those spores while I run to the library to see what that thing comes closest to."

For weeks and weeks Sophie works away at her job. Night and day she is with her fungus. Then one night she sees something. One end of the plant swells up . . . great big like a balloon . . . she watches. The protoplasm within the balloon rounds up into one great mass. Then the nuclei within the mass begin to engulf one another until one nucleus has eaten all the others. She is a whopper of a nucleus. All of a sudden she pinches off a bit of herself and it withers away. Then there is a great rumbling under the microscope and the other end of the parasite plant, the one just opposite the balloon shaped end, begins to elongate. When it has reached its maximum size it begins to form within itself little teardrop-shaped bodies with

tails attached to them. "Oh life, oh love, oh joy of time." The sexual phase is at hand. Like a matador's one-day wife at her husband's bullfight, Sophie watches the proceedings. Soon the elongated body has ruptured and the free sperm swim about madly. Finally they settle down around the large balloon-shaped body, the female. Finally one of the sperm pierces the wall of the female and its nucleus merges with that of the female. Fertilization is effected.

When the prof came the next morning, haggard Sophie, tired from a night's work, showed him the records of what she had observed. He was pleased. He stayed up with her the next night to observe for himself. It was true. Everything was true for Sophie. She had done a creditable piece of work. She was a scientist.

In time Sophie wrote a thesis and it was published and lots of people who had discovered the same paths of life that Sophie had discovered wrote to Sophie for reprints and gayly did she send them.

Let me quote you from Sophie's thesis:

*Epipilobolus bovipastorensis*  
Genus novo  
by  
Sophia Berwanger

"In 1898 Thaxter . . . in 1921 Pool . . . but none of these workers had realized . . . of course no one else had sensed the importance of . . ." a synopsis of pages 1 through 9. I now quote from the summary: "A new genus and single species within that genus is described: *Epipilobolus bovipastorensis*. The sexual phases have been observed and it is found that the sperm swim from left to right instead of from right to left as happens in *Protoendopilobolus* . . . a difference which of course merits generic recognition . . . I wish to thank Prof——— and Prof———



who have so kindly aided me." Then follow the plates or illustrations and their explanations. AND NOT ONE OUNCE OF MENTION WAS MADE OF THE LITTLE COW THAT LIVED IN THE PASTURE.



### PEDANTIC ANTICS

(Continued from page 23)

cided to humiliate him, and when the student arrived late as usual, he asked:

"Smith, when were you born?"

"On April 2. Why, sir?"

"Being a little late must be a habit with you!"

Oh yes, the old boy had what it takes—in the classroom. But once he was out. . . . But let's get back to the story.

On his way to the hospital, the prof drove his car up onto a narrow one-car width bridge, and he was infuriated to see another car drive up from the opposite direction blocking passage. Losing his dignity for the moment, Endless gave vent to explosives.

"I never back up for any darn fool," he shouted.

"That's all right," replied the driver of the other car as he quietly shifted into reverse. "I always do!"

Well, the poor prof finally arrived at the hospital where, after scurrying about the corridors, he located his wife's nurse.

"Congratulations, Doctor Endless," she told him. "The stork has just brought you a brand new son!"

"Swell," said the professor. "But," he added, "don't tell my wife. I want to surprise her!"

—R. Herbert Roffer.



"By Jove! That chappy played a most wonderful scurvy trick on me."

"How so?"

"Well, he said call Cherryblossom 3317 and if a man answered to hang up. Jolly clean fun I thought. The bounder! I called five times and each time a woman answered!"

—Arizona Kitty-Kat.



"No! No! Professor Enkleberg—Not Hiya, toots—hiya, tuts!"

## We're Ready For You!

We have the finest array of clothing and furnishings for Spring a College Man ever laid eyes on . . .

New Spring Hats  
**\$2.95 and \$3.50**

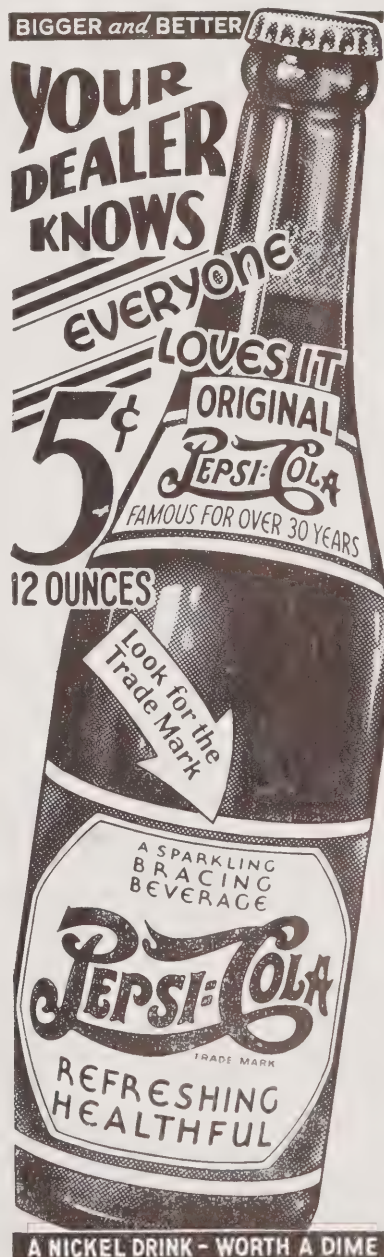
Wilson Brothers Shirts  
**\$1.55 and \$1.95**

Sleeveless Sweaters  
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## FLEEING THE FLUNK

(Continued from page 11)

generally used only as a last resort by the weaker minds; the first is disallowed; thus a compromise seemed the only way. The judas, bootlick, or AK, as it is often called is merely specialized syncophancy. However one finds it much harder in practice than theory.

The fundamental difficulty usually rests in approach. As the species is characteristically gun-shy, utmost caution must be used. But before I go into the divers singularities of the scheme and the many schools of thought upon the subject, let me emphasize the fact that you must *know your man*. Before applying any of the better techniques, however fool proof, one must make a thorough research into the life of the subject—his mannerisms, modes, likes and dislikes; his family, his status in the administration and community. I recall one case in which the scholar disguised himself as a maid and cooked in the professor's home for three months. Imagine his surprise when the scholar remarked on class one day that they had nightgowns in common. Of course such extremes are unnecessary. A simple investigation is usually sufficient.

Concerning approach there are four approved methods: (1) Correlative, (2) Intellectual, (3) Si, Si, Signor, and (4) Poor - Boy - Trying - To - Get-Along.

The (1) Correlative approach is the afore mentioned something in common—always behave as the subject did when he was a boy. Of course one need not chew tobacco and walk-18-miles-to-class-in-the-rain but try to do all possible.

The (2) Intellectual method calls for equipment. Find some very thick horn-rimmed spectacles, go without a hair cut for three months, and develop a piercing stare and an unintelli-

gible vocabulary. Write a theme upon The Inadequateness of the Present Day Educational Institution and never miss an opportunity to remark that grades are after all only a necessary evil and, personally, as you are here to learn irrespective of them and are doing so, they are by no means a true estimate of one's intelligence etc., etc.

The (3) Si, Si, Signor need not be discussed. It requires only the exclusion of the nega-

---

## CAROLINA HEADQUARTERS



### Palm Beach Suits

**\$17.75**

### Miller-Bishop Co.

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Durham, N. C.

---

tive from all relations with the subject.

The fourth and final approach is the most widely used and perhaps the most effective. It is little wonder that so many boys work their way through school for statistics prove that one doing so has never made less than a B-. In one instance a professor made an error in copying from his grade book and a self-help student received 83 on a pop-quiz. When he discovered his mistake his remorse drove him to suicide.

The above are substantiated not only by laboratory tests but

thousands of testimonials give definite proof of their reliability. If applied to the letter they are fool-proof but some degree of originality is advised. The fundamental issue is whether to appeal to reason or emotion. An emotional technique is usually better but requires more preparation. In appealing to reason the very nature of his occupation and the source of his salary immediately puts him on the defensive.

Althought busting courses is a common failing, to think that all is lost when quiz day looms near is folly. Never give up and go to the library. Remember this infallable equation:

AK+crip=ΦBK.



### Stories That Never Grow Old

The prospects next year are terrible. Why, half the squad graduated and the rest are ineligible . . .

And you are the first boy I've ever kissed.

You just don't understand, Dad, when a man is a senior he just has to have his own car . . .

I don't want to be unreasonable, but I just postponed that report . . .

The text book we will use this term will be a new one just recently published and written by the head of the department and myself. It only costs \$4.75, and you can pick it up at the bookstore.

The next issue will be the best in the entire history of this magazine. You better reserve your copy right now.

What do you mean, couldn't I get a date? I always come stag; it's more fun . . .

Flowers aren't really necessary, but if you insist, orchids go very well with the evening gown I'm going to wear . . .

I know. I was young once myself . . .

The finals will cover . . .

—Cornell.



Smartly Dressed  
Men Demand . . .

## SMART SUITS

---


Smart young men are wearing double breasted Manhattan and Lounge Suits. Be sure to see our new 3-button Brunswick Model Lounge Suits at . . .

**\$29.50**


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Durham's Shopping Center

## Spring Fever



Spring fever won't slow you down a bit, If you drink lots of our good milk— It's the ideal food for any season.



**Durham Road Dairy**

Enjoy the Service  
and  
Excellent Meals

of our

Main Dining Room  
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## NORTH CAROLINA'S FINEST STORE

. . . is here  
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The New Ellis Stone's in Durham is literally alive with lovely spring clothes, accessories and bright things for your home . . . All awaiting your approval and acceptance. Everything has been hand-picked for style and quality worthy of Ellis Stone's standards. Assortments are so large and varied that you can do your whole spring's buying in one exciting, glorious day.

Good roads into Durham from all directions make Ellis Stone's the natural shopping center for women who love beautiful things to wear and nice things for their home.

*Ellis Stone & Co*

Main Street

Durham, N. C.

MEL KOONTZ—FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD ANIMAL TAMER—WRESTLES A LION!



Here is Mel Koontz alone in the cage with four hundred and fifty pounds of lion. The huge lion crouches—then springs at Koontz. Man and lion clinch while onlookers feel their

nerves grow tense. Even with the lion's jaw only inches from his throat, Mel Koontz shows himself complete master of the savage beast. No doubt about *his* nerves being healthy!

"I'll say it makes a difference to me what cigarette I smoke"

says

MEL KOONTZ to  
PENN PHILLIPS



"I guess you have to be particular about your cigarette, Mel. I've often wondered if Camels are different from other kinds."

"Take it from me, Penn, any one-cigarette's as good as another talk is the bunk. There are a lot of angles to consider in smoking. Camel is the cigarette I know really agrees with me on all counts. My hat's off to 'em for real, natural mildness—the kind that doesn't get my nerves ragged—or make my throat raspy. I'd walk a mile for a Camel!"

MEL KOONTZ was schooling a "big cat" for a new movie when Penn Phillips got to talking cigarettes with him. Perhaps, like Mr. Phillips, you, too, have wondered if there is a distinct difference between Camels and other cigarettes. Mel Koontz gives his slant, above. And millions of men and women find what they want in Camels. Yes, those *costlier tobaccos* in Camels *do* make a difference!

PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE  
**COSTLIER TOBACCOS**  
IN CAMELS.

THEY ARE THE  
**LARGEST-SELLING**  
CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

Camels are a matchless blend of finer,  
MORE EXPENSIVE  
TOBACCOS — Turkish  
and Domestic



ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER...

"Camels agree with me"

"We know tobacco because we grow it ..... We smoke Camels because we know Tobacco"

TOBACCO  
PLANTERS SAY



"I know the kind of tobacco used for various cigarettes," says Mr. Beckham Wright, who has spent 19 years growing tobacco—knows it from the ground up. "Camel got my choice grades this year—and many years back," he adds. "I'm talking about what I know when I say Camels sure enough are made from MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS."

Mr. George Crumbaugh, another well-known planter, had a fine tobacco crop last year. "My best yet," he says. "And the Camel people bought all the choice lots—paid me more than I ever got before, too. Naturally, Camel's the cigarette I smoke myself. Most planters favor Camels."



"I've grown over 87,000 pounds of tobacco in the past five years," says this successful planter, Mr. Cecil White, of Danville, Kentucky. "The best of my last crop went to the Camel people at the best prices, as it so often does. Most of the other planters around here sold their best grades to Camel, too. I stick to Camels and I *know* I'm smoking choice tobaccos."



"My four brothers and I have been planting tobacco for 21 years," Mr. John Wallace, Jr., says. "Camel bought up every pound of my last crop that was top grade—bought up most of the finer tobacco in this section, too. I've been smoking Camels for 17-18 years now. Most other planters are like me—we're Camel smokers because we know the quality that goes into them."

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, North Carolina





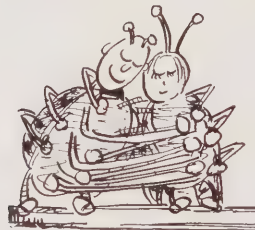
# carolina buccaneer

humor issue

MAY  
1938



# E X E D & M R S •



When we met the lady so engrossed in *Coronet* and the gentleman on the left, we understood why he did not share our megrim at his leaving. Hayden Clement, Salisbury, and Miss Gene Brock, Richmond, quaffed the happy hemlock in April.

Hayden's inimitable personality, sometimes serious, often screw-ball, always well met, will be missed within our twenty-eight pages next year. We will be nonplused to find a substitute for the persistence and ingenuity that could make a magazine overnight from material that didn't come in. We will be at a loss to cool dead-line fever with-

out the ointment of cheerfully active optimism. The terrors of unexperienced and unguided policy wreath our orphaned aspirations.

Mr. and Mrs. Clement reside in Chapel Hill for the duration of the school year. Their plans for the future are indefinite. But however indefinite, the future should hold no qualms for ones so detached from time and the world in general. When we called to request the above photo it was a novel experience to be viewed as mere material objects representing the temporal earth beneath the clouds. They were the personification of mutant self-sufficiency. May you always be so, Clement and Company; remain apart from us and retain your ethereal distance. To wish you success would be mundane.

And when the copy is slow, the art and photos are sparse, and the advertisers are clamoring it will be more envy than selfish need that makes us wish you were with us again. We hope you happiness till the oldest joke has been run.

—the staff.





# boogie

Worm;  
Him dummy,  
Him got no mummy,  
Him got no legs;  
Him crawl on his tummy,  
Him dummy,  
Worm.

—Spartan

—Wim Wam

What! Dead!  
Elaine?  
My Elaine, whom  
As a youth I  
Loved; still love  
With all of me, all  
That I was and  
Am. Loved and  
Love with unconquerable,  
Undying, immortal  
Love.  
Dead.  
I say,  
Is she really?

—Old Line

Bat.  
Him blind.  
Him fly all around and can't see  
All over the place;  
Him blind as a bat.

—Ginnus

"Hurry over to our fraternity house, Doctor. A fellow here has something the matter with his eyes."

"It must be serious to wake me up at this time of the night. What's the matter, does he see pink elephants and things?"

"No, Sir. That's why we called. The room's full of them and he can't see any."

Cannibal No. 1: Am I late for dinner?

Cannibal No. 2: Yes, everybody's eaten.

—Parrot

"Yes, Sir, that medicine sure is powerful. Best stuff we have for the liver. Make ya peppy."

"Well, can you give me any specific reference—I mean people who have taken it with good results."

"Well, there was an old man living next to us who took the medicine for two years."

"Does it help him?"

"He died last week."

"Oh, I see."

"But they had to beat his liver with a stick for three days after he died before they could kill it."

—Royal Gaboon

What a funny little insect a camel do be,  
Him neck are long and like a tree,  
He back are a saddle, him tum-my a tank;  
Him feets are a cushion, him mind are a blank.  
It do got me muddled—I cannot see why,  
If him are an insect—why him can't fly?

The other day  
Upon the road I saw  
A lovely horse.  
It didn't have a  
Tail but it was  
A horse of  
Course.  
It had a  
Kind of gadget fastened  
To its rear  
And it had six  
Legs instead of  
Four which  
Struck me as kind of queer.  
On its back  
It had some  
Wings though  
Winged horses are  
Rare,  
When it opened its mouth  
It made  
A  
hum and did not sound  
Like a  
Mare.  
Since then  
I've seen horses and horses  
But still I'm  
Quite at sea.  
I wonder if  
Instead of a  
Horse  
It was a  
Bumblebee?



"Wadda you mean, Commenshment?"

Little Boy: Mother, I just cut off my leg in a threshing machine."

Mother: Well, stay outside until it stops dripping. I just mopped the floor.

(five)



# Just Twenty... *but* O. G!

What charm!  
 What freshness!  
 And just twenty!  
 Twenty Old Golds ...  
 No more, no less  
 Than you get  
 In any other  
 Regular-size pack of  
 Cigarettes.  
 But O.G! ...  
 What a difference  
 You'll find  
 In O.Gs!  
 What a difference  
 In the rich  
 Full flavor  
 And fragrance  
 Of their  
 Prize crop tobaccos!  
 What a difference  
 In their benevolent  
 Mildness that comes  
 From long extra aging  
 And mellowing  
 In oaken casks!  
 What a difference  
 In Old Gold's  
*Guaranteed freshness,*  
 The result of a  
 Stale-proof package  
 Wrapped in  
 Double Cellophane  
 Double-sealed!  
 Do you wonder  
 That every day  
 More wise smokers  
 Marry Old Golds?



**TUNE IN** on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, every Tuesday and Thursday night, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

For Finer, *FRESHER* Flavor . . . Smoke Double-Mellow Old Golds

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VOLUME XIV

MAY, 1938

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### collection

Jack Rawls, Harry Jones, John Glover.

see much point in it. We would  
much prefer to dally with The  
Peace Movement and The Slav-  
ery Question. Pooley on jokes!  
But what can we do? Our hands  
are tied. We gotta be funny or  
we get fired. And \$200 a month  
is not to be twaddled at. So,  
humor issue.

Then too the Student Activity  
Committee demands a policy. We  
have investigated *Needlecraft*,  
*Smoke House*, and *The Virginia*  
*Quarterly* to no avail. We wrote  
to *Breezy Stories* but theirs is  
copyrighted. So we were forced  
to make up one and, after pass-  
ing the Censor Board, the follow-  
ing issued: (1) Anti-degrada-  
tion of co-education (The Wo-  
man's Association essays to play  
up coed pulchritude and utility).  
(2) Disutilization of self-suffi-  
cient smut (Dirt for dirt's sake  
is out. A line must be 75% gig-  
gle; 25% quagmire. Not a dirty  
magazine; a trifle dusty). (3)  
Humor stimulating tummies ra-  
ther than mugs (Grins consider-  
ed secondary to groveling on the  
floor).

So, policy. No themes. No  
muddle. No Interest. Silly.

(1) Women

(2) Dust

(3) Humor

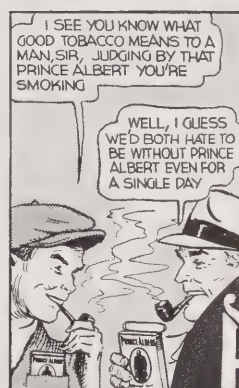
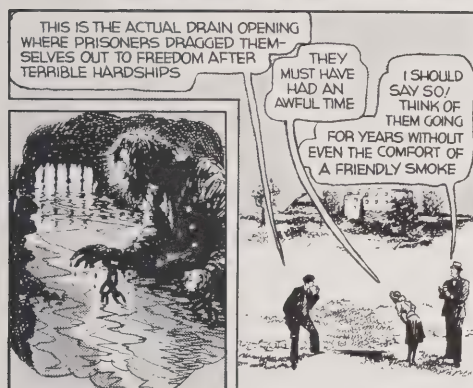
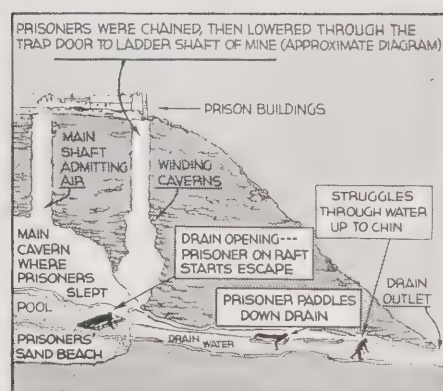
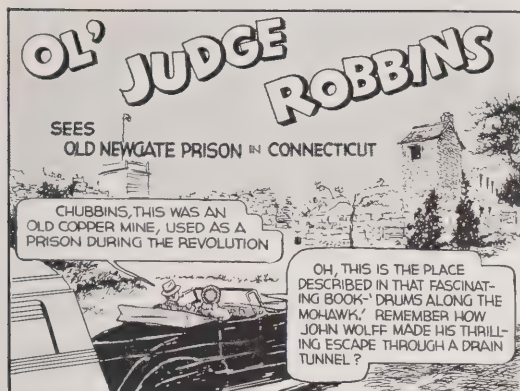
—EDITOR

### notation

Dong Foo, the ancient Chinese  
philosopher, once vouchsafed  
thus: "Goose extending neck of-  
ten draws back nub." Regard-  
less, ours dangles merrily in the  
breeze, flaunted in your face. The  
cover mentions humor issue. Co-  
incidentally, part four, section  
32 of the Trustee Handbook,  
1873, observes, quote, "—the  
CAROLINA BUCCANEER is the of-  
ficial humor publication of the  
University." Also, the by-laws  
of the P. U. Board stipulate ex-  
plicitly that the BUCCANEER be  
of a light nature and, if possible,  
humorous. Personally we don't

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THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

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## boogie

"Do you play golf with knickers?"

"No, only with white people."

—Orange Peel

The relief worker knocked at the door of a mountaineer's home in Kentucky. A little, wild-eyed girl came and stood looking at him with her finger in her mouth.

"Is your daddy home, Little Girl," he asked.

"No, Daddy's at the state prison," she replied.

"Was he making whiskey?"

"No," she answered proudly, "he sawed two ladies in two."

Taken aback, the worker tried another approach.

"Well, Honey, is your mamma at home?"

"Huh, uh."

"Where is she?"

"She's in the crazy house."

"That's too bad. Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"Yes, I have one brother older than me."

"Where is he then? I'd like to talk to him."

"He's at Yale, but he can't come home."

"Won't they let him come home?" asked the man thinking perhaps the brother was a janitor.

"He don't work there. He's in school."

"In school?" said the astonished questioner. "Is he really in school at Yale?"

"Yes, Sir, he's there in a bottle. He's got two heads."

—Mountain Goat

"Light house no glood for flog," says Chinaman. "Light

house he shine, while he blow, flog bell he ring, and flog come just the same. No glood."

The student returned to the store a week later, very upset. "This tonic you sold me may be O. K. but it hasn't brought my hair back. And look at the bumps on my head!"

The druggist looked at the bottle carefully. "My gawd," he said, "I've made a terrible mistake. I sold you bust developer."

—R. Herbert Roffer

Old Lady (meeting a one-legged tramp): Poor man, you have lost a leg, haven't you?

Tramp (looking down at his foot): Well, I'll be darned if I haven't. —Duke n' Duchess

# may queen

miss flossey whistlebottom, sponsor for buccaneer



In the spring a young man's fancy . . . By unanimous ballot the staff of the BUCCANEER wholeheartedly give you Miss Flossey Whistlebottom, a vision to haunt anybody's May Pole. Our choice was based on form, feature, and intelligence.

Miss Whistlebottom was born in a barbershop on East 23rd Street in 1874. At Samarcand where she did her undergraduate work she was outstanding in zoology. There she was elected "Miss Coeducation" and Groundhog Day Queen. She received other honors for the excellency of her scholarship and her paper on *Pre-Marital Guidance* which won first prize in the contest sponsored by the Anti Diddling Society of America. Since her admission to the University where she is majoring in Sociology 62 she has become one of our

most popular students, her social activities not interfering at all with her studies. She is of a mildly neurotic nature and after a physical examination this winter was moved from Steel to Spenser where she finds her surroundings much more soothing.

Miss Whistlebottom stands five feet three in her sox, weighs 97 on the hoof, and is an almost perfect 26. She is in a remarkable state of preservation and uses very little cosmetics. To use her own words, quote, "They ain't no need to paint the lily."

The staff of the BUCCANEER is honored to present Miss Whistlebottom, Queen of the May and our hearts.

—the editors.



# local

At one of the local churches recently the minister was telling a story about a stray lamb. "So the vulcans circled around," said he. Some of those awake smiled a bit. "And the vulcans descended—." After the sermon someone asked the reverend what a vulcan was. After a trifle of brow-furrowing, quoth he, "A vulcan is a cross between a vulture and a pelican—with a dash of bitters."

The other day one of our more prominent English profs made statement thusly to his 9:30 class: "If everybody in the class will bring ten cents in the morning, I can go to the Shakespeare Convention and the class will get a grat." He must have made arrangements with his pawnbroker for he went to Raleigh although there were only two nickles and a dime on his desk the next day.

Ed Basey, resident of Mangum Dormitory and the Physics department, witnessed an unprecedented phenomena at the end of last quarter. He flunked out of school without failing a course. His report featured five incompletes. Technicality.

One of the K.A.'s rather overdid his preparation for the late May Frolics. By some manner of catastrophic coincidence he found himself near the dead line with three separate dates arriving C.O.D. Fortunately however he managed to contract a severe cold which necessitated his going home for the week-end.

Battle-Vance-Pettigrew lately featured a sign in the store thus: "Get your *Carolina Magazines* while they last." Naturally the state militia was called to prevent rioting.

Twenty-five hits, ten runs, seven errors:

## HITS

Tom .....	Betty
Princeton .....	Jane
Ed .....	Ruth
Bob .....	Lib
Charlie .....	Kathleen
Voit .....	Lib
Bob .....	Virginia
Jerry .....	Jean
Pete .....	Ellen
Tim .....	Ann
Phil .....	Francis
Pete .....	Bill
Bob .....	Cary
Dave .....	Mary T.
Dick .....	Gladys
John .....	Adelaide
Puddin' .....	Stella, Clair
Drew .....	Clair
Eddie .....	Lil
Zan .....	Mimrie
Wick .....	Miriam

Jim .....	Sylvia
Tom .....	Ann
Bill .....	Nell
Dick .....	Anna

## RUNS

Ray .....	Dinny
Bill .....	Francis
Fred .....	Dita
Ritchie .....	Mary L.
Carl .....	Ginny
Fletch .....	Ruth
E. G. ....	Kay
Jimmy .....	Lucinda
Johnny .....	Jane
George .....	Marguerite

## ERRORS

Marvin .....	Molly
Phil .....	Francis
Glen .....	Lil
Ramsay .....	Mary T.
Hunter .....	Francis
Billy .....	Clair
Kim .....	Ann



"Yes, they told me cousins shouldn't marry."



JACOB was worried as Hell. He had just finished bombing one of the University dormitories, and he was afraid they wouldn't like it. Too, after seeing several dead bodies strewn over the ruins, his conscience began to bother him. He decided the best thing to do would be to confess and take the consequences.

He gathered himself together and staggered to the nearest telephone. Nervously, he lifted the receiver and dialed the Student Council President. The President answered. Jacob spoke in uneven tones. "I have just blown up one of the dormitories."

"Were you drunk?" the Pres. questioned.

"No!"



## justice for jacob

By BILL STAUBER

"Well, then that is out of our jurisdiction. You will have to call the President of the Inter-Dormitory Council."

Jacob dialed the Inter-Dorm.



"Yeah, you'll get back on time — if you WALK fast."

President. "I have just blown up a dormitory," he said.

"Did you disturb anyone trying to study?"

"No, they were all asleep."

"Then that's out of our control, but you had better call the Infirmary."

He called the Infirmary. "I have just blown up a dormitory."

A voice came back. "Are there any injuries?"

"No, they are all dead."

"Then you had better call the Buildings Department so they can clean it up."

Jacob was going nuts, but he refused to give up so he called the Buildings Department. "I have just blown up a dormitory."

"Well, don't tell us. We can't build another one. Call the Comptroller."

You know what Jacob did. He called the Comptroller. "I have just blown up a dormitory."

"Well, what do you want me to do about it, build another one. Looks like the new Gym is enough for one year. Call the University President."

He did thusly. "I have just blown up a dormitory."

"Is that right? Well, call the C. P. U. President right away."

Jacob, getting hotter and both-ered every minute, called him. "Would you be interested in knowing that I have just blown up a dormitory?"

"Would I?" he shouted. "That's the best news I've heard in a month. Would you speak for us a week from tonight."

"Well, I reckon," Jacob muttered, "but what about all these dead bodies."

"Aw, forget them. The 'Y' members will take care of that."

Jacob hung up the receiver and shouted, "Gee, I'm famous."

The telephone rang. Jacob answered it.

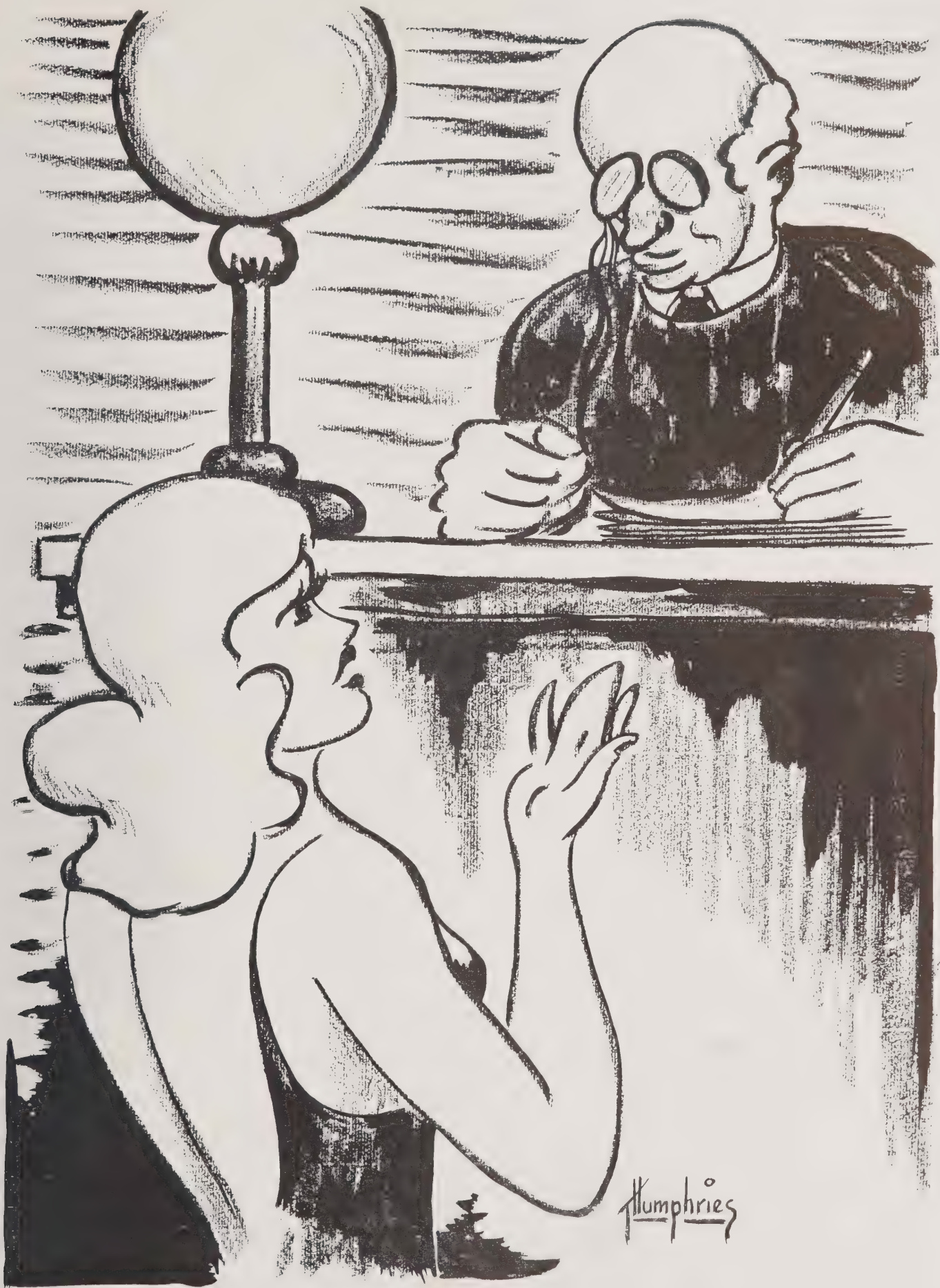
"Could I speak to the boy that blew up the dormitory."

"That's me," he yelled.

"Well, this is the President of the Young Republican Club.

(twenty-eight)





*"But, Judge, the streets are public property, aren't they?"*

# five card bridge

By CHARLIE GILMORE

(Who apologizes to Robert Benchly)

THE other night a friend of mine invited me to his room for a game of five-card bridge, or poker as it is sometimes called.

"Charles," he said, "come up to my room tonight and we'll play a little poker."

"Why certainly," I said, "I'd be delighted."

Now poker is my favorite indoor sport, and outdoor sport too, for that matter. Furthermore, I prided myself on my above average game. That is, I used to pride myself—before the other night.

I dropped by my friend's room (he's my ex-friend now) about 8 o'clock. There were four other boys sitting around a table. As my ex-friend motioned me to the only vacant chair, I looked forward to a very pleasant evening at my favorite pastime.

"We are playing dealer's choice," he said. "Does that suit you?"

"Sure, that's fine," I said unsuspectingly, and bought some chips.

A surly looking chap, whom I later found out was an English professor, was shuffling the cards

in preparation for the deal. He had a far away look in his eyes as he shuffled. I later found out he was in a trance, thinking up his choice of hands.

"Let's have a deal of Hop-Skip-And-Jump," he said at last.

"I beg your pardon," I said.

"This hand will be Hop-Skip-And-Jump," he repeated inaccurately.

"I thought we were going to play poker," I said.

They all looked at me with that what-in-hell-are-you-doing-here attitude. Finally one of them explained with a sneer, "In Hop-Skip-And-Jump a pair is composed of opposites, like a deuce and an ace, a trey and a king. A straight is composed of two, four, six, etc."

"I see," I said, but I really didn't see anything.

On the deal I drew two jacks, an ace, and two spots. Discarding the spots on the draw, I picked up another jack and another ace, a beautiful house. This would be a good night, I told myself.

However, on the show my ex-friend laid down the two and six of clubs, and the four, eight, and ten of spades.

"A perfect straight flush," they gasped in astonishment.

"A what?" I cried in astonishment.

"A straight flush," they said, and then looked at my hand. "What were you trying to do, bluff?"

I reached for the pot and said, "A house beats a straight flush anyway, doesn't it?"

They stopped me dead. "In Hop-Skip-And-Jump a house beats only three of a kind."

Well, I lost that pot and the deal passed to the next man who

called for his game something known as Craps. I looked for the dice, but learned that in craps the sevens and jacks were wild; but if you held a king or an ace, you had to throw down your hand.

I lost that pot, too. My flush wasn't worth a damn.

The next man stuck his tongue in his cheek and called for Bill-Fold-High-Low-And-Medium. They had to explain this one, too. All aces, deuces, fives, and tens were wild, just like the denominations on paper money. You could go for high, low, or medium hand. There were three royal flushes for high, two perfect lows, but no mediums. I dropped out after getting a natural straight, which would have won medium if I had only known.

Finally the deal came to me and I gritted my teeth. "This game," I said, "will be straight draw."

"I beg your pardon," one of them said.

"Straight draw," I repeated, "nothing wild and according to Hoyle."

"That doesn't sound like much fun," one of them mumbled.

Nobody opened so I bet a couple on my pair of queens. The others, however, dropped out one by one, claiming they didn't understand the game.

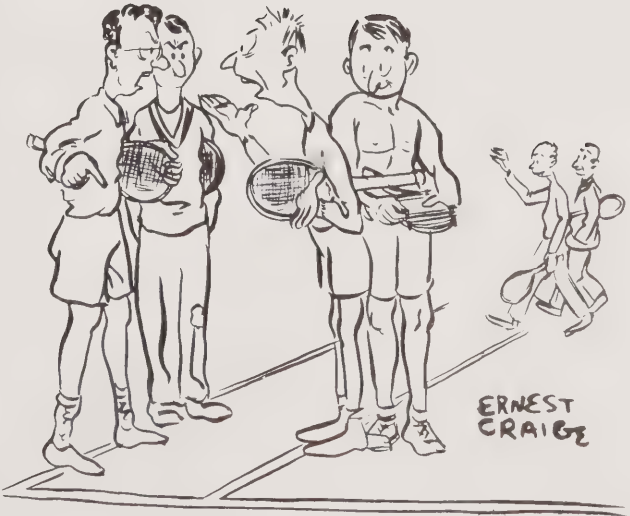
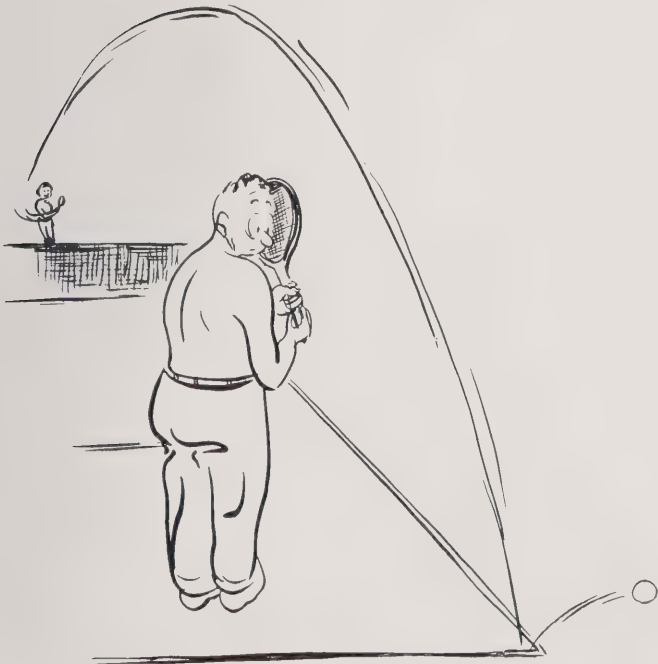
My ex-friend got the deal and called Five-In-The-Bush. I need not tell you that five cards are dealt face up on the middle of the table, and all cards like them are wild. I drew three wild cards, but I knew that five treys couldn't carry Vermont.

Suddenly I remembered a quiz I had to take the next morning.  
(twenty-eight)



"But Mama, where do little storks come from?"





ERNEST  
CRAIG

## verse

To L. H.

Fix yourself up with a ribbon;  
Get dressed like the village  
belle;  
Use all your makeup and per-  
fume  
To please both the sight and  
the smell;—  
Now just add your usual droop,  
dear,  
And you'll still look sloppy as  
hell.

To E. M.

Ah, my Mississippi violet—  
Innocent, naive, and pure,  
Spreading inane rural virtues  
In a way that's so demure,  
Don't you know that entangle-  
ments  
Are bad for one so fine?  
Little flowers might get poisoned  
Climbing up an Ivy vine.

To J. and F. W.

Two little girls to look after each  
other—  
But that shouldn't spoil the  
fun.

Two little girls can do interest-  
ing things  
Just as cheaply as one.

To E. K.

You set a standard for pleasing  
the eye.  
Most others fall way below it.  
Your looks are the type to cause  
many a sigh.—  
The trouble is you know it.

To P. H.

Though you seem like the out-  
door type,  
You obviously love romance.  
For you always get a kick out  
of boys—  
Especially when you dance.

To E. B.

You're really a very nice girl,  
But there's one thing you over-  
do.

Whenever you radiate sweetness,  
Must you also radiate goo?  
—B. K.

Lost: One Masculine Ego

She didn't flatter me with hatred.  
She never told me "I care."  
No, she did the worst thing she  
could—  
She didn't even know I was  
there.  
—B. K.

Paradox

If every woman has her price  
Before she'll make the Sacrifice,  
How can the poets all agree  
The best things in life are  
free?  
—B. K.

Twiddledee

I would I were a violet;  
I think it would be swell.  
I'd find myself a cozy spot  
And shrink to beat all hell.  
—Zerk

Pygmalion

You're a snow white stature;  
I'm a bum  
Begging at your pedestal  
For a crumb.  
Can you see me miserable?  
Will you stoop?  
Are you made of marble?  
Boop-a doop.  
—Zerk

American Tragedy

Beneath this stone lies Murphy;  
They buried him today.  
He lived the life of Riley,  
When Riley was away.  
—R. H. R.

Recipe

Learning to hula is a crip;  
You needn't attend no class.  
Just give a wiggle of the hip  
And be a shake-in-the-grass.  
—J. P.

Girls with  
Bulging these and those  
Shouldn't wear  
Tight-fitting clothes.

—Wampus

(twenty-three)



"Aw, hell! We can't think up no caption."



# mail man saga

by BILL STAUBER



April 10, 1938  
Chapel Hill, N. C.

Dearest Nancy,

Spring Holidays were perfect, thanks to you. I was expecting a dull week, but when Dad promised me the car to come to see you, everything was different. He got sore about the bent fender though.

May 13-14 are Junior-Seniors. I wonder if you will come down for them this year. I never did know why you and Mac broke up last year, but that is no business of mine. All I want you to do is promise you will come this year.

Love,  
Fred

April 18, 1938  
Richmond, Va.

Dearest Fred,

Sorry I didn't answer your letter sooner, but you know how I hate to write letters. I have been out every night this week too.

I will be tickled to death to come to Junior-Seniors. I suppose you are going to have a car. I think it is better, don't you?

Love,  
Nancy

April 21, 1938  
Chapel Hill, N. C.

Dear Dad,

Nancy has promised me she will come down for Junior-Seniors, that is, if I can get the car. Do

you think I could. Please let me know right away.

As ever,  
Fred

April 27, 1938  
Chapel Hill, N. C.

Dear Dad,

Why didn't you answer my letter. I must let Nancy know as soon as possible so she won't back out.

Love,  
Fred

P.S.: I am about out of money. Please send me a check.

April 30, 1938  
Greensboro, N. C.

Dear Fred,

Sorry I didn't answer your letter sooner. Mother and I have decided to let you have the car if you will be real careful. Your sister is very disappointed. She said that you promised to have her down this year.

I am sending you another \$50. I know you will economize as much as possible.

Love,  
Dad

May 2, 1938  
Chapel Hill, N. C.

Dearest Nancy,

Dad has promised to let me have the car. I hope you are still planning to come down. Try to get here the morning of the 13th.

Love,  
Fred

May 6, 1938  
Chapel Hill, N. C.

Dearest Nancy,

Why don't you answer my letter. I take it for granted that you are still planning to come, but I would like to know for certain. Answer soon.

Love,  
Fred

May 9, 1938  
Richmond, Va.

Dearest Fred,

Of course I am planning to come to the dances. You should know that no answer from a girl means yes. Meet me in Durham at the station Friday morning at 9 o'clock.

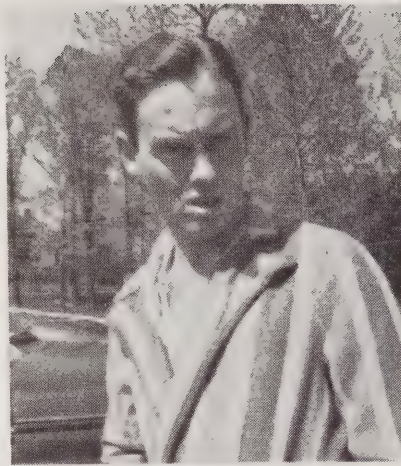
Love,  
Nancy.

(twenty-one)

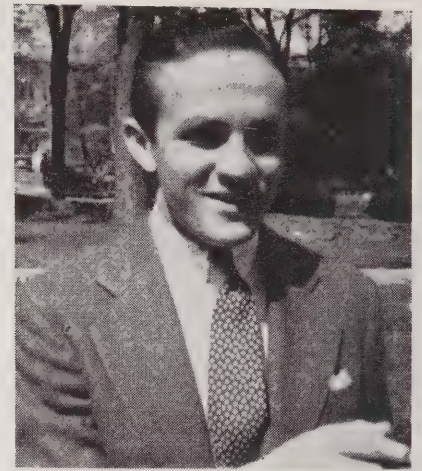




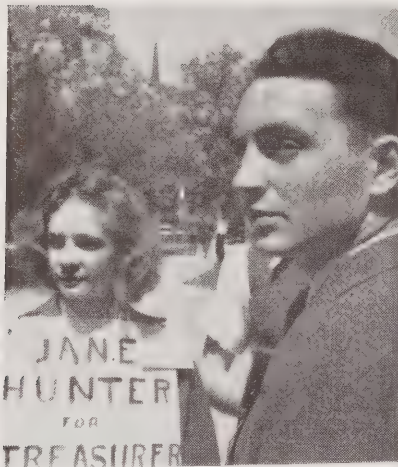
*New Tar Heel ed goes back to nature after hard campaign.*



*Ferguson, campus big boy in general, plays idiot in pajamas.*



*Joe Murnick gives wide political grin. He can. He won.*



*Joyner and Winters campaign for Joyner and Hunter.*



*Last year's Frank Umstead shows some military bearing.*



*Cole spreads grimace despite defeat not due to lack of perspiration.*



*Robertson ex - Dorm council, acts nasty at something or other.*



*Upperquadrangleite receives vitamin D plus blisters.*



*Smith demonstrates how it feels to be a Tar Heel editor.*

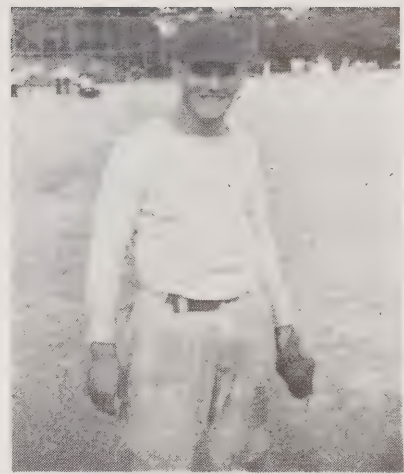




Life photographer Stackpole aims machine at tennis stars.



We don't know how this got here. Silly ain't it?



Burnette somehow looks out of place in baseball togs.



For which I suppose we owe Miss Speck an apology.



Albritton and book display what Carolina has to offer.



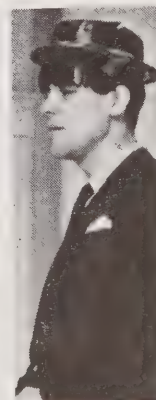
Nancy Smith bites her fingernail.



Alumni Kyser and Mason return to play May Frolics.



Bob Ray and sponsor and stars brought down by his diligent efforts for recent dance set.







Miss Mary Taylor Hinnant, one of Carolina's loveliest co-eds.—Photo, Mosier.

The eskimo was sitting on a cake of ice telling a story. When he finished he got up. "My tale is told," said he.

—Dodo

Not long ago a local professor's son showed up in Sunday School as the discussion was centering around Heaven. The teacher of the class asked him a question in point:

"Johnnie, suppose you tell the class where God is."

Johnnie, right back at him, "Home in our bathroom."

"Why Johnnie," said the teacher, "what makes you think He is home in your bathroom?"

"Well, yesterday morning I saw Daddy standing in front of the bathroom door and he said, 'God! Are you still in there!'"

—Keewee Byrd.

Two birds were flying over the Hudson River on the day of the annual Poughkeepsie Regatta.

One: "Who do you think will win the race today?"

Tother: "I have heard that California is favored."

One: "That's a shame, I just put all I had on Cornell."

—Keewee Byrd.

## hardy perennial

There were once three old maids who lived the drab life of three old maids in a nearby suburb. Only one factor contributed to their career which made it different from others of the species: each night before retiring they had a little night-cap.

On this particular occasion they decided to make a night of it and take in a show. So, on the way out the door, they prepared the highballs and put them in the refrigerator for cooling.

In the interim a robber visited the quiet house and proceeded to take his wont. When he finished he dropped by the refrigerator, found the highballs, and tasted the first one. It hit him like TNT, too hot to handle. He tried the second, made of dishwater. The third, however, was just right, which he consumed.

As sleep overcame him he went to the bedroom, tried the first bed, and decided a board would be better. The second bed was made of air, too light for a heavy nap. But the third was just right so sleepy-by he went.

Came home the old maids and to the refrigerator they went.

"Girls!" shouted the first, "somebody has tasted my night-cap."

"Girls!" said the second, "somebody has tasted my night-cap."

"Girls!" screeched the third, "somebody has drunk my night-cap."

So the old maids decided to go to bed.

"Girls!" shouted the first, "somebody has been sleeping in my bed."

"Girls," said the second, "somebody has been sleeping in my bed."

"Goodnight, girls." said the third.

—Keewee Byrd.

Doctor: I'd like a quart of blood for a transfusion. Can you give it?

Student: I can only give you a pint. I gotta shave tomorrow.

A census taker, about to conclude his day's work, was just finishing his round in the colored section of a town. He entered a well-populated house and was attracted by a very cute little pick-ininny who seemed to be the outstanding youn'un in the brood. The c.t. inquired what his name was and was astounded by the reply that his name was Opium. The c.t. asked the mother how come and she replied, "Well, suh, I had that 'un and couldn't think of a name for it, so I went to the folks' library and there in a big book it said, 'Opium, from white poppy'."

—Keewee Byrd.

"Waiter, this is a very small steak."

"Yas, suh, ah specs it is."

"And it's very, very tough."

"Den it's suttinly lucky it's small, ain' it, suh?"

—R. Herbert Roffer

Love in a cottage is O.K. but think of passion in a palace.

Student (during final): Are you sure question six is in the text?

Professor: Certainly.

Student: Well, I can't find it.

—Gargoyle

"Madam, may I see your daughter?"

"No, get out and stay out."

"But, Madam, see this badge? I'm respectable. I'm a detective."

"Oh, I'm sorry, come right in. I thought that was a fraternity pin."

—Mis-a-sip

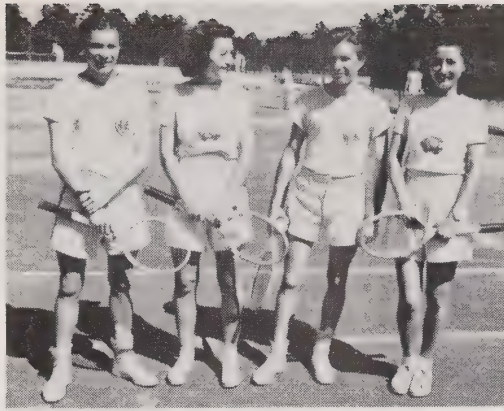
"I can't stand to be necked."

"Neither can I. Let's lie down."



A big game hunter went out one morning without a gun or camera. On the trail he met a lioness. She made a jump at his head and he ducked. She jumped again and missed. Three times she overjumped. The last time she disappeared over a little knoll. He thought this rather queer, so he peeked over the hill, and there was the lioness practicing shorter jumps.

—*Rammer-Jammer.*

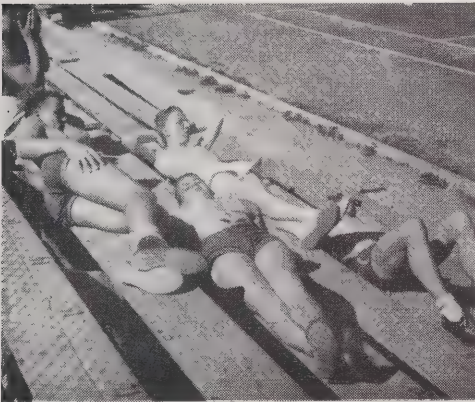


*Not delirium tremens but two cute little sets of tennisers.*

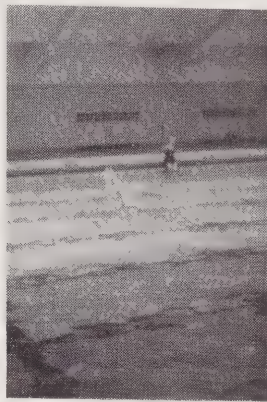
Scene in the counting room of the election committee in a small town in Georgia.

Time: Two hours before the closing of the polls.

Official Counter: "Say, what do ah do with this heah Republican ballot?"



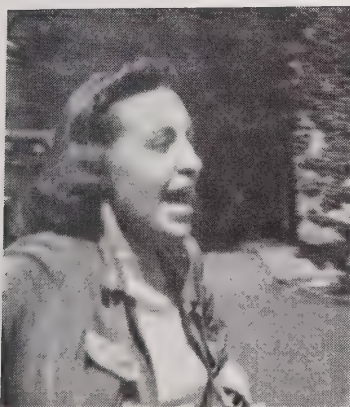
*Five tennis enthusiasts worship Apollo between sets.*



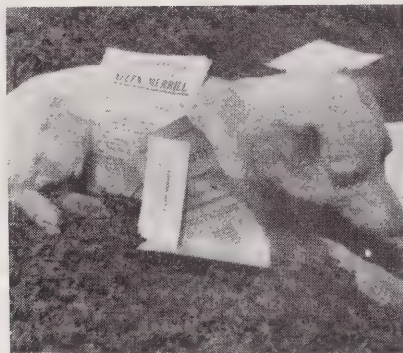
*The pool and somebody's legs and a bad camera.*



*Upper quadrangle baseball. Every afternoon at 3.*



*Kibler gets ventilation.*



*Politics goes to the dogs.*



*The inimitable Ivey, appropriate setting and mood.*



*Pickinanny with sun spots.*

"Don't you know what the forbidden fruit is?"

"Sure. It's the berries."

"Aw, don't think you got something here, He-man. I've been on more laps than a napkin."



# sports

Amidst more excitement than the opening of the University itself probably caused, "the South's largest natatorium," "The pride of Carolina," The Bowman Gray Memorial Pool, Carolina's new swimming pool (take your pick), opened April 15. Dominating factor in getting the new building for Carolina and the early opening of the pool was O. K. Cornwell, director of the department of physical education, and his able assistants.

A total of 558 students used the spacious water tank on the

first day, of which 43 were women. Maximum swimmers in during one of the four periods on that eventful and hot Friday afternoon were 175, according to statistician Bo Shepard.

Events of the opening day worth noting: earliest trouble, minor but annoying, came when one of the spring boards pryed loose; the confusion of the card system with a few losses (which seems all eliminated now); the basket attendants opening and explaining the combination locks and their mysteries all afternoon; the flop of the mixed swim period, which brought out only three coeds—Virginia Giddens, Florence Kivette, and one other unidentified mermaid.

First official bather came an hour or so early, dangled at the side of the pool waiting for permission to go in, and then finally did—in the shallow water. Miss Flo Kivette, woman graduate student, in her bright blue bathing suit and pink ribbon was overjoyed on giving her statement to the press but sincerely begged that no one reveal that she can't swim. Hard-hearted Tar Heel sob sister Jane Hunter bluntly published the statement in the daily rag the next morning.

Pool facts: shape—rectangular; depth— $3\frac{1}{2}$  to  $10\frac{1}{2}$  feet; slope—not more than one foot in 15; dimensions—minimum, 30 by  $82\frac{1}{2}$  feet, maximum, 56 by 165 feet; seating capacity—700. Other large indoor collegiate pools in the country include Navy, Iowa, and Florida, all 60 by 150 feet, and Oregon State, 50 by 100. Yale's tank stretches 42 by 75 feet with only six lanes but four boards, a depth of 7 to 12 feet, and a seating capacity of 2,187.

Most perplexing problem to first day and nighters was their disillusionment on noticing only seven lanes instead of the boasted eight. However, to one familiar with intercollegiate swimming, meets are run off *on* the lines, not *in* the lanes. Thus eight lanes, believe it or not.

The balcony above the pool was continually packed during the first few weeks. Late afternoon observers had their money's worth watching some of the campus crack divers in action. Outstanding so far have been Pete Mullis, Gardner Pratt, Mike Ronman and his perfect jackknife, and others.

"We picked Carolina as the best tennis college in the country," said Peter Stackpole, visiting *Life* photographer who took a special 500 mile trip south to cover a feature assignment for  
(twenty)

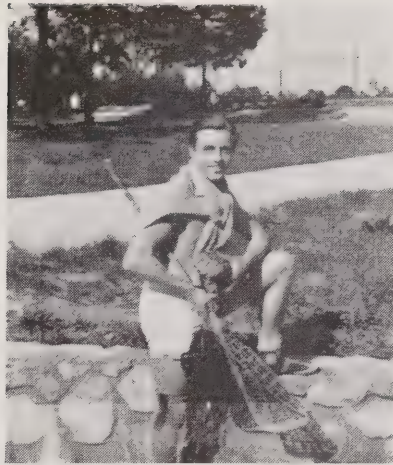


"You don't think it's a little too tropical?"

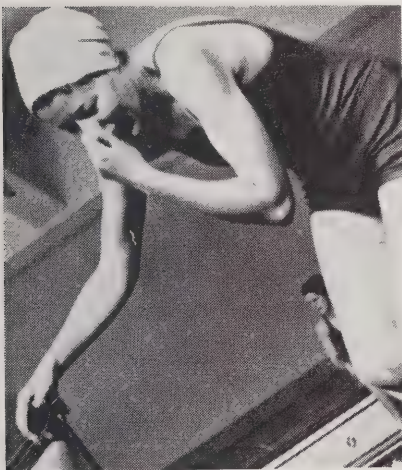




*Zan Carver, football promise, with reputed best rectus abdominus in school.*



*Lacross personified by MacPhee and equipment.*



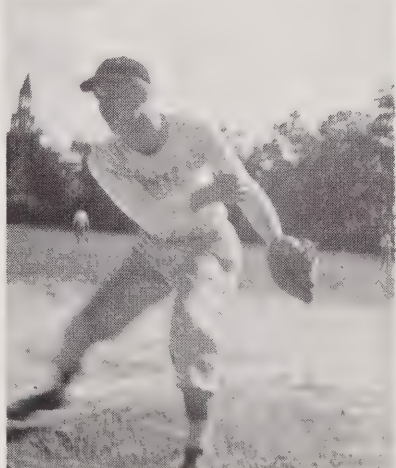
*Rather silly angle on unidentified fishwife.*



*Pole-vaulter tries to get down off of cross-piece.*



*Vicious character imitates Greek sculpture.*



*Bud Hudson, all star pitcher, makes air pockets for batter.*

## SHE "PHEW" HOME TO FATHER!



**NASAL CRUELTY!** Tom's harsh and heavy tobacco was too much for Polly. Home she went and home she stayed until Tom cleaned his pipe and tried Sir Walter Raleigh.



**BLISS FOR KEEPS!** Tom and Polly never squabbled from that day on. And how he enjoys those 2-ounce tins of sweet-smelling burley! Smells good to puffer and puffed-at!

**SWITCH TO THE BRAND  
OF GRAND AROMA**



**PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN.** In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureaus of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe-tobaccos at a majority of these colleges.

**TUNE IN** Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday, 8:30 P. M., E. D. S. T., NBC Red Network



## sports

his famous magazine. Four pages were to be devoted to "How To Play Tennis," Tar Heel netmen, the Bush twins, and Coach John Kenfield. Hounded, trailed and tracked by amateur photographers, newsmen tennis players, and countless others, camera-man Stackpole managed to get in over 400 shots from every imaginable angle.

Swinging, running, and trying to stay on his feet, Tar Heel full-back of fall fame played a heads (and hands) up lacrosse game for Carolina in the opening meet for the embryonic Blue and White lacrosse men. With six minutes remaining and his Indians behind 2-0, husky, 200-lb. Ditt casually strolled over to the sidelines and called to Coach Cornsweet, "Take me out, Coach, I'm tired."

The freshman baseball team, on its way back from a recent game passed through Durham one bright evening. On approaching a certain familiar corner, near which stands a certain familiar hotel, one hopeful yearling enthusiastically burst out the window, "Can we use Swain Hall tickets in there?"

Archibald Henderson, Sr., Kenan Math Prof brightened the courts with his presence at the opening Yale tennis meet to watch son John play and lose. Without his cane or umbrella, Archie, contrary to current opinion, was far from lost. Proof of this came when he retrieved a high-bouncing ball in his hat.

The first serious accident in the pool happened on the 26th of April when Herman K. Dupree, red-headed upper quadranglite, added a trifle of coloration to his scalp when he knocked a five-stitch chunk out of his head completing a perfect jack-knife in four feet of water.

—Jerry Stoff.

"What's the matter, don't you smoke?"

"Huh uh."

"Do you happen to drink?"

"No!"

"Do you eat hay by any chance?"

"No, Seely."

"You ain't fit company for man or beast, are you?"

—Covered Wagon

"All male parrots say, Polly wants a cracker."

"Haven't you any female parrots?"

"Sure. They say, Polly wants a seven course dinner."

"I bruised a heel last night."  
"What! Did he insult you?"

"What kind of a dog is that?"  
"He's a spaniel."

"My, isn't it nice he isn't over there now?"

GHOTI: Something that swims in the sea. Pronounce the gh as in rough, the o as in women, and the ti as in notion.

To be lucky in love, keep your fingers crossed. And did we feel unduly uncouth about it, we might add that the same procedure might apply to the legs.

"Aw let's don't neck this evening. I'm not feeling well." Subtle, what?

"Draw a picture of a stork for me."

"Gawd, Teacher, but you're dumb."

"Aw, Baby, where is your heart?"

"Straight down my neck, first turn to the left."

The first thing a spark of love does is to burn a hole in your pocket.

You're like a locomotive when you hold me this way."

"You mean I puff and wheeze."

"Naw, you're on the right track."

"How do you feel this morning?"

There have been people who felt better than I do and still died."

—Covered Wagon

Once upon a time there was a traveling salesman who pulled up at a country farm house about dusk. The farmer's daughter came out to see what he wanted.

"Any brushes today," he said.

"No, thanks," said she. "But won't you spend the night. Father isn't home."

"Thank you, no. I've got a lot more work to do," he said and drove off.

Sororae: We girls are out after hours. We must hurry.

Fрати: We're out after ours too. Slow up.

Salesman (beginning to unpack): I'd like to show you—.

Merchant (emphatically): I'm not interested.

Salesman: Won't you take just one little peek?

Merchant: No, get out of here.

Salesman (wistfully): Well, would you mind if I looked at them myself? They're so nice.

—Pelican



## mail man saga

NINE AM  
MR. FRED JONES  
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.  
MOTHER IS ILL SORRY I CANT COME

MAY 12, 1938  
RICHMOND, VA.

LOVE,  
NANCY

MAY 12, 1938  
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

THREE PM  
MISS MARGARET JONES  
GREENSBORO, N. C.  
NANCY'S MOTHER IS ILL COME DOWN FOR  
DANCE TOMORROW

FRED

MAY 12, 1938  
RICHMOND, VA.

TEN PM  
MR. FRED JONES  
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.  
MOTHER IS BETTER MEET ME AT  
DURHAM AS PLANNED

LOVE,  
NANCY

May 15, 1938  
Chapel Hill, N. C.

My dear Miss Nancy Brown,

Please do not take the trouble to thank me for the wonderful time I know you must have had. I thought I would never get a date for Sis after you came so unexpectedly. I also heard some boys talking about having a late date with you. No wonder you complained about feeling bad Saturday night. Good-bye forever.

Fred Jones

May 15, 1938  
Chapel Hill, N. C.

Dearest Charlotte,

I don't know when I enjoyed a week-end quite so much, and I owe it all to you. I thought I would never get rid of the girl I had Saturday night in time for that late date with you.

What I like about you is that you are different. I lay awake thinking of you. I hope Dad will let me have the car to come to see you this Spring when school is out. Write soon.

Lots of Love,  
Fred

## The University Dining Hall Cafeteria

Offers These Advantages

- "Visible" Menu
- Delicious, Well Prepared Food
- Moderate Prices



Operated for the Students  
and Friends of the  
University



*Girls would run from Bill's embrace;  
His breath was more than they could face.  
But since LIFE SAVERS keep it sweet,  
He has girls flocking to his feet.*



**MORAL** Everybody's breath is apt to offend, now and then. Let Cryst-O-Mint Life Savers sweeten yours after eating, drinking or smoking.

# music

**Hal Kemp**—An alumnus of Carolina, Kemp has one of the most distinctive and most imitated styles in dance music today. Characterized by staccato brass, sax runs, and emphasized modulation and phrasing, his band is usually regarded as the sweetest in the country. Formerly featuring the expressive vocals of "Skinny" Ennis, who is no longer with the band, Kemp has for vocalists easy-on-the-eyes Judy Star, baritone Bob Allen, and roly-poly "Saxie" Dowell who sings novelties. After his graduation from here, Hal had moderate success until he played New York's Hotel Astor. Next came an engagement at the swanky Kit Kat Club in London, where his present style originated. Then to Chicago's Black Hawk Restaurant where the band broke all records for a long-run engagement. National popularity arrived by way of the Good Gulf radio program and recently by the Griffin-All-White hour.

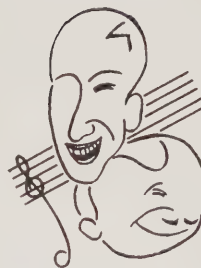
●

**Paul Whiteman**—The name Whiteman has become a household fixture, one synonymous with jazz. Certainly no other popular leader has achieved such fame as the many-times called "King of Jazz." Learning his first music as a symphony player in San Francisco, Whiteman switched to the then sperm-staged popular music. Coming to New York a generation ago, he did more than anyone else to popularize Jazz. His orchestras have always been star-studded and of the highest musicianship. Among the stars who served their apprenticeship with him are Bing Crosby, Morton Downey, Mildred Bailey, Henry Busse, Bunny Berigan, Jack Fulton, Bob Crosby, Frankie Trumbauer, peer of the saxophonists, the immortal Bix Biederbeck, greatest of all trumpet players, and many others. His present band is in the typical Whiteman style and tradition. Its style is very full and symphonic, featuring two of the greatest musicians in popular music today: Jack Teagarden on trombone, and his brother Charlie on trumpet.

●

If you've got a moment to spare, lay down your knitting, draw up a chair, and lend an ear while we bull about bands, recordings, etc . . .

The head-lining development in the orchestra



*Paul Whiteman and Hal Kemp are to play for finals, June 2-3-4. As we go to press we learn that Barney Rapp also is to play, introducing the set.*

world during the month of April was Gene Krupa's leaving Benny Goodman's orchestra and forming a combination of his own. This is not news by now, but the underlying causes of said break aren't common knowledge. One rumor has it that Goodman was jealous of the publicity his drummer was receiving. But a more plausible explanation is that Benny has been trying to bring about a change in the band's style and Krupa just didn't fit in the new scheme.

When Benny discontinued free-lance recording and studio jobs and organized what was to be the nucleus of his present orchestra to play on the Lucky Strike "Let's Dance" program in the Fall of 1935, the band caught public attention for its easy, relaxed swing. But as the swing craze swept the country and as the Goodman band consequently became more and more famous, swing "cats" clamoured for more blasting, faster tempos, and more "killer dillers" until the present combination was a far cry from the "Let's Dance" group. For evidence of this, compare Benny's recording of *Sometimes I'm Happy* and *Always* with any of his April releases.

Benny himself has regretted this change and it is said that he became more and more disgusted with the clamouring audiences on his recent tour. Krupa, meanwhile, not wanting to disappoint his fans, continued his *Sing Sing Sing* style, and Benny and he are said to have had many a stormy scene. Climax occurred at the Earle Theater in Philadelphia when Goodman walked off the stage. Evidence that there was friction between the two lies in the fact that Krupa didn't give the usual two-weeks notice.

Krupa is the most publicized percussionist Jazz has ever known, and was reputed to be the highest paid musician in the country. His new band includes musicians of high repute, notably Vido Musso, former tenor sax man with Goodman, and Bruce Squires, ex-first trombonist with Jimmy Dorsey. The new band made its debut on Easter Sunday at Atlantic City, and is now on a New England tour.

(twenty-three)



## verse

## An Old, Old, Sad, Sad Story

He was an A-ranking Senior.

She was a coed with brains.

They both were Botany majors

With an interest in flowers and rains.

(Their chief joys were always quite mental,

Those lower were quite incidental)

They wandered through the bypaths of Nature

For the birds and the bees they could find.

They decided to make their relation

A beautiful one of the mind.

(In a phrase that's terse and laconic,

They were going to be purely platonic)

Their union was to be one of intellect.

But Culture ended second instead.

For Spring came to the arboretum

And sex reared its ugly head.

—Byron Keats.

## Revenge

Little coed, you're really a mess.

You haven't the faintest idea how to dress.

Your figure is awful, you're built like a crate.

You slouch and you walk with that "hayfield" gait.

Your face looks the best to the average male

When you stand in the dark and you're wearing a veil.

Your mind is provincial, your smile is inane;

Your ankles are thick and so is your brain.

Your giggle, your voice are the worst I've heard;

You never can say an intelligent word.

You've no sense of humor, no charm, and no poise.

You contribute your "all" to pleasing the boys.

In fact, you combine every feature I hate.—

Now, aren't you sorry you refused me that date?

—B. K.

## music

RECORDINGS OF THE PAST MONTH—(B) Brunswick, (D) Decca, (V) Victor, (Va) Variety, (Voc) Vocalion—: The best of the current pressings is *Duke Ellington's* recording of his beautiful *Azure* (B). This was released last summer, but is being featured this month, and can be heard at Jimmy Fuller's counter. The tune itself is typical Ellington, and the recording is one of those few and far between masterpieces. The first chorus contains some "goose-pimply" brass harmony, and the second chorus features fine sax work, notably Johnny Hodge's tenor.

*Ella Fitzgerald's I've Got A Guy* (D): Outside of *Rock It For Me*, this is Ella's best release to date. Slow and expressive, guaranteed to get under your skin.

*Tommy Dorsey's Yearning, Bewildered, and* (twenty-four)

## HOT WEATHER AHEAD

Be prepared with an

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University Service Plants

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The Orange Printshop  
CHAPEL HILL . . . NORTH CAROLINA

## music

*Everybody's Doing It* (V): *Yearning* is the third in the *Marie—Who* cycle—follows the same pattern. *Bewildered* features the customary mellow Dorsey trombone and the customary fine Jack Leonard vocal. *Everybody* is in faster tempo and has an Edith Wright vocal and the best Bud Freeman tenor heard in some time.

*Mildred Bailey's Week-end Of A Private Secretary* (B) and *Lover Come Back To Me* (Voc): Mildred lets down her hair on these two. *Week-end* is something different, and fits her relaxed style to the note. *Lover* has some solid backing behind the vocal, and Mildred really brings her lover back.

*Don Redman's Exactly Like You* and *The Man On The Flying Trapeze* (Va): These two sides present the swing choir which inspired Dorsey's *Marie*. *Exactly* features an exciting first trumpeter chorus and a chorus by the band singing, which really strikes a groove. *Man* is swung throughout with sharp-biting brass, a fine trombone trio, Redman's vocal with the band singing, and a final ride-out chorus that is tremendous.

Also recommended are *Maxine Sullivan's Dark Eyes* (V) and *Easy to Love* (Voc), *Glen Miller's Doin' The Jive* (B), *Hudson-De Lange's I Know That You Know* (B), *Jimmy Dorsey's It's The Dreamer In Me* (D), *Ray Noble's I Hadn't Any-one Till You* (B), *Larry Clinton's I Fall In Love With You Every Day* (V), *Bunny Berigan's Love-light In The Starlight* and *I Dance Alone* (V), and *Bob Crosby's At The Jazz Band Ball* and *Big Crash From China* (D).

TUNES DESTINED FOR POPULARITY: *I Let A Song Go Out Of My Heart*, *Neglected*, *Can't Face The Music*, *I Love You In Technicolor*, *Lost In Meditation*, and *If You Were In My Place*.

ODDS AND TALE ENDS: Benny Goodman had squawk with Victor about Tommy Dorsey's recording same tunes he does . . . When Frances Langford opened at the Paramount, Jack ("Marie") Leonard was too bashful to meet her—and she had wanted to meet him . . . Will Hudson and Eddie De Lange came to the parting of the ways—Hudson to form band of his own . . . Ella Logan, of the movies, all het up over Maxine Sullivan's swinging old Scotch ballads—Ella claims she originated fad . . . Larry Clinton, newest band favorite, formerly arranged for Casa Loma . . . Kay Weber left Bob Crosby's crew to go dramatic—Kay, 'tis rumored, had her heart set on a blond trombonist in the band . . . Buddy Roger's orch formerly Frank Dailey's . . . Goodman using four colored musicians (excluding Teddy Wilson and including Lionel Hampton) in latest recordings.

## vogue

We were all set to write an article on beach shirts and polo shirts but investigation showed that they aren't as popular this season as they have been. However, some ideas which we had picked up around the campus about linen sport shirts were confirmed by clothing merchants and style magazines. (Ha, I don't get my information from my wardrobe!) Linen sport shirts in various colors are the latest and one of the coolest items for campus wear in hot weather. With gabardine slacks they make good-looking combinations. One of the leading clothing manufacturers also has a slight variation of this combination in a linen crash sport suit which consists of a linen sport shirt with slacks and belt of the same material to match.

While checking up on the sport shirts we picked up some data on summer suits and summer clothes in general. Palm Beach is making substantial gains in popular favor as the leading summer fabric after losing popularity at the end of last summer. Palm Beach slacks in colors and in cream and white are very practical, cool garments for summer use. In the suit category this cloth is even more widely used than in slacks. Palm Beach suits are neat, good-looking, and have the added attraction of being in the moderate price range. It is interesting to note that the recent trend toward the three button coat and the plain back is showing up in these summer suits.

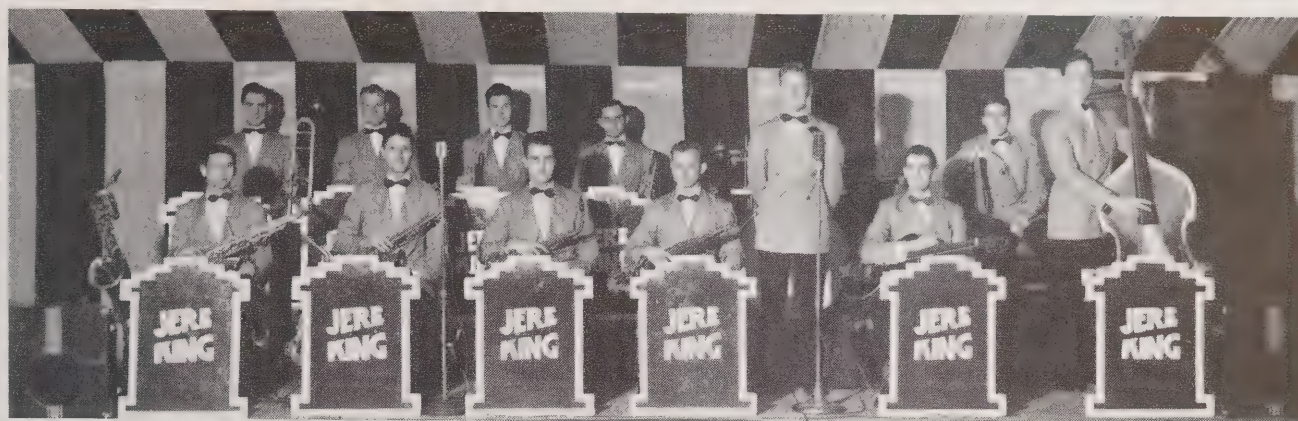
Another Palm Beach garment which proved its value last summer and to all appearances will be even more popular this year is the semi-formal dinner jacket in both single and double breasted models.

In eclipse for several seasons white flannel slacks are showing evidence of regaining lost popularity this summer. Corollary to this trend sport ensembles are more popular than they have been in several years. White flannel coats in the three button model are coming into wider use. Though flannel is a trifle warm these coats are tops in style and appearance. Used with flannel and other separate coats wool covert cloth slacks in gray and tan are among the style leaders. Covert cloth lends itself well to fine tailoring and gray covert slacks with a white flannel coat make one of the smoothest combinations for summer we've seen.

Perhaps we should talk about shoes but the most you can say about shoes for campus wear at present is that popular models are brown and white saddle oxfords, brown and white saddle ox-



## Style Trends on the Campus



Smart musicians know that their personal appearance helps them create a good impression. That is why maestro Jere King let the THAMES CLOTHING SHOP outfit his band.

These swanky suits are just another variety of the summer tux, which incidentally is becoming more and more popular. The jackets are made of grey kenya cloth, and the slacks are of midnight blue. Conservative accessories add the finishing touches to make these outfits tops in style.

## THAMES CLOTHING SHOP

fords, and perhaps brown and white saddle oxfords. The popularity of this shoe is justified for it combines general utility with smart appearance and it is virtually impossible to wear it out. In regard to other shoes for summer brown and white models in general appear to be headed for style leadership. For dress wear white buckskin retains its prestige of last year.

We also gathered a few notes on what the trends will be for next fall if you like predictions. There is some doubt as to the advisability of publishing these since judging from the results of the CPU poll which favored higher naval expenditures and in view of the peaceful conditions in Spain and China fall styles may be uniformly typified by army khaki. In the hope that some optimists still remain we give you our conclusions as to fall trends: The three button coat will be more than ever the thing, the plain back will continue its popularity and coats will be just a little longer than in the past. Ensembles will be popular and rough fabrics such as cheviots, tweeds and shetlands will be leaders. As to colors, we wouldn't want to be quoted but it looks as if green will be widely used.

—Ernest King.



*Not Spanish war victim but co-ed in repose.*



*Left to right—Garbo, Loy, Evans, Colbert, Fay, Carroll, Lamour, etc.*

## THE Evening Dress

Girls are always looking for THE evening dress, and you will find THE evening dress for Finals in the smart line at

**Teachey  
Womble**

Durham, N. C.

Then there was that charming young co-ed who sued the Real Silk Brassiere Company for lack of support.

—K. B.

It was during the tennis match. He turned around and asked, "Whose game?"

Replied she, coyly, "I am."

—R. Herbert Roffer

1st Bird: "Who is that charming gentleman down there?"

2nd Bird: "Why that's Allen, the new editor."

1st Bird: "Well, what are we waiting for?"

—K. B.

## TOAST ON LEAVING

The best of friends may say  
goodbye,

The bee may kiss the butterfly,  
Wine may kiss the sparkling  
glass,

But you, my friend, Farewell.

—K. B.

A Government professor was speaking before his class:

"And don't forget, students, that it is impossible to get a divorce in the state of South Carolina. If there is no more discussion we will pass on to the next topic, which is . . .

"Pardon me, sir," interrupted a student, "but what would happen if a citizen of North Carolina went to South Carolina to get married, returned to North Carolina, got a divorce in that state, and then returned and took up a permanent residence in South Carolina; would that state recognize the divorce, or what?"

"Well," replied the prof, "I think . . .

"Excuse me," broke in another student, "but I do not think that the question is relevant, that's Interstate Commerce!"

One very bright and sunny day three old maids took a tramp in the woods. Poor tramp!

—Kee Byrd.

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"You cruel child," declared Mr. Klotz, "why did you cut that poor harmless worm in two?"

"But, Mister, he looked so lonesome," vouchsafed Tiny Tim.

—Red Cat.

Keep a stiff upper lip. Except in kissing.

Oh: "Did you know that all girls are built on the bias?"

Yeah: "What do you mean, 'on the bias'?"

Oh: "Eh, buy us this and buy us that."

—K. B.

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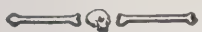
**Guess Who?**

'Twas just a kiss I asked for,  
And you gave your consent.  
And then I asked if e'er before  
Your kisses you had lent.  
When you said "No" in tones so  
meek,  
My chest swelled out in pride.  
But then you showed me your  
technique,  
I knew darn well you had lied.

—R. Herbert Roffer



Love makes the world go  
round but so does tobacco juice,  
hobby-horses, Budweiser, 8:30  
pop-quizzes, and a lot of other  
stuff equally silly.



Teacher: Now, Children, every  
morning you ought to take a  
cold bath and that will make you  
feel rosy all over. Are there any  
questions?

Boy in the back of the room:  
Yeah, Teacher, tell us some more  
about Rosie.

—Medley



The congressman's wife sat up  
in bed, with a startled look on  
her face. "Jim," said she,  
"There's a robber in the house."

"Impossible," was her hus-  
band's sleepy reply, "In the sen-  
ate, yes, but in the House,  
never."

—Wim Wam



"Yes," stated the salesman  
from the DuPont Company, "our  
very latest product is cellophane  
diapers, so mothers can see what  
is going on."

—Keewee Byrd.



When asked by a cop why she  
didn't have a red light on her  
car she replied that it wasn't  
that kind of a car.

—Claw



Braintwister: It is spring and  
sixteen dogs are running across  
the campus, what time is it?

Answer: A quarter past one.

—K. B.

Mean: "Do you know what  
they do with bad little girls in  
Egypt?"

Nee: "No, sweetheart, what  
do they do with 'em?"

Mean: "They make mummies  
out of them."

Mean: "Do you know what  
they do with girls that wear cot-  
ton stockings?"

Nee: "No, what?"

Mean: "Nothing!"

—K. B.



"When in China did you take  
a ride in one of those jinrick-  
shas?"

"Yes, and they have horses  
that look just like men."

—Bob Burns



Young Girl (who has taken  
her grandfather to her sorority  
dance): "I bet you never had an  
experience like this back in the  
nineties."

Grandpappy (who has been  
watching the cavorting with  
great interest: "Once, but that  
was on my honeymoon."



Then there was the deaf and  
dumb man who had a night mare  
and broke all his knuckles on the  
bed post screaming.

—Widow



Mary had a little swing;  
It wasn't hard to find,  
And everywhere that Mary went  
The swing was just behind.

—Log



"Thas you, Dear? Please tell  
the maid I won't be home to-  
night."

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#### five card bridge

The boys were all sorry to see me go, but I just had to get a little studying in. After all I didn't come to college to play poker, I mean Five-In-The-Bush.

As I left they were playing a hand of Willy-Nilly-High-Low. Everything in the deck was wild, except the red deuces, and everybody was going for low.



#### justice for jacob

Would you consider speaking for us a week from tonight?"

"Sorry but the CPU has already asked me."

"Derned if I ain't late again," he swore. "Will you promise to call me first the next time you bomb one?"

"What day of the week is this?"

"Half past ten."

"Oh, my mistake. I thought it was October."



Wife: Goodness, George, this is not our baby. This is the wrong carriage.

Husband: Shut up. This is a better carriage.



A neckerchief is not the head of a sorority house.

—Kangaroo

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#### BOON

Prof.: Mr. Whippersnapper, what one thing has done more for Ireland than anything else?

J.W.: The wheelbarrow, sir.

Prof.: In what way, son?

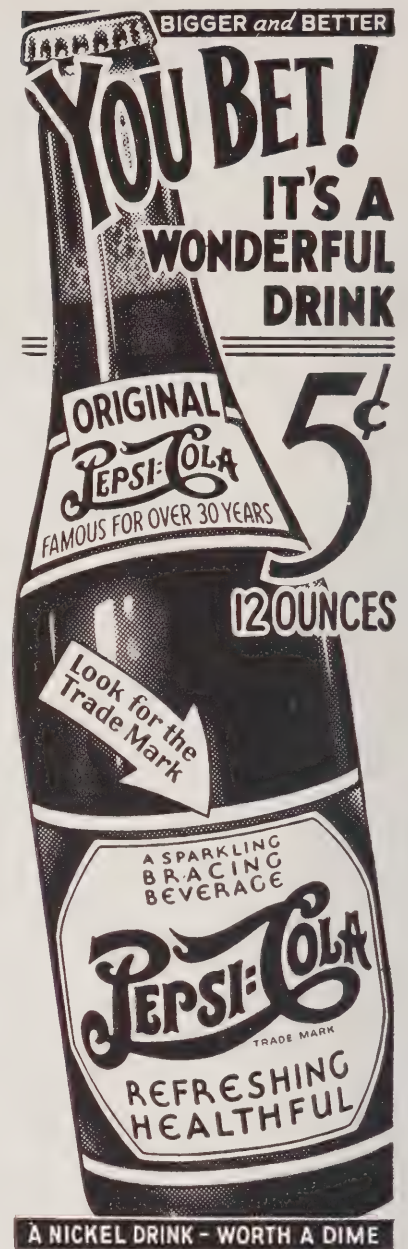
J.W.: It taught the Irishers to walk on their hind legs.

—Burr.



Golfus: Now's the time to use your brassie.

Golfa: But I haven't got one on.



#### MORNING WALK

I pushed you off the cliff at dawn  
And heard you screech, and saw  
you hit.

I meditated quite a bit,  
And then walked on.

—Old Line.

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Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

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